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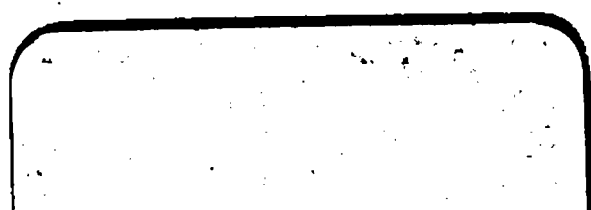
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MORNING AND EVENING HYMNS,

FOR EVERY DAY OF THE YEAR,

FOR THE FAMILY AND CHURCH,

WITH APPROPRIATE MUSIC.

THE HYMNS SELECTED, REVISED, AND ARRANGED
BY JOHN SMITH, LL.D.

THE MUSIC COMPILED AND ADAPTED,
EXPRESSLY FOR THIS WORK,
BY GEORGE CAMERON.

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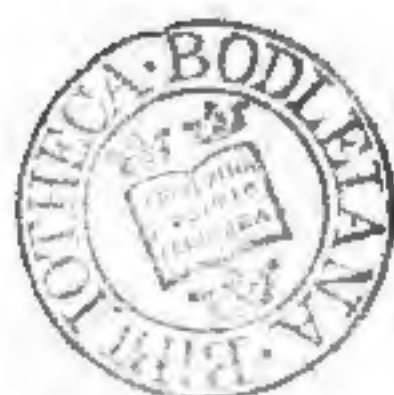
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PREFATORY NOTE.

THE first object of the compiler has been to prepare a collection thoroughly Christian in its character. Compositions beautiful in sentiment, lofty in their moral tone, and highly poetical in their structure, are not suitable for worship unless imbued with the Spirit, and marked by the peculiarities of vital Christianity. The early Christians sung hymns to Christ as to God, and believers in every age cannot but desire that the person and work of the Redeemer should constitute the burden of their song. Christianity embraces the nature and duties of man ; but while its range is wide as the universe it baptises everything it touches with its spirit and principles. Many Hymns have been excluded, because there is nothing in them which renders them peculiarly suitable for Christian worship, and nothing which would render it particularly incongruous for them to be sung by the worshippers of false gods. While the Bible embraces a wider range of topics than any other book, sin, atonement, grace, and love are intimately blended with its histories and prophecies as well as with its songs. The "Elohim" of the Old Testament includes the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost of the New, and worship not addressed to the undivided Three is not the worship of the Bible.

Next to a thoroughly Christian collection, it has been the aim of the compiler to provide a thoroughly unsectarian book of sacred song. The sentiments are those about which Christians of every name are fully agreed, and disputed ground has been carefully avoided. In this respect the compiler has some confidence that the collection will have a great advantage over those professedly made to harmonize with the shibboleth of some particular ecclesiastical sect, or some particular set of ecclesiastical or doctrinal tenets. Care has been taken to introduce nothing into the book not clearly taught in the Bible, and, on doctrines about which there is diversity of opinion, the lan-

guage of Scripture has been followed as closely as possible. It is remarkable how much is held in common by all Christians, and how small, in general, are the points which separate them, and these points are more matters of opinion than of devotion. After excluding all doctrinal and ecclesiastical disputed views, the entire of clearly revealed truth remains in all its preciousness and completeness. As a general rule it may be assumed that the more scriptural the sentiment the deeper the devotional feelings, and the more doubtful the matter of song the less profitable the exercise. While sectional collections do something to keep Christians asunder, this collection may do something towards drawing all who love the Lord into closer bonds. This feature of the Hymns, while it may provoke the opposition of those zealous for party, will, no doubt, render them more acceptable to a large class whose Christianity is dearer to them than any ritual.

And, hence, another object has been to exclude compositions that are merely hortatory, historical, and descriptive. It is no doubt quite proper for Christian men to call on all men, and on nature, animate and inanimate, to praise their Lord; but the propriety of Christians singing lines which are addressed to others to come and worship, may be questioned. Praise partakes largely of the character of prayer, and in both exercises God should be the object addressed. It may be profitable, indeed, to use occasionally God's own words in which he addresses man, but that is almost the only warrantable case of departure from the address direct. It is not necessary that the Hymns possess the usual form of address. It is sufficient that the language is such as to allow the mind of the worshipper to rise to heavenly places, where Christ sits at the right hand of God.

There is probably room to hope that this collection contains an unusually large amount of vigorous and healthful sentiment. Care has been taken to address Father, Son, and Holy Ghost according to Scripture example. All undue familiarities on the one hand, and all meaningless abstractions on the other, have been avoided. Jehovah is addressed in all the majesty and grace of his character. The worshipper, while he may intensely love the Saviour, is restrained by correct views of His dignity and glory from irreverent approaches. It is deemed enough that the modern Christian be as the first disciples. Even John, the beloved apostle who leaned on Jesus' bosom, spoke and wrote of his Lord with dignified respect, and profound veneration, while he admired and adored the glory of his condescension and grace. Correct views of the

Saviour forbid those flippancies of conventional intercourse with which not a few well-meaning, but partially informed men, speak and write of the Saviour and Judge. It is no evidence of enlightened piety to talk of the second person of the Trinity as if he possessed only the nature of man. The term "dear" is applied to Christ only when relationship with the Father is implied, as, "God's dear Son." No disciple ever dared to speak of the Son of God as do some Hymn writers. The Saviour himself when addressing Jehovah instead of familiar appellatives says, "Holy Father," "O Righteous Father," and more frequently "Father." The scripture is the safest guide in this as in other matters.

In regard to the psalms many attempts have been made to recast and adapt them for modern worship. Milton, Montgomery, and many inferior poets, have exercised their gifts in this work, and we may say that their success in this matter has been small. The nearer translations are to the sublime original, the better in every respect will they be found. We have not found it necessary to depart, in many instances, from the authorised version. In some few cases other renderings have been preferred, and a few slight alterations have been made, which it is hoped will render them more suitable for social worship, without departing from their meaning.

Without invariably following the order adopted in the arrangement of this volume, families may find it useful, generally. Circumstances, such as Domestic Affliction, may determine the selection of others, instead of those occurring in the order given. Neither does the arrangement prevent the employment of the selection in public worship. Instead of the days of the week the indexes will direct in such cases.

There are large denominations who have no authorised Hymn Books, and not a few connected with those have expressed a wish to have one which they might use in their families. Some of these may find this collection suitable.

This book does not come into competition with any other existing collection, as none exists on the same principles. The compiler issues it without any recommendation but its own merits. He seeks no patronage but that of the Christian public, being confident, that if it deserves an extensive circulation it will obtain one. The Christians of this country allow no body of men, secular or ecclesiastical, to judge for them; they judge for themselves, and to that judgment the book is committed without the slightest misgiving. Minor defects will not be allowed to neutralise substantial merit.

The compiler needs not say that he has not the slightest

wish to interfere with the opinions of those who prefer denominational Hymn Books, while on the other hand such will, no doubt, allow equal liberty to parties who prefer the unsectarian. This collection is offered to believers in the Lord Jesus, and should it be found a help to the devotion of any number of them, the compiler's labour will have its reward.

The fact that each Hymn may, with almost equal propriety, be classed under a dozen subjects, renders an index of subjects very imperfect. It would be a great mistake to suppose that the one given in this collection embraces all the topics in the book. This index, and also one for the Psalms and Paraphrases, will be found between the Hymns and the Music. We have included as many of the Psalms and Paraphrases as would come under our plan, and we have selected Hymns from all available sources.

There are mistakes in this edition which will be avoided in future issues. A considerable number of the pieces from standard authors have not appeared in any previous collection, and a number of Hymns were written expressly for this collection.

When circumstances may prevent these Hymns from being sung by families or individuals it may be found beneficial to carefully read one morning and evening. An important sentiment often gives character to the thoughts and feelings throughout the day, and may even tranquillize them during the silent hours of night. There may be few able to sing all the particular metres used in the volume, but the more difficult may be passed over.

Our thanks are due to the Rev. Dr. Bonar, Kelso; the Rev. Dr. Alexander, Edinburgh; the Rev. P. Mearns, Coldstream; and others, for kindly allowing us to enrich the volume with their productions.

The selection of Tunes, given in the work, furnishes Music for almost all the Hymns (in the next edition the few omitted will be added), and the Directory for each Hymn, which will be found between the Hymns and Music, supplies, where possible, a choice of three or four tunes. These new features, it will be allowed, give the work a completeness for devotional purposes which no other collection possesses.

BREADALBANE TERRACE, GLASGOW,
1st January, 1857.

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In thy presence we appear,	...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 673
In vain our fancy strives to paint,	...	<i>Newton</i> , 704
In vain the giddy world inquires,	...	<i>Stennett</i> , 455
Infinite excellence is thine,	...	<i>Fawcett</i> , 525
Israel's shepherd guide me, feed me,	...	<i>Bickersteth</i> , 450
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Jehovah, hear us in the day,	...	<i>Psalm</i> 20, 117
Jehovah reigns as King of kings,	...	<i>R. Smith</i> , 412
Jehovah reigns, he dwells in light,	...	<i>Watts</i> , 692
Jerusalem, my happy home,	...	<i>Dickson</i> , 893
Joy is a fruit that will not grow,	...	<i>Newton</i> , 331
Joy to the world, the Lord is come,	...	<i>Watts</i> , 670
Joyful in thy house of pray'r,	...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 631
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Jesus, and shall it ever be,	...	<i>Grigg</i> , 108
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Jesus full of grace and mercy,	...	221
Jesus, I love thy charming name,	...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 652
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Jesus, immortal King, arise,	...	679

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Jesus, lead us by the power,	595
Jesus, Lord, our hearts inspire,	575
Jesus, Lord, we look to Thee,...	...	Wesley,	302
Jesus, my Saviour, let me be,	...	Beddome,	524
Jesus, our Paschal Lamb,	...	Wesley,	648
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Jesus, Saviour of the soul,	...	Wesley,	38
Jesus shall reign where'er the sun,	...	Watts,	71
Jesus, the Son of God, who once,	...	Paraphrase 57,	321
Jesus, the spring of joys divine,	...		25
Jesus, thou source of light and love,	...		701
Jesus, Thy blood and righteousness,	...	Cennick,	607
Jesus, Thy boundless love to me,	...		426
Jesus, where'er Thy people meet,	...	Cowper,	435
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Kings shall fall down before Him,	...	Montgomery,	645
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Lamb of God, we fall before Thee,	...	Hart,	8
Lead on, Almighty Lord,	...		591
Let all who know the Saviour's love,	...	Watts,	582
Let Christian faith and hope dispel,	...	Paraphrase 48,	319
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Let not your hearts with anxious thoughts,	...	Paraphrase 42,	434
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Let us bow and fall before him,	...		661
Let us love and sing and wonder,	...	Newton,	699
Let us sing with one accord,	...		507
Let Zion lift her raptur'd eye,	...		109
Life of the world ! immortal mind,	...		119
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Lift up to God the voice of praise,	...	Wardlaw,	41
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Long plung'd in sorrow, I resign,	...	Cowper,	635
Look up to yonder world,	...		698
Lord, for ever at Thy side,	...		500

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Lord, from the depths to Thee I cry'd, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 130, 247
Lord, hear my pray'r, attend my cry, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 143, 28
Lord, how delightful 'tis to see, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 16
Lord, I believe a rest remains, ..	<i>Wesley</i> , 522
Lord, I my vows to Thee renew, ...	457
Lord, I will Thee extol for Thou, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 30, 54
Lord, I would all forsake ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 557
Lord, if Thou thy grace impart, ...	<i>Madan</i> , 439
Lord Jesus, Thy atonement, ...	<i>Moravian</i> , 717
Lord Jesus, we believing, ...	606
Lord, may my heart by grace renew'd,...	<i>Fawcett</i> , 405
Lord of my life ! O may thy praise, ...	<i>Mason</i> , 471
Lord pity the earth; long, long, has man wail'd,	<i>J. B.</i> , 712
Lord thee, my God, I'll early seek, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 68, 81
Lord, there is none among the gods, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 86, 55
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place,	<i>Psalm</i> 90, 203
Lord Thou hast search'd and seen me through,	<i>Watts</i> , 538
Lord, unto us be merciful, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 67, 152
Lord, we are weak, and have no claim, ...	<i>Mrs. Dr. S.</i> , 587
Lord, we cannot let Thee go, ...	488
Lord, we come before Thee now, ...	421
Lord, when we bend before Thy throne,	<i>Carl</i> , 423
Love divine all love excelling, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 23
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M

Man of sorrows, and acquainted, ...	<i>Moravian</i> , 568
May the grace of Christ our Saviour, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 694
Meet and right it is to sing, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 669
Mine hands in innocence, O Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 26, 57
More of Thy presence, Lord, impart, ...	42
Morning breaks upon the tomb, ...	<i>Collyer</i> , 623
My closed lips, O Lord, by Thee, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 51, 118
My God, how endless is Thy love, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 485
My God, my King, Thy various praise,	<i>Watts</i> , 690
My God, the cov'nant of Thy love, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 640
My God, the spring of all my joys, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 554
My God, who makes the sun to know, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 222
My hands to Thee I stretch ; my soul, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 143, 286
My heart brings forth a goodly thing, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 45, 206
My heart is fix'd, Lord, I will sing, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 57, 262
My rapid hours pursue the course, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 686
My Redeemer, dwell in me, ...	474
My soul, repeat His praise, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 672

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My soul triumphant in the Lord, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 656
My times are in Thy hand, O God, ...	<i>Dr. J. Smith</i> , 121
My times of sorrow and of joy. ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 176

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Naked as from the earth we came, ...	<i>Part 3</i> , 235
No trembling penitent to Thee, ...	442
No wider is the gate, ...	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 682
Not all the blood of beasts, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 133
Not seldom clad in radiant vest, ...	283
Not till the summer glow is past, ...	<i>J. B.</i> , 695
Not to the terrors of the Lord, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 5
Not with our eyes of sense, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 125
Nothing know we of the season, ...	<i>Kelly</i> , 178
Now begin the heavenly theme, ...	<i>Longford</i> , 460
Now, from the altar of our hearts, ...	<i>M—</i> , 419
Now, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 66
Now let the righteous be glad, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 209
Now let us raise our cheerful strains, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 428
Now, Lord, we fall before Thy face, ...	<i>W. Sand H.B.</i> , 653
Now may He who from the dead, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 341
Now to Him that lov'd us, gave us, ...	381
Now to Thine altar, Lord, ...	<i>Beddome</i> , 517

O

O, all ye kingdoms of the earth, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 187
O, blessed is the man to whom, ...	<i>Psalm 82</i> , 97
O, come let us sing to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm 95</i> , 61
O, Father ! Thou fountain of love, ...	555
O for a closer walk with God, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 208
O for a heart to praise my God, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 618
O for a thousand tongues to sing, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 151
O for one celestial ray, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 689
O for the eye of faith divine, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 503
O God, afflict not in Thy wrath, ...	<i>Paraphrase 8</i> , 376
O God, at Thy command, ...	<i>Gibbons</i> , 665
O God, how infinite art Thou, ...	95
O God of Bethel, by whose hand, ...	<i>Paraphrase 2</i> , 7
O God of Israel ! hear my pray'r, ...	154
O God of our salvation, ...	147
O God, our help in ages past, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 596
O God, our souls for death prepare, ...	259
O God, Thou art my chief delight, ...	<i>D. C.</i> , 551
O God, Thou to Thine heritage, ...	<i>Psalm 68</i> , 161
O God, Thy way most holy is, ...	231
O God, we now would wake our heart, ...	<i>G. Donald</i> , 274

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O God, with wonder and with praise, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 220
O how good the hallow'd union, ...	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 284
O how love I Thy law; it is, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 269
O let my earnest pray'r and cry, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 238
O let Thy hand be still upon, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 80, 195
O Lord, another day is flown, ...	<i>White</i> , 256
O Lord, give ear unto my voice, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 27, 124
O Lord, how are my foes increas'd, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 3, 74
O Lord, in sickness and in health, ...	<i>Bowles</i> , 621
O Lord, my best desire fulfil, ...	<i>Couper</i> , 351
O Lord, our God, arise, ...	86
O Lord, our languid souls inspire, ...	449
O Lord, Thy Holy Spirit send, ...	497
O Lord, Thy judgments give the King,...	<i>Psalm</i> 72, 165
O set ye open unto me, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 118, 43
O sing a new song to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 98, 172
O sing a new song to the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 96, 198
O that the Lord's salvation. ...	<i>Lyte</i> , 676
O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 103, 11
O thou, my soul, do thou return, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 116, 158
O Thou, Redeemer, dying Lamb, ...	<i>Cennick</i> , 549
O Thou, Redeemer, Thou, my Lord, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 379
O Thou, to whose all searching sight, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 444
O Thou, whose compassionate care, ...	490
O Thou, whose mercy guides my way, ...	<i>Edmeston</i> , 273
O timely happy, timely wise, ...	<i>Keble</i> , 588
O with thy tender mercies, Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 90, 18
O Zion, lift thy raptur'd eye, ...	707
Object of my first desire, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 342
O'er the gloomy hills of darkness, ...	<i>Williams</i> , 134
Of corn an handful in the earth, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 72, 168
Oft as I lay me down to rest, ...	528
Oh! had I the wings of a dove, ...	<i>Kelly</i> , 716
Oh! help us, Lord, each hour of need, ..	<i>Milman</i> , 277
On me Thy yoke, my Saviour, lay, ...	581
On mountains and in valleys, ...	588
On the cross 'tis still the same, ...	287
Once more the cheerful sun's withdrawn, ...	306
Once thou camest, pure and holy, ...	886
One there is above all others, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 270
Oppress'd with guilt—a painful load ...	<i>Steele</i> , 811
Our Father, whose eternal sway, ...	427
Our God shall all our wants supply, ...	495
Our God, Thy boundless love we praise, ...	658

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Our God, what gentle cords are Thine, ...	411
Our harps with trembling hands, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 12
Our heavenly Father calls, ...	<i>Doddridge</i> , 425
Our Lord is risen from the dead, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 710
Our songs shall be of Jesus' love, ...	565
Our souls shall magnify the Lord, ...	410

P

Palms of glory, raiment bright, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 422
Parent of good ! Thy works of might, ...	<i>Fawcett</i> , 20
Parents may err, but He is wise, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 59, 385
Peace be to this habitation, ...	536
People of the living God, ...	<i>Montgomery</i> , 576
Plung'd in a gulph of dark despair, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 654
Poor and needy though I be, ...	594
Praise God, for he is good, for still, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 107, 180
Praise God, from heaven praise the Lord, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 148, 250
Praise God, the Lord, praise, O my soul, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 146, 24
Praise the Lord, who reigns above, ...	360
Praise to God ! immortal praise, ...	<i>Barbault</i> , 574
Praise ye the Lord, for it is good, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 147, 265
Praise ye the Lord, the man is bless'd, ...	" 112, 248
Praise ye the Lord, unto him sing, ...	" 149, 263
Praise ye the Lord, who do him fear, ...	" 22, 103
Praise ye the Lord, with my whole heart, ...	" 111, 261
Preserv'd, O gracious God, by Thee, ...	282

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Quiet, Lord, my froward heart, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 447
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R

Raise your triumphant songs, ...	558
Rejoice ! the Lord is King, ...	<i>Wesley</i> , 568
Remember Thee ! Remember Christ, ...	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 392
Rise ! exalt our Head and King, ...	<i>Moravian</i> , 571
Rock of Ages ! cleft for me, ...	<i>Toplady</i> , 475

S

Safely through another week, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 58
Salvation, O the joyful sound, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 469
Salvation ! what a glorious plan, ...	<i>Newton</i> , 99
Saviour, bless the world to all, ...	310
Saviour, breathe an evening blessing, ...	14
Saviour, give us by faith to claim, ...	597
Saviour, like a Shepherd lead us, ...	394
Saviour, thro' the desert lead us, ...	199
See, gracious God, before thy throne, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 387
See, Lord, thy willing subjects bow, ...	<i>Steele</i> , 435

HYMN.

See the Sun of Truth arise,	<i>Wardlaw</i> , 171
Set, Lord, a watch before my mouth,	<i>Psalm</i> 141, 21
Set thou thy trust upon the Lord,	" 37, 3
Shew me thy ways, O Lord,	" 25, 62
Shine, Mighty God, on Britain shine,	<i>Watts</i> , 686
Shout, for the Great Redeemer reigns,	<i>Beddome</i> , 381
Since life in sorrow must be spent,	633
Since we oft here with sinners dwell,	470
Sing we now eternal love,	711
Sion did hear, and joyful was,	<i>Psalm</i> 97, 188
Sometimes a light surprises,	<i>Cowper</i> , 632
Son of God, Thy people shield,	693
Songs of praise the angels sang,	<i>Montgomery</i> , 224
Soon shall this earthly frame dissolv'd,	<i>Paraphrase</i> 51, 334
Source of life, and light, and blessing,	849
Source of love and light of day,	<i>Cowper</i> , 627
Sov'reign Ruler of the skies,	<i>Ryland</i> , 150
Spirit of truth come down,	520
Strangers and pilgrims here below,	430
Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r,	<i>Paraphrase</i> 22, 53
Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,	<i>Batty</i> , 550
Sweeter sounds than music knows,	<i>Newton</i> , 213
T	
Take comfort, Christians, &c.,	<i>Paraphrase</i> 53, 325
Teach me, O Lord, the perfect way,	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 264
Teach me Thy way, and in Thy truth,	" 86, 185
Ten thousand snares beset my way,	424
That as the plants our sons may be,	<i>Psalm</i> 144, 213
That in Thee may thy people joy,	" 85, 214
That man hath perfect blessedness,	" 1, 9
Th' atoning work is done,	<i>Kelly</i> , 451
That the great meeting place of saints,	<i>J. B.</i> , 650
That we may walk with God,	<i>Beddome</i> , 482
The billows swell, the winds are high,	<i>Cowper</i> , 297
The Church has waited long,	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 638
The daily favours of my God,	684
The day is past and gone,	370
The days of old to mind I call'd,	<i>Psalm</i> 77, 461
The earth belongs unto the Lord,	" 21, 101
The en'my thrust that I might fall,	" 118, 215
The evils that beset our path,	<i>Cowper</i> , 395
The firm foundation of the earth,	<i>Psalm</i> 102, 202
The Gospel comes with welcome news,	<i>Kelly</i> , 494
The happy morn is come,	519

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The heavens declare Thy glory, Lord, ...	Watts, 537
The heavens God's glory do declare, ...	Psalm 19, 105
The hill of Sion yields,	Watts, 128
The just shall flourish in his days, ...	Psalm 72, 166
The Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is He,	" 93, 64
The Lord is good and gracious,	" 25, 94
The Lord is very gracious,	" 145, 32
The Lord my pasture shall prepare, ...	Addison, 350
The Lord on princes pours contempt ...	Psalm 107, 258
The Lord our God is merciful,	" 103, 31
The Lord the spirit leads,	Beddome, 241
The Lord's my light and saving health,	Psalm 27, 65
The Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,...	" 23, 22
The Lord's my strength and shield, my heart	Psalm, 181
The man who walks with God in truth,	Paraphrase 21, 356
The name of God I with a song,	Psalm 69, 138
The praises of my tongue,	Watts, 680
The praises of the Lord our God,	Psalm 78, 145
The praises of Thy wonders, Lord,	" 89, 183
The race that long in darkness pin'd, ...	Paraphrase 19, 354
The righteous cry unto the Lord,	Psalm 34, 106
The rolling sun, the changing light,	453
The Saviour died, but rose again,	Paraphrase 48, 320
The Saviour—what a noble flame,	Cowper, 388
The serpent's brood increase,	Dr. H. Bonar, 639
The spacious firmament on high,	Addison, 290
The Spirit breathes upon the word,	Cowper, 84
The storm is chang'd into a calm,	Psalm 107, 257
The sun shall sink and rise no more,	J. B., 649
The time draws nigh when from the clouds,	Paraphrase 53, 328
The universal King,	590
The whole works of the Lord our God, ...	Psalm 111, 68
The wonders of that love,	401
The world and its deceits,	Beddome, 545
Thee, Lord our grateful,...	Altered from Dryden by G. D., 723
Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength, ...	Psalm 18, 19
There in peace his dust is laid,	700
There is a fountain fill'd with blood,	Cowper, 87
There is a happy land,	240
There is a land of pure delight,	Watts, 29
There is a track of glory down,	J. B., 722
There is but one who ne'er rebell'd, ...	Chr. Smart, 726
Th' Eternal Lord doth reign as King, ...	Psalm 99, 467
They in the Lord that firmly trust	„ 125, 85

HYMN.

Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 45, 143
Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love, ..	<i>Doddridge</i> , 534
Thine only is the day, O Lord,	<i>Psalm</i> 74, 487
Think what spirit dwells within thee, ...	541
This God is the God we adore,	<i>Hart</i> , 367
This is not my place of resting,	<i>Hart</i> , 616
This is the day the Lord hath made, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 85
This is the day when Christ arose, ...	<i>Watts</i> , 561
Thou all benignant Jesus,	715
Thou art, O God, the life and light, ...	<i>Moore</i> , 112
Thou art the God that wonders dost, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 77, 480
Thou Comforter divine,	512
Thou God of power, and God, of Love, ...	696
Thou hast an arm that's full of power, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 89, 174
Thou hast no lightnings, O Thou just, ...	<i>Cowper</i> , 619
Thou hast, O Lord, most glorious ...	<i>Psalm</i> 68, 69
Thou, Lord, ev'n Thou, art He that should,	" 76, 16
Thou refuge of my weary soul,	543
Thou Saviour, Christ &c., <i>altered from Dryden by G. D.</i>	724
Thou shalt arise and mercy have, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 102, 201
Thou Sov'reign, let my evening song, ...	<i>Dryden</i> , 76
Thou who art enthron'd above,	<i>Sandys</i> , 452
Thou who didst command the light, ...	<i>Gilbert</i> , 809
Thou, with Thy counsel, while I live, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 73, 52
Though trouble springs not from the dust,	<i>Paraphrase</i> 5, 318
Tho' troubles assail and dangers affright,	<i>Newton</i> , 598
Three score and ten years do sum up, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 90, 205
Thro' all the dangers of the night, ...	275
Through all the changing scenes of life,	<i>Tate</i> , 216
Thro' error's maze, thro' folly's night, ...	120
Through the day Thy love hath spar'd us,	398
Thus speaks the high and lofty One, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 27, 869
Thus spoke the Saviour of the world, ...	<i>Paraphrase</i> 34, 364
Thy mercy, Lord, is in the heavens, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 36, 70
Thy name, O Lord, shall still endure, ...	" 135, 229
Thy Spirit, Lord, bestow,	<i>Rev. P. Mearns</i> , 578
Thy statutes, Lord, are wonderful, ...	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 244
Thy ways, O Lord, with wise design, ...	<i>Serle</i> , 513
Thy word for ever is, O Lord,	<i>Psalm</i> 119, 252
Thy works, not mine, O Christ,	<i>Dr. H. Bonar</i> , 676
Thy wounds, not mine, O Christ, ...	677
'Tis a point I long to know,	<i>Newton</i> , 407
'Tis He who at the birth of time, ...	<i>R. Watson, Paisley</i> , 4
'Tis my happiness below,	<i>Cowper</i> , 148

HYMN.

'Tis Sabbath morn, another week,	...	<i>E.</i> , 729
'Tis sad to die ! weak nature says,	...	<i>J. B.</i> , 691
To bless Thy chosen race,	...	<i>Tate</i> , 668
To God, the only wise,	...	<i>Watts</i> , 50
To God, who chose us in His Son,	...	509
To Him that chose us first,	...	<i>Watts</i> , 465
To Him that loved the sons of men,	... <i>Paraphrase</i> 64,	324
To-morrow, Lord, is thine,	... <i>Doddridge</i> ,	504
To render thanks unto the Lord,	... <i>Psalm</i> 92,	63
To thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock,	... " 23,	123
To Thee, let my first off'rings rise,	...	429
To thee my God and Saviour,	...	678
To thee, O Lord, we pray,	... <i>W. S. & H.B.</i> ,	651
To watch the morning's dawn,	...	580
- Transgressors arms shall broken be,	... <i>Psalm</i> 37,	39
U		
Unfeignedly Thee have I sought,	... <i>Psalm</i> 119,	242
Unspotted is the fear of God,	... " 19,	17
Unto the upright light doth rise,	... " 112,	27
Unworthy, Lord, of all,	... <i>Montgomery</i> ,	468
Upon the hills of holiness,	... <i>Psalm</i> 87,	239
V		
Vain and presumptuous is the trust,	... <i>Paraphrase</i> 56,	332
Vain are the hopes the sons of men,	... " 46,	314
Vainly through night's weary hours,	...	456
W		
Wait, O my soul, thy Maker's will,	... <i>Beddome</i> ,	193
We bless Thee for this sacred day,	...	617
We bow before Thy sacred throne,	... <i>Rev. P. Mearns</i> ,	535
We cast our burdens on the Lord,—See, Cast our,	...	493
We held him as condemn'd by Heaven,	... <i>Paraphrase</i> 25,	372
We know that our Redeemer lives,	... <i>Medley</i> ,	253
We praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good,	...	531
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We sing the praise of Him who died,	...	547
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Eight of the pieces ascribed to Cowper are translations from the French of Madame De La Mothe Guion.

At page 10 of Index, for "Does the Land," read "Does the Lord," &c.

FIRST WEEK.

1

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **B**LEST morning! whose first dawning rays
Beheld the Son of God
Arise triumphant from the grave,
And leave His dark abode.
- 2 To Thy great name, Almighty Lord!
We sacred honours pay,
And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
The triumphs of the day.
- 3 Salvation and immortal praise
To our victorious King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas,
With glad hosannahs ring.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory as it was, and is,
And shall be evermore.

2

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Spirit, love divine;
Let Thy light within me shine;
All my guilty fears remove.
Fill my soul with heav'nly love.
- 2 Speak Thy pard'ning grace to me.
Set the burden'd sinner free;
Lead me to the Lamb of God,
Wash me in His precious blood.
- 3 Life and peace to me impart;
Seal salvation on my heart;
Enter 'Thou within my breast,
Earnest of eternal rest.
- 4 Let me never from Thee stray
Keep me in the narrow way;
Fill my soul with joy divine,
Keep me, Lord, for ever thine.

FIRST WEEK.

3

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ET thou thy trust upon the Lord,
And be thou doing good;
And so thou in the land shalt dwell,
And verily have food.
- 2 Delight thyself in God; he'll give
Thine heart's desire to thee,
Thy way to God commit, him trust,
It bring to pass shall he.
- 3 And, like unto the light, he shall
Thy righteousness display;
And he thy judgment shall bring forth
Like noon-tide of the day.

4

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **'T**IS He who at the birth of time,
A life etern had past;
Who fram'd the universe sublime,
And all its wonders vast:
- 2 Who man created with a breath,
And with a breath destroys;
He is our Lord, and in that faith,
We trustingly rejoice.
- 3 'Tis He who through unbounded space,
Unnumbered systems hurled;
Who from his heavenly dwelling place,
Sheds light on every world;
- 4 Who scans His works with watchful eye,
Upholds with constant aim;
He is our Lord, let us with joy
His goodness great proclaim.
- 5 'Tis He who though the Lord on high,
In majesty secure,
Came down from heaven for man to die,
And make his ransom sure;
- 6 'Tis He who triumphed on the rood,
O'er sin, and death, and hell;
He is our Lord, let gratitude
Our hearts for ever swell.

FIRST WEEK.

5

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT to the terrors of the Lord,
The tempest, fire, and smoke,
Not to the thunder of that word
Which God on Sinai spoke;
- 2 But we are come to Sion's hill,
The city of our God,
Where milder words declare his will,
And spread his love abroad.
- 3 To an innumerable host
Of angels cloth'd in light!
And to the spirits of the just,
Whose faith is turn'd to sight!
- 4 The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make;
All join in Christ, their living Head,
And of his grace partake.
- 5 In such society as this,
My weary soul would rest:
The man that dwells where Jesus is
Must be for ever bless'd.

6

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**IVE ear unto me when I call,
God of my righteousness:
Have mercy, hear my pray'r; thou hast
Enlarg'd me in distress.
- 2 O who will show us any good?
Is that which many say:
But of thy countenance the light,
Lord lift on us alway.
- 3 Upon my heart, bestow'd by thee,
More gladness I have found
Than they, ev'n then, when corn and wine
Did most with them abound.
- 4 I will both lay me down in peace,
And quiet sleep will take;
Because thou only me to dwell,
In safety, Lord dost make.

FIRST WEEK.

7

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed;
Who through this weary pilgrimage
Hast all our fathers led.
- 2 Through each perplexing path of life
Our wand'ring footsteps guide;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.
- 3 O spread thy cov'ring wings around,
Till all our wand'rings cease,
And at our Father's lov'd abode
Our souls arrive in peace.
- 4 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
Our humble pray'rs implore;
And thou shalt be our chosen God,
And portion evermore.

8

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**AMB of God, we fall before Thee,
Humbly trusting in thy cross;
That alone be all our glory;
All things else we count but loss.
- 2 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
Only source of all that's good:
Every grace and every favour
Comes to us through Jesus blood.
- 3 All our prayers and all our praises,
Humbly offered in his name—
He that dictates them is Jesus;
He that answers is the same.
- 4 Every grace and every favour,
Great or good whate'er we call
Have we only in the Saviour:
Jesus Christ is all in all.

9

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HAT man hath perfect blessedness
Who walketh not astray
In counsel of ungodly men,
Nor stands in sinners' way,
- 2 Nor sitteth in the scorner's chair;
But placeth his delight
Upon God's law, and meditates
On his law day and night.
- 3 He shall be like a tree that grows
Near planted by a river,
Which in his season yields his fruit,
And his leaf fadeth never:
- 4 And all he doth shall prosper well,
The wicked are not so;
But like they are unto the chaff,
Which wind drives to and fro.

10

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God!
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.
- 2 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom these comforts flow'd.
- 3 Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll proclaim;
And after death, in distant worlds,
Resume the glorious theme.
- 4 Through all eternity to thee
A joyful song I'll raise;
For, oh! eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

FIRST WEEK.

11

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, bless God the Lord;
And all that in me is
Be stirred up, his holy name
To magnify and bless.
- 2 Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
And not forgetful be
Of all his gracious benefits
He hath bestow'd on thee.
- 3 All thine iniquities who doth
Most graciously forgive:
Who thy diseases all and pains
Doth heal, and thee relieve.
- 4 Who doth redeem thy life, that thou
To death may'st not go down;
Who thee with loving-kindness doth
And tender mercies crown.
- 5 Who with abundance of good things
Doth satisfy thy mouth;
So that, even as the eagles age,
Renewed is thy youth.

12

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** UR harps with trembling hands,
We'll from the willows take;
And to the praise of love divine
Bid ev'ry string awake.
- 2 'Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home,
And nearer to the house above
We ev'ry moment come.
- 3 His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the love divine.
- 4 Blest is the man, O God,
That stays himself on thee!
Who waits for thy salvation, Lord,
Shall thy salvation see.

13

' SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
And press with vigour on,
A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.
- 2 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey,
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.
- 3 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high,
'Tis he presents the glorious prize
To thine aspiring eye.
- 4 The joys and pleasures of a day
Then cheerfully resign,
Rich in the large immortal store,
Secur'd by grace divine.

14

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing,—
Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
- 2 Though destruction walk around us,
Though the arrows past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
We are safe if thou art nigh.
- 3 Though the night be dark and dreary,
Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he who never weary,
Walkest where thy people be.
- 4 Should disease or death o'ertake us,
Should our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
Clad in light and deathless bloom.

15 .

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'LL go into his tabernacles,
And at his footstool bow.
Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
Thy people's strength be thou.
- 2 O let thy priests be clothed, Lord,
With truth and righteousness;
And let all those that are thy saints
Shout loud for joyfulness.
- 3 For God of Sion hath made choice;
There he desires to dwell,
This is my rest, here still I'll stay,
For I do like it well.
- 4 Her food I'll greatly bless; her poor
With bread will satisfy;
Her priests I'll clothe with health; her saints
Shall shout forth joyfully.

16

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.
- 2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all thine enemies can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.
- 3 O write upon my mem'ry Lord,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.
- 4 With thoughts of Christ, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon thro' his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

SECOND WEEK.

17

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **U**NSPOTTED is the fear of God,
And doth endure for ever;
The judgments of the Lord are true
And righteous altogether.
- 2 Moreover, they thy servant warn
How he his life should frame:
A great reward provided is
For them that keep the same.
- 3 Who can his errors understand ?
O cleanse thou me within
From secret faults. Thy servant keep
From all presumptuous sin:
- 4 And do not suffer them to have
Dominion over me;
Then, righteous and innocent,
I from much sin shall be.
- 5 The words which from my mouth proceed,
The thoughts sent from my heart,
Accept, O Lord, for thou my Strength
And my Redeemer art.

18

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** WITH thy tender mercies, Lord,
Us early satisfy ;
So we rejoice shall all our days,
And still be glad in thee.
- 2 According as the days have been,
Wherein we grief have had,
And years wherein we ill have seen,
So do thou make us glad.
- 3 O let thy work and power appear
Thy servants' face before ;
And shew unto their children dear
Thy glory evermore.
- 4 And let the beauty of the Lord
Our God be us upon :
Our handy works establish thou,
Establish them each one.

19

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HEE will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My fortress is the Lord,
My rock, and he that doth to me
Deliverance afford:
- 2 My God, my strength, whom I will trust,
A buckler unto me,
The horn of my salvation
And my high tow'r, is he.
- 3 Upon the Lord, who worthy is
Of praises, will I cry;
And then shall I preserved be
Safe from mine enemy.
- 4 In my distress I call'd on God,
Cry to my God did I,
He from his temple heard my voice,
To his ears came my cry.

20

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**ARENT of good! thy works of might
I trace with wonder and delight;
In them thy glories shine:
There's naught in earth, or sea, or air,
Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
But what is wholly thine.
- 2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
Still more attract my mind;
Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
In all their dignity complete,
With truth and justice join'd.
- 3 Thy glories here immensely rise,
They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
And heav'nly pleasure yield;
An ocean vast, without a bound,
Where ev'ry noble wish is crown'd,
And ev'ry want is fill'd.

SECOND WEEK.

21

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ET, Lord, a watch before my mouth,
Keep of my lips the door;
Let not my heart incline unto
The ills I should abhor.
- 2 To practice wicked works with men
That work iniquity;
And with their delicacies my taste
Let me not satisfy.
- 3 Let him that righteous is me smite,
It shall a kindness be;
Let him reprove, I shall it count,
A precious oil to me.

22

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my shepherd, I'll not want,
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.
- 2 My soul he doth restore again;
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness
Ev'n for His own name's sake.
- 3 Yea, though I walk in death's dark vale,
Yet will I fear none ill:
For Thou art with me; and Thy rod
And staff me comfort still.
- 4 My table thou hast furnished
In presence of my foes;
My head Thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.
- 5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me:
And in God's house for evermore
My dwelling place shall be.

SECOND WEEK.

23

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OVE divine, all love excelling;
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
- 2 Jesus! Thou art all compassion,
Pure, unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!
- 3 Breathe, O breathe, Thy living spirit,
Into every troubled breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find Thy promised rest.

24

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ALLELUJAH! note of gladness
Which the choirs above prolong!
There no sense of sin or sadness
Mars the music of their song;
Strains of triumph
Burst from all that blessed throng.
- 2 Hallelujah! here in sorrow
Oft our notes of triumph die,
And from earth our spirits borrow
Clouds which darken all our sky;
But the dawning
Of a griefless day is nigh.
- 3 Hallelujah! thro' our dwelling
Here 'mid Kedar's tents is found,
Let our voices, gladly swelling,
Echo back to heav'n the sound,
Till the anthem
Roll the universe around.
- 4 Hallelujah! realms of glory!
Ye shall hear our worthier strains,
When we sing redemption's story
Where redemption's Author reigns;
There for ever
Free from sins, and fears, and pains.

25

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED are they that undefil'd,
And straight are in the way;
Who in the Lord's most holy law
Do walk and do not stray.
- 2 Blessed are they who to observe
His statutes are inclin'd;
And who do seek the living God
With their whole heart and mind.
- 3 Such in his ways do walk, and they
Do no iniquity.
Thou hast commanded us to keep
Thy precepts carefully,
- 4 O that thy statutes to observe
Thou wouldst my ways direct!
Then shall I not be sham'd when I
Thy precepts all respect.

26

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, 'the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comforts flow,
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.
- 2 No other name will heaven approve :
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
To the bright realms of endless day.
- 3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart :
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !
Direct our steps, and cheer our heart.
- 4 Safe lead us thro' this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

27

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **U**NTO the upright light doth rise,
Though he in darkness be;
Compassionate, and merciful,
And righteous, is he.
- 2 A good man doth his favour show,
And doth to others lend:
He with discretion his affairs
Will guide unto the end.
- 3 Surely there is not any thing
That ever shall him move:
The righteous man's memorial
Shall everlasting prove.
- 4 When he shall evil tidings hear,
He shall not be afraid:
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
Upon the Lord is stayed.

28

SATURDAY EVENING

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, attend my cry;
And in thy faithfulness
Give thou an answer unto me,
Now in thy righteousness.
- 2 My hands to thee I stretch, my soul
Thirsts, as dry land, for thee.
Haste Lord, to hear, my spirit fails:
Hide not thy face from me;
- 3 Lest like to them I should become
That go down to the dust;
At morn let me thy kindness hear;
For in thee do I trust.
- 4 Because thou art my God, to do
Thy will do me instruct:
Thy Spirit is good, me to the land
Of uprightness, conduct.
- 5 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
Even for thine own name's sake;
And do thou, for thy righteousness,
My soul from trouble take.

THIRD WEEK.

29

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign,
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.
- 2 There everlasting spring abides,
And never with'ring flowers;
Death like a narrow sea divides
This heavenly land from ours.
- 3 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand drest in living green;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan roll'd between.
- 4 Could we but make those doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And view the Canaan that we love,
With unobscured eyes.
- 5 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood
Should fright us from the shore.

30

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love!
We own thy pow'r to save,
That pow'r by which our Shepherd rose
Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him from the dead though brought'st again,
When by his sacred blood,
Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to thy will,
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep thy precepts still;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise,
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in thine eyes.

THIRD WEEK.

31

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord our God is merciful,
And he is gracious,
Long-suffering, and slow to wrath,
In mercy plenteous.
- 2 He will not chide continually,
Nor keep his anger still.
With us he dealt not as we sinn'd
Nor did requite our ill.
- 3 For as the heaven in its height
The earth surmounteth far ;
So great to those that do him fear
His tender mercies are:
- 4 As far as east is distant from
The west, so far hath he
From us removed, in his love,
All our iniquity.

32

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is very gracious,
In him compassions flow;
In mercy he is very great,
And is to anger slow.
- 2 The Lord JEHOVAH unto all
His goodness doth declare;
And over all his other works
His tender mercies are.
- 3 The eyes of all things wait on thee,
The giver of all good;
And thou in time convenient,
Bestow'st on them their food:
- 4 Thine hand thou op'nest lib'rally,
And of thy bounty gives
Enough to satisfy the need;
Of every thing that lives.

THIRD WEEK.

33

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**'LL thee extol, my God, O King;
I'll bless thy name always.
Thee will I bless each day, and will
Thy name for ever praise.
- 2 Great is the Lord, much to be prais'd;
His greatness search exceeds.
Race unto race shall praise thy works,
And shew thy mighty deeds.
- 3 I of thy glorious majesty
The honour will record; '
I'll speak of all thy mighty works,
Which wondrous are, O Lord.
- 4 Thee all thy works shall praise, O Lord, '
And thee thy saints shall bless;
They shall thy kingdom's glory show,
Thy power by speech express.

34

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT though no flowers the fig-tree clothe,
Though vines their fruit deny;
The labours of the olive fail,
And fields no meat supply!
- 2 Though from the fold, with sad surprise,
My flocks cut off I see;
Though famine pine in empty stalls.
Where herds were wont to be!
- 3 Yet in the Lord I will be glad,
And glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God,
Of my salvation prove.
- 4 God is the treasure of my soul,
The source of lasting joy,
A joy, which want shall not impair,
Nor death itself destroy.

35

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HEY in the Lord that firmly trust
Shall be like Sion hill,
Which at no time can be remov'd,
But standeth ever still.
- 2 As round about Jerusalem
The mountains stand alway,
The Lord his folk doth compass so,
From henceforth and for aye.
- 3 For ill men's rod upon the lot
Of just men shall not lie:
Lest righteous men stretch forth their hands
unto iniquity.
- 4 Do thou to all those that be good
Thy goodness, Lord, impart;
And do thou good to those that are
Upright, within their heart.

36

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**T is the Lord—enthron'd in light,
Whose claims are all divine;
Who has an undisputed right
To govern me and mine.
- 2 It is the Lord—should I distrust,
Or contradict his will?
Who cannot do but what is just,
And must be righteous still.
- 3 It is the Lord—who gives me all,
My wealth, my friends, my ease;
And of his bounties may recal
Whatever part he please.
- 4 It is the Lord—who can sustain
Beneath the heaviest load,
From whom assistance I obtain,
To tread the thorny road.

37

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD shall endure for aye; he doth
For judgment set his throne;
In righteousness to judge the world,
Justice to give each one.
- 2 God also will a refuge be
For those that are oppress'd;
A refuge will he be in times
Of trouble to distress'd.
- 3 And they that know thy name, in thee
Their confidence will place:
For thou hast not forsaken them
That truly seek thy face.
- 4 O sing ye praises to the Lord
That dwells in Sion hill;
And all the nations among
His deeds record ye still.

38

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Saviour of the soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high!'
- 2 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life is past:
Safe into the haven guide;
O receive my soul at last.
- 3 Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me:'
- 4 All my trust on thee is stay'd,
All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of thy wing.'
- 5 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within,

39

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**RANSGRESSORS' arms shall broken be;
But God the just sustains:
God knows the just man's days, and still
Their heritage remains.
- 2 They shall not be asham'd when they
The evil time do see;
And when the days of famine are
They satisfy'd shall be.
- 3 A good man's footsteps by the Lord
Are ordered aright;
And in the way wherein he walks
He greatly doth delight.
- 4 Although he fall, yet shall he not
Be cast down utterly;
Because the Lord with his own hand
Upholds him mightily.

40

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** TO the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid,
My safety cometh from the Lord,
Who heav'n and earth hath made.
- 2 Thy foot he'll not let slide, nor will
He slumber that thee keeps:
Behold, he that keeps Israel,
He slumbers not, nor sleeps.
- 3 The Lord thee keeps, the Lord thy shade
On thy right hand doth stay:
The moon by night thee shall not smite,
Nor yet the sun by day.
- 4 The Lord shall keep thy soul; he shall
Preserve thee from all ill.
Henceforth thy going out and in
God keep for ever will.

41

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFT up to God the voice of praise,
Whose breath our souls inspir'd;
Loud and more loud the anthem raise,
With grateful ardour fir'd!
- 2 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
Whose tender care sustains
Our feeble frame, encompass'd round
With death's unnumber'd pains.
- 3 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
From whom salvation flows;
Who sent his Son our souls to save
From everlasting woes!
- 4 Lift up to God the voice of praise,
For hope's transporting ray,
That lights through darkest shades of death
To realms of endless day.

42

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**ORE of thy presence, Lord impart,
More of thine image let us bear:
Erect thy throne within our hearts,
And reign without a rival there.
- 2 Give us to read our pardon seal'd,
And from thy joy to draw our strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.
- 3 Grant these requests, we ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick or in health, or rich or poor,
All shall be well if we are Thine.

43

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** SET ye open unto me
The gates of righteousness;
Then will I enter into them,
And I the Lord will bless.
- 2 This is the gate of God, by it
The just shall enter in.
Thee will I praise, for thou me heard'st
And hast my safety been.
- 3 That stone is made head corner-stone,
Which builders did despise:
This is the doing of the Lord,
And wondrous in our eyes.
- 4 This is the day God made, in it
We'll joy triumphantly.
Save now, I pray thee Lord; I pray,
Send now prosperity.

44

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW lovely is thy dwelling-place,
O Lord of hosts, to me!
The tabernacles of thy grace
How pleasant, Lord, they be!
- 2 My thirsty soul longs veh'mently,
Yea fairs, thy courts to see:
My very heart and flesh cry out,
O living God, for thee.
- 3 Bless'd are they in thy house that dwell,
They ever give the praise:
Bless'd is the man whose strength thou art,
In whose heart are thy ways:
- 4 They in thy strength unwearied go
Still forward unto strength,
Until in Sion they appear
Before the Lord at length.

45

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW manifold, Lord, are thy works!
In wisdom wonderful,
Thou ev'ry one of them hast made;
Earth's of thy riches full.
- 2 The glory of the mighty Lord
Continue shall for ever:
The Lord JEHOVAH shall rejoice
In all his works together.
- 3 Earth, as affrighted, trembleth all,
If he on it but look;
And if the mountains he but touch,
They presently do smoke.
- 4 I will sing to the Lord most high,
So long as I shall live;
And while I being have I shall
To my God praises give.

46

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.
- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never failing skill,
He treasures up his great designs,
And works his sov'reign will.
- 3 Let fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds they so much dread,
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on their head.
- 4 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding ev'ry hour,
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet shall be the flow'r;
- 5 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

47

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW are thy servants bless'd, O Lord,
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.
- 2 The storm is laid, the winds retire,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roars at thy command,
At thy command is still.
- 3 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness we'll adore,
We'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 Our life, while thou preserv'st that life,
Thy sacrifice shall be,
And death, when death shall be our lot,
Shall join our souls to thee.

48

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, let us to the Lord our God
With contrite hearts return;
Our God is gracious, nor will leave
The desolate to mourn.
- 2 His voice commands the tempest forth,
And stills the stormy wave;
And though his arm be strong to smite
'Tis also strong to save.
- 3 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
Shall know him and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
Like morning songs his voice.
- 4 As dew upon the tender herb,
Diffusing fragrance round;
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
And cheer the thirsty ground:
- 5 So shall his presence bless our souls,
And shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chase away
The sorrows of the night.

49

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the throne of grace!
The promise calls me near;
There Jesus shews a smiling face,
And waits to answer pray'r.
- 2 That rich atoning blood,
Which sprinkled round I see,
Provides for those who come to God,
An all-prevailing plea.
- 3 My soul, ask what thou wilt,
Thou canst not be too bold,
Since his own blood for thee he spilt,
What else can he withhold?
- 4 Thine image, Lord, bestow,
Thy presence and thy love;
I ask to serve thee here below,
And reign with thee above.
- 5 Teach me to live by faith,
Conform my will to thine;
Let me victorious be in death,
And then in glory shine.

50

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O God the only wise,
Our Saviour and our King,
Let all the saints below the skies
Their humble praises bring.
- 2 'Tis his almighty love,
His counsel and his care,
Preserves us safe from sin and death,
And ev'ry hurtful snare.
- 3 He will present our souls,
Unblemish'd and complete,
Before the glory of his face,
With joys divinely great.
- 4 Then all his chosen race
Shall meet around the throne,
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,
And make his wonders known.

51

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OLD up my goings, Lord, me guide
In those thy paths divine,
So that my footsteps may not slide
Out of those ways of thine.
- 2 I called have on thee, O God,
Because thou wilt me hear :
That thou may'st hearken to my speech
To me incline thine ear.
- 3 Thy wondrous loving-kindness show,
Thou that by thy right hand,
Sav'st them that trust in thee from those
That up against them stand.
- 4 As th' apple of the eye me keep;
In thy wings shade me close
From lewd oppressors, compassing
Me round, as deadly foes.

52

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU, with thy counsel, while I live;
Wilt me conduct and guide;
And to thy glory afterward
Receive me to abide.
- 2 Whom have I in the heavens high
But thee, O Lord, alone ?
And in the earth whom I desire
Besides thee there is none.
- 3 My flesh and heart doth faint and fail,
But God doth fail me never:
For of my heart God is the strength,
And portion for ever.
- 4 Then surely it is good for me
That I draw near to God:
In God I trust, that all thy works
I may declare abroad.

53

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **S**UPREME in wisdom as in pow'r
The Rock of ages stands;
Though him we can not see, nor trace
The working of his hands.
- 2 He gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heavenly aids impart.
- 3 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 4 They with unweary'd feet shall tread
The path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine,

54

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I will thee extol, for thou
Hast lifted me on high,
And over me thou to rejoice
Mad'st not mine enemy.
- 2 O thou who art the Lord my God,
I in distress to thee,
With loud cries lifted up my voice,
And thou hast healed me.
- 3 O ye that are his holy ones,
Sing praise unto the Lord;
And give unto him thanks, when ye
His holiness record;
- 4 For but a moment lasts his wrath;
Life in his favour lies:
Weeping may for a night endure,
At morn doth joy arise.

FOURTH WEEK.

55

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, there is none among the gods
That may with thee compare;
And like the works which thou hast done,
Not any work is there.
- 2 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come
And worship rev'rently
Before thy face; and they, O Lord,
Thy name shall glorify.
- 3 Because thou art exceeding great,
And works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd; and thou
Art God thyself alone.
- 4 Teach me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I:
Unite my heart, that I thy name
may fear continually.

56

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**AFELY through another week,
God hath brought us on our way;
Let us now a blessing seek
On the approaching Sabbath day.
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.
- 2 Mercies, multiplied each hour,
Gracious Lord, our praise demand;
Guarded by thy mighty power,
Nourish'd by thy bounteous hand:
Now from worldly care set free,
May we rest this night with thee.
- 3 When the morn shall bid us rise,
May we feel thy presence near;
May thy glory meet our eyes,
When we in thy house appear;
And may all our Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of the joys above.

57

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **M**INE hands in innocence, O Lord,
I'll wash and purify;
So to thine holy altar go,
And compass it will I.
- 2 The habitation of thy house,
Lord I have loved well;
Yea, in that place I do delight
Where doth thine honour dwell.
- 3 With sinners gather not my soul,
And such as blood would spill;
Whose hands mischievous plots, right hand
Corrupting bribes do fill.
- 4 My foot upon an even place
Doth stand with stedfastness:
Within the congregations
Th' Eternal I will bless.

58

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, then, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, the Lord:
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet?
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love, so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

59

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**IVE praise and thanks unto the Lord,
For bountiful is he;
His tender mercy doth endure
Unto eternity.
- 2 God's mighty works who can express?
Or show forth all his praise?
Blessed are they that judgment keep,
And justly do always.
- 3 Remember me, Lord, with that love
Which thou to thine dost bear;
With thy salvation, O my God,
To visit me draw near:
- 4 That I thy chosen's good may see,
And in their joy rejoice;
And may with thine inheritance
Triumph with cheerful voice.

60

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**UIDE me O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy powerful hand;
Bread of heaven,
Feed me, till I want no more.
- 2 Open Thou the crystal fountain,
Where the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro'.
Strong deliverer
Be thou still my strength and shield.
- 3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Bear me through the swelling current,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
Songs of praise,
I will ever give to thee.

61

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** COME, let us sing to the Lord:
Come, let us ev'ry one
A joyful noise make to the Rock
Of our salvation.
- 2 Let us before his presence come
With praise and thankful voice;
Let us sing psalms to him with grace,
And make a joyful noise.
- 3 For God, a great God, and great King,
Above all gods he is.
Depths of the earth are in his hand,
The strength of hills is his.
- 4 O come, and let us worship him,
Let us bow down withal.
And on our knees before the Lord
Our Maker let us fall.

62

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**HEW me thy ways, O Lord;
Thy paths, O teach thou me;
And do thou lead me in thy truth,
Therein my teacher be:
- 2 For thou art God that dost
To me salvation send,
And I upon thee all the day
Expecting do attend.
- 3 Thy tender mercies, Lord,
I pray thee to remember,
And loving-kindnesses; for they
Have been of old for ever.
- 4 My sins and faults of youth
Do thou, O Lord, forget;
After thy mercy think on me,
And for thy goodness great.

63

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O render thanks unto the Lord
It is a comely thing,
And to thy name, O thou most High,
Due praise aloud to sing.
- 2 Thy loving-kindness to shew forth
When shines the morning light;
And to declare thy faithfulness
With pleasure ev'ry night.
- 3 For thou, Lord, by thy mighty works
Hast made my heart right glad;
And I will triumph in the works
Which by thine hands were made.

64

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord doth reign, and cloth'd is he
With majesty most bright;
His works do shew him cloth'd to be,
And girt about with might.
- 2 The world is also stablished,
That it cannot depart;
Thy throne is fix'd of old, and thou
From everlasting art.
- 3 The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.
- 4 But yet the Lord, that is on high,
Is more of might by far
Than noise of many waters is,
Or great sea-billows are,
- 5 Thy testimonies ev'ry one
In faithfulness excel;
And holiness for ever, Lord,
Thine house becometh well.

65

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my light and saving health,
Who shall make me dismay'd ?
My life's strength is the Lord, of whom
Then shall I be afraid ?
- 2 One thing I of the Lord desir'd,
And will seek to obtain,
That all days of my life I may
within God's house remain.
- 3 That I the beauty of the Lord
Behold may and admire,
And that I in his holy place
May rev'rently enquire.
- 4 For he in his pavilion shall
Me hide in evil days;
In secret of his tent me hide,
And on a rock me raise.
- 5 Therefore unto his tabernacle
I'll sacrifices bring
Of joyfulness; I'll sing, yea I
To God will praises sing.

66

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
And make thy glory known;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone!
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more;
And sinners now may learn to love;
Who never lov'd before.

67

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time misspent, redeem;
Each present day, thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care;
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere;
Keep conscience, as the noon tide clear;
Think how the all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts, surveys.

68

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE whole works of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure,
Sought out they are of ev'ry one
Who doth therein take pleasure.
- 2 His work most honourable is,
Most glorious and pure,
And his untainted righteousness
For ever doth endure.
- 3 His works most wonderful he hath
Made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
Full of compassion,
- 4 He giveth meat unto all those
That truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
He in his mind will bear.

69

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU hast, O Lord, most glorious,
Ascended, up on high;
And in triumph victorious led
Captive captivity:
- 2 Thou hast received gifts for men,
For such as did rebel;
Yea, ev'n for them, that God the Lord
In midst of them might dwell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who is to us
Of our salvation God;
Who daily with his benefits
Us plenteously doth load.
- 4 He of salvation is the God,
Who is our God most strong;
And unto God the Lord from death
The issues do belong.

70

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY mercy, Lord, is in the heav'ns;
Thy truth doth reach the clouds;
Thy justice is like mountains great;
Thy judgments deep as floods:
- 2 Lord, thou preservest man and beast,
How precious is thy grace!
- 3 Therefore in shadow of thy wings
Men's sons their trust shall place;
- 3 They with the fatness of thy house
Shall be well satisfy'd;
From rivers of thy pleasures thou
Wilt drink to them provide.
- 4 Because of life the fountain pure
Remains alone with thee;
And in that purest light of thine
We clearly light shall see.
- 5 Thy loving-kindness unto them
Continue that thee know;
And still on men upright in heart,
Thy righteousness bestow.

71

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS shall reign where'er the sun
His vast successive course shall run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.
- 2 To him shall endless pray'r be made,
And ceaseless praises crown his head;
His name, like sweet perfume, shall rise
With every ev'ning sacrifice.
- 3 People, and realms of ev'ry tongue,
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.
- 4 Blessings abound where'er He reigns,
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

72

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **I**'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord! I know his name,
His name is all my boast;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the New Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

73

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, thou fount of ev'ry blessing,
Wake my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.
- 2 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wand'ring from the fold of God ;
He, to save my soul from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.
- 3 O! to grace how great a debtor
Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
Let that grace, Lord, like a fetter,
Bind my wand'ring heart to thee !!
- 4 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it,
Prone to leave the God I love—
Take my heart, Lord, take and seal it, }
Seal it from thy courts above.

74

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, how are my foes increased ?
Against me many rise,
Many say of my soul, For him
In God no succour lies.
- 2 Yet thou my shield and glory art,
Th' uplifter of mine head.
I cry'd, and, from his holy hill,
The Lord me answer made.
- 3 I laid me down and slept, I wak'd;
For God sustained me:
I will not fear though thousands ten
Set round against me be.
- 4 Salvation sure doth appertain
Unto the Lord alone ;
Thy blessing, Lord, for evermore
Thy people is upon.

75

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, holy Spirit from above,
With all thy quick'ning powers,
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Our hearts we feel perversely fond
On earth to fix their love;
O send thy grace, to burst the bond,
And raise our thoughts above.
- 3 Our praises else are formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise,
Hosannahs languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Come, holy Spirit, from above,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs,
Come shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

76

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU Sov'reign let my evening song
Like holy incense rise ;
Assist the off'rings of my tongue
To reach the lofty skies.
- 2 Through all the dangers of the day
Thy hand was still my guard.
And still to ward my wants away
Thy mercy stood prepared.
- 3 Lord, with this sinful heart of mine,
Now to thy cross I flee,
And to thy grace my soul resign,
To be renewed by thee.
- 4 Sprinkled afresh with pard'ning blood,
I lay me down to rest
As in the everlasting arms,
Or on the Saviour's breast.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
To sing the great Redeemer's praise;
He justly claims a song from me,
His loving kindness, O how free!
- 2 He saw me ruin'd in the fall,
Yet lov'd me notwithstanding all;
He sav'd me from my lost estate,
His loving kindness, O how great!
- 3 Tho' num'rous hosts of mighty foes,
Tho' earth and hell my way oppose,
He safely leads my soul along,
His loving kindness, O how strong!
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gather'd thick, and thunder'd loud,
He near my soul has always stood,
His loving kindness, O how good!
- 5 Often I feel my sinful heart
Prone from my Saviour to depart;
But though I have him oft forgot,
His loving kindness changes not.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! hark ! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem ;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 2 It was my guide, my light, my all—
It bade my dark forebodings cease ;
And through the storm, and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 3 Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The star—the star of Bethlehem !

SIXTH WEEK.

79

THURSDAY MORNING. †

- 1 **A** WAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb,
Wake, ev'ry heart and ev'ry tongue,
To praise the Saviour's name.
- 2 Sing of his dying love,
Sing of his rising pow'r,
Sing how he intercedes above
For those whose sins he bore.
- 3 Sing on the heav'nly way,
Let ransom'd sinners, sing;
Sing on, rejoicing every day
In Christ th' eternal King.
- 4 Soon shall we hear him say, .
Ye blessed children, Come;
Soon will he call us hence away,
And take his pilgrims home.

80

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW excellent in all the earth,
Lord, our Lord, is thy name!
Who hast thy glory far advanc'd
Above the starry frame.
- 2 From infants' and from sucklings' mouth
Thou didest strength ordain,
For thy foes cause, that so thou might'st
th' avenging foe restrain.
- 3 When I look up unto the heav'ns
Which thine own fingers fram'd,
Unto the moon and to the stars,
Which were by thee ordain'd ; .
- 4 Then, say I, What is man, that he
Remember'd is by thee ?
Or what the son of man, that thou
So kind to him should'st be ?
- 5 For thou a little lower hast
Him than the angels made ; ;
With glory and with dignity
Thou crowned hast his head.

81

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, thee my God, I'll early seek :
My soul doth thirst for thee ;
My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land,
Wherein no waters be :
- 2 That I thy power may behold,
And brightness of thy face,
As I have seen thee heretofore
Within thy holy place.
- 3 Since better is thy love than life,
My lips thee praise shall give.
I in thy name will lift my hands,
And bless thee while I live.
- 4 When I do thee upon my bed
Remember with delight,
And when on thee I meditate
In watches of the night.
- 5 In shadow of thy wings I'll joy ;
For thou mine help hast been,
My soul thee follows hard ; and me
Thy right hand doth sustain.

82

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear !
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast ;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.
- 3 Weak is the effort of our heart,
And cold our warmest thought ;
But when we see thee as thou art,
We'll praise thee as we ought.
- 4 Till then we would thy love proclaim
With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh our souls in death.

SIXTH WEEK.

83

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** SAW the wicked great in power,
Spread like a green bay-tree :
He pass'd, yea, was not ; him I sought,
But found he could not be.
- 2 Mark thou the perfect, and behold
The man of uprightness ;
Because that surely of this man
The latter end is peace.
- 3 For the salvation of the just
Is from the Lord above ;
He in the time of their distress
Their stay and strength doth prove
- 4 The Lord shall help and them deliver :
He shall them free and save
From wicked men ; because in him
Their confidence they have.

84

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.
- 2 A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun :
It gives a light to ev'ry age,
It gives, but borrows none.
- 3 The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat :
His truths upon the nations rise,
They rise, but never set.
- 4 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heav'nly day.
- 5 My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love ;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made
The day he calls his own ;
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.
- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Bless'd be the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace,
Who comes in God Jehovah's name
To save our sinful race.
- 4 Hosanna ! in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise ;
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD our God, arise,
The cause of truth maintain ;
And wide o'er all the peopled world
Extend her blessed reign.
- 2 Thou Prince of life, arise,
Nor let thy glory cease ;
Far spread the conquests of thy grace,
And bless the earth with peace.
- 3 Thou Holy Ghost, arise,
Expand thy quick'ning wing,
And o'er a dark and ruin'd world
Let Light and order spring.
- 4 All on the earth, arise,
To God the Saviour sing ;
From shore to shore, from earth to heav'n
Let echoing anthems ring !

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a fountain fill'd with blood
 Pour'd from Immanuel's veins ;
 And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood,
 Lose all their guilty stains.
- 2 Thou spotless Lamb, thy precious blood
 Shall never lose its pow'r,
 Till all the ransom'd sons of God
 Be sav'd to sin no more.
- 3 E'er since, by faith, we saw the stream
 Thy flowing wounds supply,
 Redeeming love has been our theme,
 And shall be till we die.
- 4 Then, in far nobler, sweeter songs,
 We'll sing thy pow'r to save ;
 When our poor lisping stamm'ring tongues
 Are silent in the grave.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET party names no more
 The Christain world o'erspread ;
 Gentle and Jew, and bond and free,
 Are one in Christ their Head.
- 2 Among the saints on earth,
 Let mutual love be found,
 Heirs of the same inheritance,
 With common blessings crown'd.
- 3 Let envy, child of hell !
 Be banish'd far away :
 Those should in strictest friendship dwell,
 Who the same Lord obey.
- 4 Thus will the church below
 Resemble that above ;
 Where streams of pleasure ever flow,
 And ev'ry heart is love.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** FULNESS resides in Jesus our Head,
And ever abides to answer our need ;
The Father's good pleasure has laid up in store,
A plentiful treasure to give to the poor.
- 2 Whate'er be our wants, we need not now fear,
Our num'rous complaints his mercy will hear;
His fulness shall yield us abundant supplies ;
His power shall shield us when dangers arise.
- 3 Whatever distress awaits us below,
Such plentiful grace will Jesus bestow
As still shall support us, and silence our fear ;
For nothing can hurt us while Jesus is near.
- 4 When troubles attend, or danger, or strife,
His love will defend, and guard us through life.
And when we are fainting and ready to die,
Whatever is wanting his hand will supply.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ELP, Lord, because the godly man
Doth daily fade away ;
And from among the sons of men
The faithful do decay.
- 2 Unto his neighbour ev'ry one
Doth utter vanity :
They with a double heart do speak,
And lips of flattery.
- 3 For poor oppress'd and for the sighs
Of needy, rise will I,
Saith God, and him in safety set
From such as him defy.
- 4 The words of God are words most pure ;
They be like silver try'd
In earthen furnace, seven times
That hath been purified.
- 5 Lord, thou'shalt them preserve and keep
For ever from this race:
On each side walk the wicked, when
Vile men are high in place.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED be thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guard and giver!
Thou canst guard thy creatures sleeping;
Heal the heart long broke with weeping.
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the desert and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be thy name for ever!
- 2 Thou, who slumb'rest not, nor sleepest,
Blest are they thou kindly keepest,
God of evening's parting ray,
Of midnight's gloom, and dawning day,
That rises from the azure sea,
Like breathing of eternity.
God of life! that fade shall never,
Blessed be thy name for ever!

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HATE'ER our lot—where'er we be
Confess our folly—kiss the rod ;
And in our chastening sorrow see
The hand of God.
- 2 A bruised reed he will not break,
Afflictions all his children feel ;
He wounds them for his mercy's sake ;
He wounds to heal.
- 3 Humbled beneath his mighty hand,
Prostrate, his providence adore.
'Tis done! arise! He bids us stand,
To fall no more.
- 4 There is a calm for those who weep,
A rest for weary pilgrims found;
And while the mould'ring ashes sleep
Low in the ground,
- 5 The soul of origin divine,
God's glorious image freed from clay,
In Heaven's eternal sphere shall shine
A star of day!

93

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** IN the Lord do put my trust ;
How is it then that they
Say to my soul, flee, as a bird,
Unto your mountain high ?
- 2 If the foundations be destroy'd,
What hath the righteous done?
God in his holy temple is,
In heaven is his throne ;
- 3 His eyes do see, his eyelids try
men's sons. The just he proves ;
But his soul hates the wicked man,
And him that violence loves.
- 4 Because the Lord most righteous, doth
In righteousness delight,
And with a pleasant countenance
Beholdeth the upright.

94

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord is good and gracious,
He upright is also:
He therefore sinners will instruct
In ways that they should go.
- 2 The meek and lowly he will guide
In judgment just alway:
To meek and poor afflicted ones
He'll clearly teach his way.
- 3 The whole paths of the Lord our God
Are truth and mercy sure,
To such as keep his covenant,
And testimonies pure.
- 4 Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord,
I humbly thee entreat
To pardon mine iniquity;
For it is very great.
- 5 Towards the Lord my waiting eyes
Continually are set;
For he it is that shall bring forth
My feet out of the net.

95

' FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD! how infinite art thou
What worthless worms are we!
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made ;
Thou art the ever-living God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie ;
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky
To the great burning day.
- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
Stands present in thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears—
Thou God! there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
And vex'd with trifling cares;
While thine eternal thoughts move on
Thine undisturb'd affairs.

96

' FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS saves from sin and sorrow;
Lifts the shade from dark to-morrow;
Shows a father wise bestowing,
Light and life in full streams flowing.
- 2 He who feeds the fowls of air,
Bids us on him cast our care;
He who clothes the grass and flowers
On us richest blessings showers.
- 3 Those who know the God of love,
Seek the things which are above!
Earthly good they know will come,
When the heart finds heaven its home.
- 4 Morrow's ills we'll bid away,
Heavenly peace enjoy this day;
Power in heaven and means below
Will the good each day bestow.

SATURDAY MORNING. '

- 1 **O** BLESSED is the man to whom
Is freely pardoned
All the transgressions he hath done,
Whose sin is covered.
- 2 Bless'd is the man to whom the Lord
Imputeth not his sin,
And in whose spirit there is no guile,
Nor fraud is found therein.
- 3 I thereupon have unto thee
My sin acknowledged,
And likewise mine iniquity,
I have not covered :
- 4 I will confess unto the Lord
My trespasses said I ;
And of my sin thou freely didst
Forgive th' iniquity.

SATURDAY EVENING. .

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
Shall it for ever be ?
O how long shall it be that thou
Wilt hide thy face from me ?
- 2 How long take counsel in my soul,
Still sad in heart shall I ?
How long exalted over me
Shall be mine enemy ?
- 3 But I have all my confidence
Thy mercy set upon;
My heart within me shall rejoice
In thy salvation.
- 4 I will unto the Lord my God
Sing praises cheerfully,
Because he hath his bounty shown
To me abundantly.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **S**ALVATION! what a glorious plan!
How suited to our need!
The grace that raises fallen man
Is wonderful indeed!
- 2 'Twas wisdom form'd the vast design
To ransom us when lost:
And love's unfathomable mine
Provided all the cost.
- 3 Strict justice with approving look,
The holy cov'nant seal'd;
And truth and power undertook
The whole should be fulfill'd.
- 4 Truth, wisdom, justice, pow'r, and love,
Are equally displayed,
Now Jesus reigns enthron'd above,
Our Advocate and Head.
- 5 Now sin appears deserving death,
Most hateful and abhorr'd;
And yet the sinner lives by faith,
And dares approach the Lord.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL ends of th' earth remember shall,
And turn the Lord unto ;
All kindreds of the nations
To him shall homage do :
- 2 Because the kingdom to the Lord
Doth appertain as his ;
Likewise among the nations
The Governor he is.
- 3 A seed shall service do to him ;
Unto the Lord it shall
Be for a generation
Reckoned in ages all.
- 4 They shall come, and they shall declare
His truth and righteousness
Unto a people yet unborn,
And that he hath done this.

101

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE earth belongs unto the Lord,
And all that it contains ;
The world that is inhabited
And all that there remains.
- 2 For the foundations thereof
He on the seas did lay,
And he hath it established
Upon the floods to stay.
- 3 Who is the man that shall ascend
Into the hill of God.
Or who within his holy place
Shall have a firm abode ?
- 4 Whose hands are clean, whose heart is pure,
And unto vanity
Who hath not lifted up his soul,
Nor sworn deceitfully.
- 5 He from th' Eternal shall receive
The blessing him upon,
And righteousness. Even from the God
Of his salvation.

102

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL-HAIL the power of Jesus' name,
Let angels prostrate fall ;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 2 Crown him, ye martyrs of our God,
Who from his altar call ;
Extol the stem of Jesse's rod,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.
- 4 Oh ! that with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall ;
We'll join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord who do him fear,
Him glorify all ye
The seed of Jacob, fear him all
That Israel's children be.
- 2 For he despis'd not nor abhorr'd
Th' afflicted's misery ;
Nor from him hid his face, but heard
When he to him did cry.
- 3 Within the congregation great
My praise shall be of thee ;
My vows before them that him fear
Shall be performed by me.
- 4 The meek shall eat, and shall be fill'd ;
They also praise shall give
Unto the Lord that do him seek :
Your heart shall ever live.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**OUND upon the accursed tree,
Faint and bleeding, who is He ?
By the eyes so pale and dim,
Streaming blood, and writhing limb,
By the flesh with scourges torn,
By the crown of cruel thorn,
By the side so deeply pierc'd,
By the baffled, burning thirst,
By the drooping death-dewed brow
Son of Man ! 'tis thou, 'tis thou.
- 2 Bound upon the accursed tree,
Sad and dying, who is He ?
By the last and bitter cry,
The ghost given up in agony ;
By the lifeless body laid
In the chambers of the dead ;
By the mourners come to weep
Where the bones of Jesus sleep ;
Crucified ! we know thee now,
Son of Man ! 'tis thou, 'tis thou.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns God's glory do declare,
The skies his hand-works preach :
Day utters speech to day, and night
To night doth knowledge teach.
- 2 There is no speech nor tongue to which
Their voice doth not extend :
Their line is gone through all the earth,
Their words to the world's end.
- 3 God's law is perfect, and converts
The soul in sin that lies :
God's testimony is most sure,
And makes the simple wise.
- 4 The statutes of the Lord are right,
And do rejoice the heart :
The Lord's command is pure, and doth
Light to the eyes impart.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE righteous cry unto the Lord,
He unto them gives ear ;
And they out of their troubles all
By him delivered are.
- 2 The Lord is ever nigh to them
That be of broken sp'rit ;
To them he safety doth afford
That are in heart contrite.
- 3 The troubles that afflict the just
In number many be ;
But yet at length out of them all
The Lord doth set him free.
- 4 He carefully his bones doth keep
Whatever can befall ;
That not so much as one of them
Can broken be at all.
- 5 Ill shall the wicked slay ; laid waste
Shall be who hate the just.
The Lord redeems his servants' souls ;
None perish that him trust.

107

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME and behold what wondrous works
Have by the Lord been wrought;
Come, see what desolations
He on the earth hath brought.
- 2 Unto the ends of all the earth
Wars into peace he turns:
The bow he breaks, the spear he cuts,
In fire the chariot burns.
- 3 Be still, and know that I am God ;
Among the heathen I
Will be exalted ; I on earth
Will be exalted high.
- 4 Our God, who is the Lord of hosts
Is still upon our side ;
The God of Jacob our refuge
For ever will abide.

108

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, and shall it ever be,
A sinful man ashamed of thee !
Ashamed of thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days !
- 2 Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let ev'ning blush to own a star ;
He shed the beams of light divine,
O'er this benighted soul of mine.
- 3 Ashamed of Jesus! just as soon
Let midnight be ashamed of noon:
'Twas midnight with my soul, till he,
Bright Morning Star, bade darkness flee.
- 4 Ashamed of Jesus! yes I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.
- 5 Till then—nor is my boasting vain—
Till then I boast a Saviour slain !
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me.

109

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET Zion lift her raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 See, Mercy from her golden urn
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn ;
Behold she binds with tender care,
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 3 He comes ! to cheer the trembling heart ;
Bids Satan and his host depart :
Again the day star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom.
- 4 Come Zion ! lift thy raptured eye, !
The long expected hour is nigh ;
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign. !

110

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the daughter of the King
All glorious is within ;
And with embroideries of gold
Her garments wrought have been.
- 2 She shall be brought unto the King
In robes with needle wrought ;
Her fellow-virgins following
Shall unto thee be brought.
- 3 They shall be brought with gladness great,
And mirth on ev'ry side,
Into the palace of the King,
And there they shall abide.
- 4 Instead of those thy fathers dear,
Thy children thou may'st take,
And in all places of the earth
Them noble princes make.
- 5 Thy name remember'd will be made
Through ages all to be :
The people therefore evermore.
Shall praises give to thee.

111

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL that fear God, come, hear, I'll tell
What he did for my soul.
I with my mouth unto him cry'd,
My tongue did him extol.
- 2 If in my heart I sin regard,
The Lord me will not hear :
But surely God me heard, and to
My prayer's voice gave ear.
- 3 O let the Lord, our gracious God,
For ever blessed be,
Who turned not my pray'r from him,
Nor yet his grace from me.

112

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU art, O God, the life and light
Of all this wondrous world we see ;
Its glow by day, its smile by night,
Are but reflections caught from thee!
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.
- 2 When day with farewell beam delays
Among the opening clouds of even,
And we can almost think we gaze
Through golden vistas into heaven ;
Those hues that mark the sun's decline,
So soft, so radiant, Lord, are thine.
- 3 When night, with wings of stormy gloom,
O'ershadows all the earth and skies,
Like some dark beauteous bird, whose plume
Is sparkling with a thousand dyes,
That sacred gloom, those fires divine,
So grand, so countless, Lord, are thine.
- 4 When youthful spring around us breathes,
Thy spirit warms her fragrant sigh,
And every flower the summer wreaths,
Is born beneath that kindling eye ;
Where'er we turn, thy glories shine,
And all things fair and bright are thine.

113

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITHIN thy tabernacle, Lord,
Who shall abide with thee ?
And in thy high and holy hill
Who shall a dweller be ?
- 2 The man that walketh uprightly,
And worketh righteousness,
And as he thinketh in his heart,
So doth he truth express.
- 3 Who doth not slander with his tongue,
Nor to his friend doth hurt ;
Nor yet against his neighbour doth
Take up an ill report.
- 4 In whose eyes vile men are despis'd :
But those that God do fear
He honoureth ; and changeth not
Though to his hurt he swear.

114

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL on the earth shall worship thee ;
They shall thy praise proclaim
In songs : they shall sing cheerfully.
Unto thy holy name.
- 2 Come, and the works that God hath wrought
With admiration see :
In's working to the sons of men
Most terrible is he.
- 3 He ruleth ever by his power ;
His eyes the nations see :
O let not the rebellious ones
Lift up themselves on high.
- 4 Ye people, bless our God ; aloud
The voice speak of his praise :
Our soul in life who safe preserves,
Our foot from sliding stays.
- 5 For thou didst prove and try us, Lord,
As men do silver try ;
Brought'st us into the net, and mad'st.
Bands on our loins to lie.

115

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD is our refuge and our strength,
In straits a present aid ;
Therefore, although the earth remove
We will not be afraid :
- 2 Though hills amidst the sea be cast ;
Though waters roaring make,
And troubled be ; yea, though the hills
By swelling seas do shake.
- 3 A river is whose streams do glad
The city of our God ;
The holy place, wherein the Lord
Most high hath his abode.
- 4 God in the midst of her doth dwell ;
Nothing shall her remove :
The Lord to her an helper will,
And that right early prove.

116

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACE ! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear ;
Heav'n with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.
- 2 Grace first contriv'd a way
To save rebellious man ;
Grace, from its dawn to perfect day,
Reveal'd the glorious plan.
- 3 Grace turn'd our wand'ring feet
To tread the heav'nly road ;
And new supplies each hour we meet,
While pressing on to God.
- 4 Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days ;
It lays in heav'n the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise.
- 5 O let thy grace inspire
Our soul with strength divine,
May all our pow'rs to thee aspire ;
And all our days be thine !

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH hear us in the day
When trouble he doth send ;
And let the name of Jacob's God
Us from all ill defend.
- 2 O let him send help from above,
Out of his sanctuary ;
From Sion his own holy hill,
Let him give strength and joy.
- 3 Let him remember all our gifts,
Accept our sacrifice :
Grant us our heart's wish, and fulfil
Our thoughts and counsel wise.
- 4 In thy salvation we will joy ;
In our God's name we will
Display our banners : and the Lord
Our prayers all fulfil.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y closed lips, O Lord, by thee
Let them be opened ;
Then shall thy praises by my mouth
Abroad be published.
- 2 For thou desir'st not sacrifice,
Else would I give it thee ;
Nor wilt thou with burnt-offering
At all delighted be.
- 3 A broken spirit is to God
A pleasing sacrifice ;
A broken and a contrite heart,
Lord, thou wilt not despise.
- 4 Shew kindness, and do good, O Lord,
To Sion, thine own hill :
The walls of thy Jerusalem
Build up of thy good will.
- 5 Then righteous off'rings shall thee please,
And off'rings burnt, which they
With whole burnt-off rings, and with calves,
Shall on thine altar lay.

119

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFE of the world, immortal mind !
Father of all the human kind,
Whose boundless eye that knows no rest,
Intent on nature's ample breast,
Explores the space of earth and skies,
And sees eternal incense rise !
To thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
- 2 Though short the life thy goodness gave,
Tho' soon descending to the grave ;
Yet 'twas thy bounty still to give
A being that can think and live ;
In all thy works thy wisdom see,
And stretch its tow'ring mind to thee !
To thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive while I presume to praise.

120

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

SECOND PART.

- 1 Through error's maze, through folly's night,
'The lamp of reason lends me light ;
When stern affliction waves the rod,
My heart confides in thee, my God !
When nature sinks, oppressed with woes,
Even then she finds in thee repose.
To thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.
- 2 O may I still thy favour prove !
Still grant me gratitude and love.
Let truth and virtue guide my heart ;
Nor peace, nor hope, nor joy depart.
But yet whate'er my life may be,
My heart shall still repose on thee !
To thee my humble voice I raise ;
Forgive, while I presume to praise.

121

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**Y times are in thy hand, O God,
Nor could in better be ;
I'll praise thy grace, I'll kiss the rod,
Because arranged by thee.
- 2 Were I to have all that I chose,
If left to creature's will,
Each step in life would me expose
To countless forms of ill.
- 3 My time of birth, my time of death,
And every change between,
The eternal plan lie underneath
For thou didst them ordain.
- 4 Thy wise design provides that I
Am free, while drawn by love,
I freest act when earnestly
I seek the things above.

122

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** WAITED for the Lord my God,
And patiently did bear ;
At length to me he did incline
My voice and cry to hear.
- 2 He took me from a fearful pit,
And from the miry clay,
And on a rock he set my feet,
Establishing my way.
- 3 He put a new song in my mouth,
Our God to magnify :
Many shall see it, and shall fear,
And on the Lord rely.
- 4 O Lord my God, full many are
The wonders thou hast done ;
Thy gracious thoughts to us-ward far
Above all thoughts are gone :
- 5 In order none can reckon them
To thee : if them declare,
And speak of them I would, they more
Than can be number'd are.

123

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **T**O thee I'll cry, O Lord, my rock ;
Hold not thy peace to me :
Lest like those that to pit descend
I by thy silence be.
- 2 The voice hear of my humble prayers
When unto thee I cry ;
When to thine holy oracle
I lift my hands on high.
- 3 For ever blessed be the Lord,
For graciously he heard
The voice of my petitions,
And prayers did regard.

124

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, give ear unto my voice,
When I do cry to thee ;
Upon me also mercy have,
And do thou answer me.
- 2 When thou didst say, Seek ye my face,
Then unto thee reply
Thus did my heart, above all things
Thy face Lord seek will I.
- 3 Far from me hide not thou thy face ;
Put not away from thee
Thy servant in thy wrath : thou hast
An helper been to me.
- 4 O God of my salvation,
Leave me not, nor forsake :
Though me my parents both should leave,
The Lord will me up take.
- 5 O Lord instruct me in thy way,
To me a leader be
In a plain path, because of those
That hatred bear to me,
- 6 I fainted had, unless that I
Believed had to see
The Lord's own goodness in the land
Of them that living be.

125

SATURDAY MORNING.

1. **N**OT with our eyes of sense
Have we beheld the Lord ;
Yet we, to hear his name, rejoice,
And love him in his word.
- 2 On earth we want the sight
Of our Redeemer's face ;
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight
To dwell upon thy grace.
- 3 And when we taste thy love,
Our joys divinely grow,
Unspeakable, like those above,
And heav'n begins below.

126

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! how angels sound his praise,
Fill'd with transport while they gaze !
"Glory, honour, praise, and pow'r,
These are thine for evermore !"
- 2 Crown Him, then, whom angels sing,
Crown Him everlasting King !
Jesus fills the throne above,
Jesus came on wings of love.
- 3 Rich in glory, thou didst stoop ;
This is now thy people's hope :
Thou wast poor that they might be
Rich in glory, Lord, with thee !
- 4 When we think of love like this,
Joy and shame our hearts possess ;
Joy that thou didst pity thus,
Shame for such returns from us.
- 5 Yet we hope the day to see,
When from earth we shall be free,
Borne aloft, to heav'n be brought,
There to praise thee as we ought.
- 6 While we still continue here ;
Let this hope our spirits cheer ;
Till in heav'n thy face we see,
Teach us, Lord, to live to thee.

127

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME all that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known:
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.
- 2 The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasure less.
- 3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew our God:
But children of the heav'nly king
May speak their joys abroad.
- 4 The God who rules on high,
Whose thunder rends the clouds,
Who rides upon the stormy sky
And calms the raging floods,
- 5 This awful God is ours,
Our Father rich in love ;
He shall send down his heavenly powers
To carry us above.
- 6 There shall we see his face,
And never, never sin ;
There from the rivers of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.

128

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE hill of Sion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.
- 2 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.
- 3 Yes, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss
Should constant joys create.

129

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**REAT is the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be praised still,
Within the city of our God,
Upon his holy hill.
- 2 O Lord according to thy name,
Through all the earth's thy praise ;
And thy right hand, O Lord, is full
Of righteousness always.
- 3 Because thy judgments are made known
Let Sion mount rejoice ;
Of Judah let the daughters all
Send forth a cheerful voice.

130

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW great's the goodness thou for them
That fear thee keep'st in store.
And wrought'st for them that trust in thee
The sons of men before !
- 2 In secret of thy presence thou
Shalt hide them from man's pride ;
From strife of tongues thou closely shalt,
As in a tent, them hide.
- 3 All praise and thanks be to the Lord :
For he hath magnified
His wondrous love to me within
A city fortified.
- 4 For from thine eyes cut off I am,
I in my haste had said ;
My voice yet heard'st thou, when to thee
With cries my moan I made.
- 5 O love the Lord, all ye his saints ;
Because the Lord doth guard
The faithful, and he plenteously
Proud doers doth reward.
- 6 Be of good courage, and he strength
Unto your heart shall send,
All ye whose hope and confidence
Doth on the Lord depend.

131

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord's my strength and shield ; my heart
Upon him did rely ;
And I am helped ; hence my heart
Doth joy exceedingly,
- 2 And with my song I will him praise ;
Their strength is God alone :
He also is the saving strength
Of his anointed one.
- 3 O thine own people do thou save,
Bless thine inheritance ;
Them [also do thou feed, and them
For evermore advance.

132

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **D**AY of judgment, day of wonders,
Hark ! the trumpets awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round !
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound.
- 2 See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine !
All who long for his appearing,
Then shall say, " This God is mine !"
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for thine !
- 3 At his call the dead awaken,
Rise to life from earth and sea,
All the pow'rs of nature shaken,
By his look prepare to flee,
Saints with shouting,
Their descending Lord shall see.
- 4 Under sorrows and reproaches,
Let this thought our courage raise
Swiftly God's great day approaches ;
Sighs shall then be changed to praise :
We shall triumph
When the world is in a blaze.

133

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**O'T all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.
- 2 But Christ, the Lamb of God,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of richer blood,
And nobler name than they.
- 3 Believing we rejoice
To see the curse remove;
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

134

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**'ER the gloomy hills of darkness,
Look my soul, be still and gaze;
All the promises do travail
With a glorious day of grace.
Blessed jub'lee,
Let thy joyous morning dawn!
- 2 Let the Indian, let the Negro,
Let the rude Barbarian see
That divine and glorious conquest
Once obtain'd on Calvary;
Let the Gospel
Loud resound from pole to pole.
- 3 Kingdoms wide that sit in darkness,
Grant them, Lord, the gladd'ning light;
And from eastern coast to western,
May the morning chase the night;
And redemption,
Freely purchas'd, win the day.
- 4 Fly abroad, thou mighty gospel,
Win and conquer, never cease;
May thy lasting wide dominions
Multiply and still increase:
Sway thy sceptre,
Saviour all the world around.

135

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE as the hart for water brooks
With thirst doth pant and bray ;
So pants my longing soul, O God,
That come to thee I may.
- 2 My soul for God, the living God,
Doth thirst : when shall I near
Unto thy countenance approach,
And in God's sight appear ?
- 3 O why art thou cast down, my soul ?
Why in me so dismay'd ?
Trust God, for I shall praise him yet,
His count'nance is mine aid.
- 4 His loving-kindness yet the Lord
Command will in the day,
His songs with me by night ; to God,
By whom I live, I'll pray.
- 5 O why art thou cast down my soul ?
Why, thus with grief oppress,
Art thou disquieted in me ?
In God still hope and rest :
- 6 For yet I know I shall him praise,
Who graciously to me
The health is of my countenance,
Yea, mine own God is he.

136

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ROM men, which are thy hand, O Lord,
From worldly men me save,
Which only in this present life
Their part and portion have,
- 2 But as for me, I thine own face
In righteousness will see;
And with thy likeness, when I wake,
I satisfy'd shall be.

137

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** ALL ye kingdoms of the earth,
Sing praises to this King ;
For he is Lord that ruleth all,
Unto him praises sing.
- 2 To him that rides on heav'n of heav'ns
Which he of old did found ;
Lo, he sends out his voice, a voice
In might that doth abound.
- 3 Strength unto God do ye ascribe ;
For his excellency
Is over Israel, his strength
Is in the clouds most high.
- 4 Thou'rt from thy temple dreadful, Lord ;
Isr'el's own God is he,
Who gives his people strength and pow'r :
O let God blessed be.

138

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE name of God I with a song
Most cheerfully will praise ;
And I in giving thanks to him,
His name shall highly raise.
- 2 When this the humble men shall see,
It joy to them shall give:
O all ye that do seek the Lord,
Your hearts shall ever live.
- 3 For God the poor hears, and will not
His prisoners contemn ;
Let heav'n, and earth, and seas, him praise,
And all that move in them.
- 4 For God will Judah's cities build,
And he will Sion save,
That they may dwell therein, and it
in sure possession have.
- 5 And they that are his servants' seed :
Inherit shall the same ;
So shall they have their dwelling there.
That love his blessed name.

139

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the dear uniting love
That will not let us part :
Our bodies may far off remove,
But we are join'd in heart.
- 2 Join'd in one spirit to our Head,
We wait his will to know,
That we in all his steps may tread,
And do his work below.
- 3 O may we ever walk in him,
And nothing know beside ;
Nothing desire, nor aught esteem,
But Jesus crucified.
- 4 Closer and closer let us cleave
To his belov'd embrace ;
Expect his fulness to receive,
And grace to answer grace.

140

SATURDAY EVENING

- 1 **F**OR this shall ev'ry godly one
His prayer make to thee ;
In such a time he shall thee seek,
As found thou mayest be.
- 2 Surely when floods of waters great
Do swell up to the brim,
They shall not overwhelm his soul,
Nor once come near to him.
- 3 Thou art my hiding-place, thou shalt
From trouble keep me free :
Thou with songs of deliverance
About shall compass me.
- 4 Thou wilt instruct us and us teach
The way that we should go ;
And with thine eye upon us set,
Thou wilt direction show.

141

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**HO hath our report believed ?
Shiloh come is not received,
Not received by his own :
Promised branch from root of Jesse,
David's offspring sent to bless you,
Comes too lowly to be known.
- 2 Lo ! Messiah, unrespected,
Man of griefs, despised, rejected,
Wounds his form disfiguring :
Marr'd his visage more than any,
For he bears the sins of many,
All our sorrows carrying.
- 3 No deceit his mouth had spoken,
Blameless, he no law had broken,
Yet was numbered with the worst :
For because the Lord would grieve him,
Ye who saw it did believe him
For his own offences curs'd.

142

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HEN, while him our thoughts accused,
He for us alone was bruised ;
Yea, for us the victim bled !
With his stripes our wounds are cured,
By his pains our peace secured,
Purchas'd with the blood he shed.
- 2 Love amazing ! so to mind us !
Shepherd come from heav'n to find us,
Wandering sheep all gone astray ;
Lost, undone, by our transgressions,
Worse than stript of all possessions,
Debtors without hope to pay.
- 3 Glory be to him who gave us—
Freely gave his son to save us ;
Glory to the son who came :
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
Be to God, and to the Lamb !

143

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINE arrows sharply pierce the heart
Of th' en'mies of the King ;
And under thy subjection
The people down do bring.
- 2 For ever and for ever is,
O God, thy throne of might ;
The sceptre of thy kingdom is
A sceptre that is right.
- 3 Thou lovest right, and hatest ill;
For God, thy God, most high,
Above thy fellows hath with th' oil
Of joy anointed thee.
- 4 Of aloes, myrrh, and cassia,
A smell thy garments had,
Out of the iv'ry palaces,
Whereby they made thee glad.

144

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD is of mine inheritance
And cup the portion :
The lot that fallen is to me
Thou dost maintain alone.
- 2 Unto me happily the lines
In pleasant places fell ;
Yea, the inheritance I got
In beauty doth excel.
- 3 I bless the Lord because he doth
By counsel me conduct ;
And in the seasons of the night
My reins do me instruct.
- 4 Before me still the Lord I set :
Since it is so that he
Doth ever stand at my right hand,
I shall not moved be.
- 5 Because of this my heart is glad,
And joy shall be exprest
Ev'n by my glory ; and my flesh
In confidence shall rest.

145

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of the Lord our God,
And his almighty strength,
The wondrous work that he hath done,
We will show forth at length.
- 2 His testimony and his law
In Israel he did place,
And charg'd our fathers it to show
To their succeeding race.
- 3 That so the race which was to come
Might well them learn and know ;
And sons unborn, who should arise,
Might to their sons them show.
- 4 That they might set their hope in God,
And suffer not to fall
His mighty works out of their mind,
But keep his precepts all.

146

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EYOND the glitt'ring starry sky,
Which God's right hand sustains,
There, in the boundless world of light,
Our great Redeemer reigns.
- 2 Legions of angels, strong and fair,
In countless armies shine,
At his right hand with golden harps,
To offer songs divine.
- 3 While from the sons of men on earth
He suffer'd rude disdain,
They threw their honours at his feet,
And waited in his train.
- 4 Through all his travels here below
They did his steps attend ;
Oft gaz'd, and wonder'd where, at length,
This scene of love would end.
- 5 They saw him break the bars of death,
Which none e'er broke before ;
And rise in conqu'ring majesty,
To stoop to death no more.

147

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD of our salvation,
Thou in thy righteousness,
By fearful works unto our pray'rs
Thine answer dost express :
- 2 Therefore the ends of all the earth,
And those afar that be
Upon the sea, their confidence,
O Lord, will place in thee.
- 3 Who, being girt with pow'r, sets fast
By his great strength the hills
Who noise of seas, noise of their waves,
And people's tumult, stills.
- 4 Those in the utmost parts that dwell
Are at thy signs afraid :
Th' outgoings of the morn and ev'n
By thee are joyful made.
- 5 The earth thou visit'st, wat'ring it ;
Thou mak'st it rich to grow
With God's full flood ; thou corn prepar'st,
When thou provid'st it so.

148

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**IS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross,
But the Saviour's pow'r to know,
Sanctifying every loss.
- 2 Trials must and will befall,
But with humble faith to see
Love inscribed upon them all,
This is happiness to me.
- 3 Trials make the promise sweet ;
Trials give new life to prayer ;
Trials bring me to his feet,
Lay me low and keep me there.
- 4 Did I meet no trials here,
No correction by the way ;
Might I not with reason fear
I might prove a cast-away ?

149

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** LOVE the Lord, because my voice
And prayers he did hear.
I, while I live, will call on him,
Who bow'd to me his ear.
- 2 Of death the cords and sorrows did
About me compass round;
The pains of hell took hold on me,
I grief and trouble found.
- 3 Upon the name of God the Lord
Then did I call, and say,
Deliver thou my soul, O Lord,
I do thee humbly pray.
- 4 God merciful and righteous is,
Yea, gracious is our Lord.
God saves the meek: I was brought low,
He did me help afford.

150

- THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**OV'REIGN Ruler of the skies,
Ever gracious, ever wise!
All my times are in thy hand,
All events at thy command.
- 2 He that form'd me in the womb,
He shall guide me to the tomb:
All my times shall ever be
Order'd by his wise decree.
- 3 Times of sickness, times of health;
Times of penury and wealth;
Times of trial, fear and grief;
Times of triumph and relief;
- 4 Plagues and deaths may round me fly;
Till he bids, I cannot die;
Not a single shaft can hit
Till the God of love sees fit.
- 5 May I always own thy hand
Still to thy surrender stand;
Know that thou art God alone,
I and mine are all thine own.

151

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FOR a thousand tongues, to sing
My great Redeemer's praise !
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace.
- 2 My gracious Saviour, and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread, through all the earth abroad,
The honours of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease ;
'Tis music in the sinner's ears
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the pow'r of cancell'd sin,
He sets the pris'ners free :
His blood can make the foulest clean,
His blood avails for me.

152

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD unto us be merciful,
Do thou us also bless ;
And graciously cause shine on us
The brightness of thy face :
- 2 That so thy way upon the earth
To all men may be known ;
Also among the nations all
Thy saving health be shown.
O let the people praise thee, Lord,
Let people all thee praise ;
O let the nations be glad,
And sing for joy always.
- 4 For rightly thou shalt people judge,
And nations rule on earth ;
Let people praise thee, Lord, let all
The folk praise thee with mirth.
- 5 Then shall the earth yield her increase ;
God, our God, bless us shall,
God shall us bless ; and of the earth
The ends shall fear him all.

153

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU my soul, do thou return
Unto thy quiet rest;
For largely, lo, the Lord to thee
His bounty hath exprest.
- 2 For my distressed soul from death
Deliver'd was by thee:
Thou didst my mourning eyes from tears,
My feet from falling, free.
- 3 I in the land of those that live
Will walk the Lord before.
I did believe, therefore I speak:
I was afflicted sore.
- 4 I'll of salvation take the cup,
On God's name will I call:
I'll pay my vows now to the Lord
Before his people all,
- 5 Within the courts of God's own house,
Within the midst of thee,
O city of Jerusalem,
Praise to the Lord give ye.

154

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD of Israel hear my pray'r!
Let me thy richest blessing share;
Thy blessing shall my portion be;
Oh! let that blessing rest on me!
- 2 If shining suns my path attend,
And all their cheering influence lend;
Thy blessing still I'll most desire,
To that my highest hopes aspire.
- 3 Or if affliction's storm should low'r,
I'll trust thee in the darkest hour;
On thee I'll rest my anxious mind,
And in thy blessing comfort find.
- 4 Preserve me from the snares of sin,
And ever keep my conscience clean;
Till all the cares of life shall cease,
And blessing thee, I die in peace!

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, ye souls by sin afflicted,
Bow'd with fruitless sorrow down ;
By the broken law convicted,
Through the Cross behold the crown !
Look to Jesus—
Mercy flows through him alone.
- 2 Take his easy yoke, and wear it,
Love will make obedience sweet,
Christ will give you strength to bear it,
While his wisdom guides your feet,
Safe to glory—
Where his ransom'd captives meet.
- 3 Sweet as home to pilgrims weary,
Light to newly open'd eyes,
Water-springs in deserts dreary,
Is the rest the cross supplies :
All who taste it—
Shall to rest immortal rise.

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HILE the wounds of woe are healing,
While the heart is all resign'd,
'Tis the solemn feast of feeling,
'Tis the Sabbath of the mind.
None but Jesus—
Can the broken heart upbind.
- 2 Blessed are the eyes that see him,
Bless'd the ears that hear his voice:
Blessed are the souls that trust him,
And in him alone rejoice ;
His commandments—
Then become their happy choice.
- 3 But to sing the rest of glory,
Mortal tongues far short must fall,
Tongues celestial strive to reach it,
But it soars beyond them all ;
Faith believes it—Hope expects it—Love
desires it—
But it overwhelms them all.

157

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HENCE the sounds of plaintiff wail
 As from one whose heart is failing,
 Laden with a weight of woe ?
 'Tis the voice of Zion's anguish:
 Sunk in grief her spirits languish ;
 And her tears of sorrow flow.
- 2 Me, Jehovah hath forsaken,
 All my pray rs no pity waken,
 Still his hand upon me lies :
 Why this night of gloom allot me ?
 Ah! my God hath sure forgot me,
 Nor regards my bitter cries!
- 3 Zion, cease thy sad complaining ;
 All my tender love retaining,
 I correct my children dear ;
 Be not faithless but believing,
 I am thine, 'mid all thy grieving ;
 Vain and sinful is thy fear.

158

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **C**AN a mother's warm affection
 Cease its care and fond protection
 Of the helpless babe she bore ?
 Yes:—a parent's heart belying,
 All her nature's claims denying,
 She may pity feel no more.
- 2 But my love is love unchanging,
 Naught from thee my heart estranging,
 Midst thine ever-varying lot ;
 Zion, on my hands I've traced thee,
 Full before my view I've placed thee :
 Never shalt thou be forgot.
- 3 Voice of love!—how sweetly soothing!
 As a calm, the ocean smoothing,
 Lulls its foaming waves to rest ;
 So that voice, our griefs consoling,
 Ev'ry anxious fear controlling,
 Stills the faithless troubled breast.

159

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN, marshall'd on the nightly plain,
The glitt'ring host bestud the sky ;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.
- 2 Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From ev'ry host, from ev'ry gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the star of Bethlehem.
- 3 It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.
- 4 Now safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for ever-more,
The star!—the star of Bethlehem!

160

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 “**G**OD with us !” O glorious name !
Let it shine in endless fame ;
God and man in Christ unite,
O mysterious depth and height !
- 2 “ God with us !” eternal love
Brought him from his courts above ;
Now let us his grace admire,
Swell the song with holy fire.
- 3 “ God with us !” all pure within,
Free from every taint of sin ;
Yet did he our guilt sustain,
Bear the shame, the curse, the pain.
- 4 “ God with us !” O blissful theme !
Let not impious men blaspheme ;
He whom they refuse to own,
Soon as Judge shall fill the throne.
- 5 “ God with us !” O wondrous grace !
May we see him face to face :
'Then Immanuel shall we sing,
As we ought, our God and King.

161

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD, thou to thine heritage
Didst send a plenteous rain,
Whereby thou, when it weary was,
Didst it refresh again.
- 2 Thy congregation then did make
Their habitation there:
Of thine own goodness for the poor,
O God, thou didst prepare.
- 3 The Lord himself did give the word,
The word abroad did spread;
Great was the company of them
The same who published.

162

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**ES! we trust the day is breaking;
Joyful times are near at hand:
God, the mighty God, is speaking.
By his word, in ev'ry land:
When he wills it,
Darkness flies at his command.
- 2 Let us hail the joyful season;
Gladly hail the rising ray:
When the Lord appears, there's reason
To expect a glorious day:
At his presence
Grossest darkness speeds away.
- 3 While the foe becomes more daring,
While he enters like a flood,
God, the Saviour, is preparing
Means to spread his truth abroad:—
Ev'ry language
Soon shall tell the love of God.
- 4 O! 'tis pleasant, 'tis reviving
To our hearts, to hear each day,
Joyful news from far arriving,
How the gospel wins its way;
Those enlight'ning,
Who in death and darkness lay.

163

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU, Lord, ev'n thou, art he that should
Be feared; and who is he
That may stand up before thy sight,
If once thou angry be?
- 2 From heav'n thou judgment caus'd be heard,
The earth was still with fear,
When God to judgment rose, to save
All meek on earth that were.
- 3 Surely the very wrath of man
Unto thy praise redounds:
Thou to the remnant of his wrath
Wilt set restraining bounds.

164

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 “ **H**IMSELF he cannot save”:—
Insulting foe, 'tis true:
The words a gracious meaning have,
Tho' meant in scorn by you.
- 2 “ Himself he cannot save.”
This is his highest praise:
Himself for others' sake he gave,
And suffers in their place.
- 3 It were an easy part
For him the cross to fly;
But love to sinners fills his heart;
And makes him choose to die.
- 4 'Tis love the cause unfolds,
The deep mysterious cause,
Why he, who all the world upholds,
Hangs upon yonder cross.
- 5 Let carnal Jews blaspheme,
And worldly wisdom mock;
The Saviour's cross shall be my theme,
And Christ himself my Rock.
- 6 I leave the world for this;
Let others share its toys;
I envy not their fancied bliss;
The cross yields purer joys.

165

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, thy judgments give the king,
His son thy righteousness.
With right he shall thy people judge,
Thy poor with uprightness.
- 2 The lofty mountains shall bring forth
Unto the people peace;
Likewise the little hills the same
Shall do by righteousness.
- 3 The people's poor ones he shall judge,
The needy's children save;
And those shall he in pieces break
Who them oppressed have.
- 4 They shall thee fear, while sun and moon
Do last through ages all,
Like rain on mown grass he shall drop,
Or show'rs on earth that fall.

166

FRIDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE just shall flourish in his days,
And prosper in his reign:
He shall, while doth the moon endure,
Abundant peace maintain.
- 2 His large and great dominion shall
From sea to sea extend:
It from the river shall reach forth
Unto earth's utmost end.
- 3 They in the wilderness that dwell
Bow down before him must;
And they that are his enemies
Shall lick the very dust.
- 4 The kings of Tarshish, and the isles
To him shall presents bring;
And unto him shall offer gifts
Sheba's and Seba's king.

167

SATURDAY MORNING.—THIRD PART.

- 1 **Y**EA all the mighty kings on earth
Before him down shall fall ;
And all the nations of the world
Do service to him shall.
- 2 For he the needy shall preserve,
When he to him doth call ;
The poor also, and him that hath
No help of man at all.
- 3 The poor man and the indigent
In mercy he shall spare ;
He shall preserve alive the souls
Of those that needy are.
- 4 Both from deceit and violence
Their soul he shall set free ;
And in his sight right precious,
And dear their blood shall be.

168

SATURDAY EVENING.—FOURTH PART.

- 1 **O**F corn an handful in the earth
On tops of mountains high,
With prosp'rous fruit shall shake, like trees
On Lebanon that be.
- 2 The city shall be flourishing,
Her citizens abound
In number shall, like to the grass
'That grows upon the ground.
- 3 His name for ever shall endure;
Last like the sun it shall:
Men shall be bless'd in him, and bless'd
All nations shall him call.
- 4 Now blessed be the Lord our God,
The God of Israel,
For he alone doth wondrous works,
In glory that excel.
- 5 And blessed be his glorious name
To all eternity;
The whole earth let his glory fill.
Amen, so let it be.

169

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice,
Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell,
Come all before him and rejoice.
- 2 Know that the Lord is God indeed;
Without our aid he did us make;
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.
- 3 O enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto:
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why? the Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure,
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

170

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **G**IVE us, by faith in Christ, to rise
Within the vail, and see
The saints above, how great their joys,
How bright their glories be,
- 2 Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears,
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins, and griefs, and fears.
- 3 We ask them, whence their vict'ry came;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.
- 4 They mark'd the footsteps that he trode,
His zeal inspir'd their breast;
And foll'wing the incarnate God,
Possess the promised rest.
- 5 Our glorious Leader claims our praise
For his example giv'n,
While all the saints whose race is run,
Show the same path to heav'n.

171

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**EE the Sun of truth arise,
Light, and life, and joy diffusing !
Angels gaze, with glad surprise,
Rapt delight and holy musing.
- 2 Sons of men, awake ! behold,
Light so pure, so sweet, so glorious ;
O'er the darkness round you roll'd,
See his piercing beams victorious.
- 3 Light, that drives our fears away,
Light, that cheers the heart in sorrow,—
Dawn of Heaven's unclouded day,
Blessed day that knows no morrow !
- 4 Welcome, welcome, " Holy Light,"
Streams of day on darkness pouring,
And to eye-balls quench'd in night
Sight's ecstatic joys restoring.
- 5 Bless'd to whom this sight is given !
New and glorious views revealing :
Visions bright of God and heav'n
All the soul with transport filling !

172

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** SING a new song to the Lord,
For wonders he hath done:
His right hand and his holy arm
Him victory hath won.
- 2 The Lord God his salvation
Hath caused to be known:
His justice in the heathen's sight
He openly hath shown.
- 3 He mindful of his grace and truth
To Israel's house hath been:
And the salvation of our God
All ends of th' earth have seen.
- 4 Let all the earth unto the Lord
Send forth a joyful noise:
Lift up your voice aloud to him,
Sing praises, and rejoice.

173

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HO can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born ?
- 2 With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love ;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.
- 3 The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he formed anew ;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

174

TUESDAY EVENING. 1

- 1 **T**HOU hast an arm that's full of pow'r,
Thy hand is great in might ;
And thy right hand exceedingly
Exalted is in height.
- 2 Justice and judgment of thy throne
Are made the dwelling-place ;
Mercy, accompany'd with truth,
Shall go before thy face.
- 3 O greatly bless'd the people are,
The joyful sound that know ;
In brightness of thy face, O Lord,
They ever on shall go.
- 4 They in thy name shall all the day
Rejoice exceedingly ;
And in thy righteousness shall they
Exalted be on high.
- 5 Because the glory of their strength
Doth only stand in thee ;
And in thy favour shall our horn
And pow'r exalted be.
- 6 For God is our defence ; and he
To us doth safety bring ;
The Holy One of Israel
Is our almighty King.

175

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**UT like the palm-tree flourishing
Shall be the righteous one;
He shall like to the cedar grow
That is in Lebanon.
- 2 Those that within the house of God
Are planted by his grace,
They shall grow up, and flourish all
In our God's holy place.
- 3 And in old age, when others fade,
They fruit still forth shall bring;
They shall be fat, and full of sap,
And aye be flourishing.
- 4 To shew that upright is the Lord:
He is a rock to me;
And he from all unrighteousness
Is altogether free.

176

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y times of sorrow and of joy,
O God, are in thy hand;
My choicest comforts come from thee,
And go at thy command.
- 2 If thou shouldst take them all away,
Yet would I not repine;
Before they were possess'd by me,
They were entirely thine.
- 3 Nor would I drop a murm'ring word,
Though the whole world were gone,
But seek enduring happiness
In thee, and thee alone.
- 4 What is the world with all its store?
'Tis but a bitter sweet;
When I attempt to pluck the rose,
A pricking thorn I meet.
- 5 Here perfect bliss can ne'er be found,
The honey's mix'd with gall;
'Midst changing scenes, and dying friends,
Be thou my all in all.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AD I ten thousand gifts beside,
I'd cleave to Jesus crucified,
And build on him alone;
For no foundation is there giv'n,
On which I'd place my hopes of heav'n,
But Christ the corner-stone.
- 2 Possessing Christ, I all possess,
Wisdom and strength and righteousness,
And sanctity complete:
Bold in his name, I dare draw nigh
Before the Ruler of the sky,
And all his justice meet.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OTHING know we of the season
When the world shall pass away;
But the saints we know, have reason
To expect a glorious day;
When the Saviour will return,
And his people cease to mourn.
- 2 O what sacred joys await them,
They shall see their Saviour then:
Those who now oppose and hate them,
Never can oppose again:
Ever let us think of this;
All is ours, if we are his.
- 3 Waiting for our Lord's returning,
Be it ours his word to keep;
Let our lamps be always burning;
Let us watch while others sleep:
We're no longer of the night;
We are children of the light.
- 4 If among the happy number,
Whom the Saviour calls his own,
Tis not meet that we should slumber
We to whom his grace is known:
This should be his people's aim—
Still to glorify his name.

179

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **H**OLY Bible! Book divine!
Precious treasure, thou art mine;
Mine to tell me whence I came,
Mine to teach me what I am.
- 2 Mine to chide me when I rove,
Mine to show a Saviour's love,
Mine to guide my erring feet,
Pointing to the mercy-seat.
- 3 Mine to comfort in distress,
If the Holy Spirit bless;
Mine to show by living faith,
How to triumph over death.

180

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE God, for he is good: for still
His mercies lasting be.
Let God's redeem'd say so, whom he
From th' en'my's hand did free;
- 2 And gather'd them out of the lands,
From north, south, east, and west.
They stray'd in desert's pathless way,
No city found to rest.
- 3 For thirst and hunger in them faints
Their soul. When straits them press,
They cry unto the Lord, and he
Them frees from their distress.
- 4 Them also in a way to walk
That right is he did guide,
That they might to a city go,
Wherein they might abide.
- 5 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!
- 6 For he the soul that longing is
Doth fully satisfy;
With goodness he the hungry soul
Doth fill abundantly.

181

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new born king!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd!"
- 2 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the heav'nly host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem."
- 3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
Christ the everlasting Lord,
Lowly lays his glory by;
Born for men, for men to die.
- 4 Hail! thou glorious Prince of Peace;
Hail thou Sun of righteousness,
Ris'n with healing in thy wings,
Light and life thy rising brings.

182

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**E lives, the Great Redeemer lives,
 What joy the blest assurance gives!
And now before the throne of God,
Pleads the full merit of his blood.
- 2 Our countless sins awake our fears,
And justice, arm'd with frowns, appears;
But in the Saviour's lovely face
Sweet mercy smiles and all is peace.
- 3 Hence, then, ye sad despairing tears;
Above our crimes above our fears
His powerful intercessions rise;
And guilt recedes, and terror dies.
- 4 In ev'ry dark distressful hour,
When sin and Satan join their pow'r:
Let this blest hope repel the dart,
That Jesus bears us on his heart.
- 5 Great Advocate, almighty Friend—
On him our humble hopes depend:
Our cause can never, never fail,
For Jesus pleads, and must prevail.

183

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of thy wonders, Lord,
The heavens shall express ;
And in the congregation
Of saints thy faithfulness.
- 2 For who in heaven with the Lord
May once himself compare ?
Who is like God among the sons
Of those that mighty are ?
- 3 Great fear in meeting of the saints
Is due unto the Lord ;
And he of all about him should
With rev'rence be ador'd.

184

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK, my soul, it is the Lord ;
'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word :
Jesus speaks and speaks to thee ;
" Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 2 I deliver'd thee when bound,
And when wounded heal'd thy wound.
Sought thee wand'ring, set thee right,
Turn'd thy darkness into light.
- 3 Can a woman's tender care
Quit the helpless child she bare ?
Yes ; she may forgetful be,
Yet will I remember thee.
- 4 Mine is an unchanging love,
Higher than the heights above ;
Deeper than the depths beneath,
Free and faithful, strong as death.
- 5 Thou shalt see my glory soon,
When the work of grace is done,
Partner of my throne shalt be :—
Say, poor sinner, lov'st thou me ?
- 6 Lord, it is my chief complaint,
'That my love is weak and faint ;
Yet I love thee and adore :
O for grace to love thee more !

185

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**EACH me thy way, and in thy truth,
O Lord, then walk will I ;
Unite my heart, that I thy name
May fear continually.
- 2 O Lord my God, with all my heart
To thee I will give praise ;
And I the glory will ascribe
Unto thy name always.
- 3 Because thy mercy toward me
In greatness doth excel ;
And thou deliver'd hast my soul
Out from the lowest hell.
- 4 But thou art full of pity, Lord,
A God most gracious,
Long-suffering and in thy truth
And mercy plenteous.

186

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** SING the mighty power of God,
That made the mountains high,
That spread the flowing seas abroad
And framed the lofty sky.
- 2 I sing the wisdom that ordain'd
The sun to rule the day ;
The moon shines forth at his command,
And all the stars obey.
- 3 I sing the goodness of the Lord
That fill'd the earth with food ;
Who form'd the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.
- 4 There's not a plant nor flower below,
But makes his glories known ;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from his throne.
- 5 His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye ;
Why should I then forget the Lord
Who is for ever nigh ?

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**IVE to our God immortal praise,
 Mercy and truth are all his ways ;
 Wonders of grace to God belong,
 Repeat his mercies in your song.
- 2 Give to the King of kings renown,
 The Lord of life with glory crown ;
 His praise through ages shall endure
 When kings and lords are known no more.
- 3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
 He fix'd the starry lights on high,
 He fills the sun with morning light,
 He bids the moon direct the night.
- 4 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, from darkness, and the grave,
 Such love and grace to God belong
 As claims from us our sweetest song.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**ION did hear, and joyful was,
 Glad Judah's daughters were ;
 They much rejoic'd, O Lord, because
 Thy judgments did appear.
- 2 For thou, O Lord, art high above
 All things on earth that are ;
 Above all other gods thou art
 Exalted very far.
- 3 Hate ill, all those that love the Lord:
 His saints' souls keepeth he ;
 And from the hands of wicked men
 He sets them safe and free.
- 4 For all those that be righteous
 Sown is a joyful light,
 And gladness sown is for all those
 That are in heart upright.
- 5 The righteous, in the Lord rejoice ;
 Express their thankfulness,
 When they into their memory
 Do call his holiness.

189

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I** IN distress call'd on the Lord;
The Lord did answer me:
He in a large place did me set,
From trouble made me free.
- 2 The mighty Lord is on my side,
I will not be afraid;
For anything that man can do
I shall not be dismay'd.
- 3 The Lord doth take my part with them
That help to succour me:
Therefore on those that do me hate
I my desire shall see.
- 4 Better it is to trust in God
Than trust in man's defence;
Better to trust in God than make
Princes our confidence.

190

WEDNESDAY EVENING. :

- 1 **H**E that doth in the secret place
Of the most High reside
Under the shade of him that is
Th' Almighty shall abide.
- 2 I of the Lord my God will say,
He is my refuge still,
He is my fortress, and my God,
And in him trust I will.
- 3 His feathers shall me hide : my trust
Under his wings shall be :
His faithfulness shall be a shield
And buckler unto me.
- 4 I shall not need to be afraid
For terrors of the night ;
Nor for the arrow that doth fly
By day, while it is light ;
- 5 Nor for the pestilence, that walks
In darkness secretly;
Nor for destruction, that doth waste
At noon-day openly.

191

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** GAINST us mind not former sins;
Thy tender mercies show,
Let them prevent us speedily;
For we're brought very low.
- 2 For thy name's glory, help us Lord,
Who hast our Saviour been:
Deliver us; for thy name's sake,
O purge away our sin.

192

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the voice of love and mercy
Sounds aloud from Calvary :
Rending rocks, the words attesting,
Shaking earth, and veiled sky ;
" It is finish'd !"
Was the Saviour's dying cry.
- 2 That which prophets long predicted,
That which legal sacrifice
Only shadow'd, not effected,
That which justice satisfies,
Now is finished :
So the dying Saviour cries.
- 3 Now redemption is completed,
Sin aton'd, the curse remov'd,
Satan, death, and hell defeated,
As his rising fully proved ;
All is finish'd,
Here our hopes do rest unmoved.
- 4 O the life, the peace, the pleasure.
Which these charming words afford !
Heav'nly blessings, without measure,
Flow to us through Christ the Lord ;
" It is finish'd !"
Let our joyful songs record.
- 5 Tune your hearts anew, ye seraphs,
Sound aloud Immanuel's fame ;
All creation swell the chorus,
These delightful words proclaim,
" It is finish'd !"
Glory to h's worthy name !

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**AIT, O my soul, thy Maker's will,
Tumultuous passions, all be still !
Nor let a murm'ring thought arise,
His ways are just, his counsels wise.
- 2 He in the thickest darkness dwells,
Performs his work, the cause conceals :
But though his methods are unknown,
Judgment and truth support his throne
- 3 Wait then my soul, submissive wait,
Prostrate before his awful seat,
And, 'midst the terrors of his rod,
Trust in a wise and gracious God.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST—of all my hopes the ground,
Christ—the spring of all my joy,
Still in thee may I be found,
Still for thee my pow'rs employ!
- 2 Let thy love my heart inflame;
Keep thy fear before my sight;
Be thy praise my highest aim;
Be thy smile my chief delight.
- 3 When affliction clouds my sky,
And the wint'ry tempests blow,
Let thy mercy-beaming eye
Sweetly cheer the night of woe.
- 4 When new triumphs of thy name
Swell the raptur'd songs above,
May I feel the kindred flame—
Full of zeal, and full of love.
- 5 Life's best joy, to see thy praise
Fly on wings of gospel light,
Leading on millennial days,
Scatt'ring all the shades of night.
- 6 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till I close my earthly race,
May I prove it "Christ to live."

195

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LET thy hand be still upon
The man of thy right hand ;
The Son of man whom for thyself
Thou madest strong to stand.
- 2 So henceforth we will not go back,
Nor turn from thee at all:
O do thou quicken us, and we
Upon thy name will call.
- 3 Turn us again Lord God of hosts,
And upon us vouchsafe
To make thy countenance to shine
And so we shall be safe.

196

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God ;
He bears them all, and frees us
From sin's accursed load:
- 2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
To wash away its stains ;
White in his blood most precious,
Till not a spot remains.
- 3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
All fulness dwells in *Him* ;
He heals all my diseases,
He doth my soul redeem:
- 4 I lay my grief on Jesus,
My burdens and my cares ;
He from them all releases,
He all my sorrows shares.
- 5 I rest my soul on Jesus,
This weary soul of mine ;
His right hand me embraces,
I on his breast recline.
- 6 I love the name of Jesus,
Immanuel, Christ, the Lord ;
Like fragrance on the breezes
His name abroad is pour'd.

197

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** NOTHER six days' work is done,
Another Sabbath is begun :
Return, my soul, enjoy thy rest,
This is the day thy God hath blest.
- 2 Come, bless the Lord, whose love assigns
So sweet a rest to wearied minds ;
Provides an antepast of heav'n,
And gives this day the food of sev'n.
- 3 O may our pray'rs and praises rise,
As grateful incense, to the skies ;
And draw from heav'n that sweet repose
Which none, but they who feel it, knows.
- 4 In holy duties may the day,
In sacred pleasures pass away ;
How sweet a sabbath thus to spend
In hope of one that ne'er shall end!

198

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O** SING a new song to the Lord,
Sing all the earth to God.
To God sing, bless his name ; show still
His saving health abroad.
- 2 For great's the Lord, and greatly he
Is to be magnify'd :
Yea, worthy to be fear'd is he
Above all gods beside.
- 3 Great honour is before his face,
And majesty divine :
Strength is within his holy place,
And there doth beauty shine.
- 4 Give ye the glory to the Lord
That to his name is due:
Come ye into his courts, and bring
An offering with you.
- 5 In beauty of his holiness
O do the Lord adore:
Likewise let all the earth throughout
Tremble his face before.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, thro' the desert lead us;
 Left by thee, we cannot go;
 Thou from cruel chains hast freed us;
 Thou hast laid our tyrant low:
 Let thy presence
 Cheer us all our journey through.
- 2 Thro' a desert waste and cheerless
 Tho' our destin'd journey lie;
 Rendered by thy presence fearless,
 We may ev'ry foe defy:
 Naught shall move us
 While we see our Saviour nigh.
- 3 When we halt, (no track discov'ring)
 Fearful lest we go astray.
 O'er our path thy pillar hov'ring,
 Fire by night, and cloud by day,
 Still shall guide us:
 Thus we shall not miss our way.

MONDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**HEN we hunger, thou wilt feed us;
 Manna shall our camp surround:
 Faint and thirsty, thou wilt heed us;
 Streams shall from the rock abound.
 Happy Israel!
 What a Saviour thou hast found!
- 2 When our foes in arms assemble,
 Ready to obstruct our way,
 Suddenly their hearts shall tremble;
 Thou wilt strike them with dismay:
 And thy people,
 Led by thee shall win the day.
- 3 Then lead on, Almighty Victor,
 Scatter ev'ry hostile band;
 Be our guide, and our protector.
 Till on Canaan's shores we stand:
 Shouts of vict'ry
 Then shall fill the promis'd land.

201

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU shalt arise, and mercy have
Upon thy Sion yet;
The time to favour her is come,
The time that thou hast set.
- 2 For in her rubbish and her stones
Thy servants pleasure take;
Yea they the very dust thereof
Do favour for her sake.
- 3 When Sion by the mighty Lord
Built up again shall be,
In glory then and majesty
To men appear shall he.
- 4 The prayer of the destitute
He surely will regard;
Their prayer will he not despise,
By him it shall be heard.
- 5 For generations yet to come
This shall be on record:
So shall the people that shall be
Created praise the Lord.

202

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE firm foundation of the earth
Of old time thou hast laid;
The heavens also are the work
Which thine own hands have made.
- 2 Thou shalt for evermore endure,
But they shall perish all;
Yea, ev'ry one of them wax old,
Like to a garment shall.
- 3 Thou, as a vesture, shalt them change,
And they shall changed be:
But thou the same art, and thy years
Are to eternity.
- 4 The children of thy servants shall
Continually endure;
And in thy sight, O Lord, their seed
Shall be establish'd sure.

203

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ORD thou hast been our dwelling-place
In generations all ;
Before thou ever hadst brought forth
The mountains great or small.
- 2 Ere ever thou had'st form'd the earth,
And all the world abroad ;
Even thou from everlasting art
To everlasting God.
- 3 Thou do'st unto the dust of death
Man that is mortal turn,
And unto them thou say'st, Again,
Ye sons of men return.
- 4 Because a thousand years appear
No more before thy sight
Than yesterday, when it is past
Or than a watch by night.

204

WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **A**S with an overflowing flood
Thou carry'st them away:
They like a sleep are, like the grass
That grows at morn are they.
- 2 At morn it flourishes and grows,
Cut down at ev'n doth fade.
For by thine anger we're consum'd
Thy wrath makes us afraid.
- 3 Our sins thou and iniquities
Dost in thy presence place,
And sett'st our secret faults before
The brightness of thy face.
- 4 For, in thine anger, all our days
Do pass on to an end ;
And as a tale that hath been told
So we our years do spend.

205

THURSDAY MORNING—PART THIRD.

- 1 **T**HREESCORE and ten years do sum up
Our days and years we see ;
Or if, by reason of more strength,
In some fourscore they be :
- 2 Yet doth the strength of such old men
But grief and labour prove ;
For it is soon cut off, and we
Fly hence, and soon remove.
- 3 Who knows the power of thy wrath ?
According to thy fear
So is thy wrath : Lord, teach thou us
Our end in mind to bear ;
- 4 And so to count our days that we
Our hearts may still apply
To learn thy wisdom and thy truth,
That we may live thereby.

206

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y heart brings forth a goodly thing ;
My words that I indite
Concern the King : my tongue's a pen
Of one that swift doth write.
- 2 Thou fairer art than sons of men :
Into thy lips is store
Of grace infus'd : God therefore thee
Hath blest for evermore.
- 3 O thou that art the mighty One,
Thy sword gird on thy thigh ;
Ev'n with thy glory excellent,
And with thy Majesty.
- 4 For meekness, truth, and righteousness,
In state ride prosp'rously ;
And thy right hand shall thee instruct
In things that fearful be.
- 5 Thine arrows sharply pierce the heart
Of th' en'mies of the King ;
And under thy subjection
The people down do bring.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR thou art gracious, O Lord,
And ready to forgive ;
And rich in mercy, all that call
Upon thee to relieve.
- 2 Hear, Lord, my pray'r ; unto the voice
Of my request attend :
In troublous times I'll call on thee ;
For thou wilt answer send.
- 3 All nations whom thou mad'st shall come
And worship rev'rently
Before thy face ; and they, O Lord,
Thy name shall glorify.
- 4 Because thou art exceeding great,
And works by thee are done
Which are to be admir'd, and thou
Art God thyself alone.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame ;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb !
- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew,
When first I saw the Lord ?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and his word ?
- 3 What peaceful hours I then enjoyed !
How sweet their mem'ry still !
But they have left an aching void,
The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest !
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame ;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

209

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW let the righteous be glad :
 Let them before God's sight
 By very joyful ; yea, let them
 Rejoice with all their might.
- 2 To God sing, to his name sing praise ;
 Extol him with your voice,
 That rides on heav'n, by his name JAH,
 Before his name rejoice.
- 3 Because the Lord a father is
 Unto the fatherless ;
 God is the widow's judge, within
 His place of holiness.

210

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** MY Ebenezer raise
 To my kind Redeemer's praise ;
 With a grateful heart I own,
 Hitherto thy help I've known.
- 2 What may be my future lot,
 Well I know concerns me not ;
 This should set my heart at rest,
 What thy will ordains is best.
- 3 I my all to thee resign ;
 Father let thy will be mine ;
 May but all thy dealings prove
 Fruits of thy paternal love.
- 4 Guard me, Saviour, by thy pow'r,
 Guard me in the trying hour ;
 Let thy unremitting care
 Save me from the lurking snare.
- 5 Let my few remaining days
 Be directed to thy praise ;
 So the last, the closing scene,
 Shall be tranquil and serene.
- 6 To thy will I leave the rest,
 Grant me but this one request,
 Both in life and death to prove
 Tokens of thy special love.

211

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A**LL lands to God in joyful sounds
Aloft your voices raise,
Sing forth the honour of his name;
And glorious make his praise.
- 2 Say unto God, how terrible
In all thy works art thou?
Through thy great pow'r thy foes to thee
Shall be constrain'd to bow.
- 3 All on the earth shall worship thee,
'They shall thy praise proclaim
In songs; they shall sing cheerfully
Unto thy holy name.

212

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **F**ROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
And run eternal rounds,
Beyond the limits of the skies
And all created bounds.
- 2 The holy triumphs of my soul
Shall death itself out-brave,
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns
In heav'n's unmeasur'd space,
I'll spend a long eternity
In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
And endless ages I'll adore
The glories of thy love.
- 5 Thou, Jesus, every smile of thine
Shall fresh endearments bring,
And thousand tastes of new delight
From all thy graces spring.
- 6 Haste, my beloved, fetch my soul
Up to thy bless'd abode,
Fly, for my spirit longs to see
My Saviour, and my God.

213

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HAT as the plants our sons may be
In youth grown up that are;
Our daughters like to corner-stones
Carv'd like a palace fair:
- 2 That to afford all kind of store,
Our garners may be fill'd;
That our sheep thousands, in our streets
Ten thousands they may yield:
- 3 That strong our oxen be for work;
That no in-breaking be,
Nor going out; and that our streets
May from complaints be free.
- 4 Those people blessed are who be
In such a case as this: .
Yea, blessed all those people are,
Whose God JEHOVAH is.

214

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HAT in thee may thy people joy,
Wilt thou not us revive?
Shew us thy mercy, Lord to us
Do thy salvation give.
- 2 I'll hear what God the Lord will speak:
To his folk he'll speak peace,
And to his saints: but let them not
Return to foolishness.
- 3 To them that fear him, surely near
Is his salvation;
That glory in our land may have
Her habitation.
- 4 Truth met with mercy, righteousness
And peace kiss'd mutually.
Truth springs from earth, and right'ousness:
Looks down from heaven high.
- 5 Yea, what is good the Lord shall give:
Our land shall yield increase.
Justice, to set us in his steps
Shall go before his face.

215

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE en'my thrust, that I might fall,
But my Lord helped me.
God my salvation is become,
My strength and song is he.
- 2 In dwellings of the righteous
Is heard the melody
Of joy and health: the Lord's right hand
Doth ever valiantly.
- 3 The right hand of the mighty Lord
Exalted is on high;
The right hand of the mighty Lord
Doth ever valiantly.
- 4 I shall not die, but live, and shall
The works of God discover.
The Lord hath me chastised sore,
But not to death giv'n over.

216

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
- 2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just:
Protection he affords to all
Who make his name their trust.
- 3 Who make a trial of his love,
Experience will decide,
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.
- 4 While hungry lions lack their prey,
The Lord will food provide
For such as put their trust in him,
And see their need supplied.

217

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**RIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid!
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!
- 2 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his head with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all!
- 3 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor!

218

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**WEETER sounds than music knows
Charm me in Immanuel's name:
All its hopes my spirit owes
To his birth, and cross, and shame.
 - 2 When He came, the angel's sung
'Glory be to God on high;'
Lord, unloose my stamm'ring tongue:
Who should louder sing than I?
 - 3 Did the Lord a man become
That he might the law fulfil,
Bleed and suffer in my room—
And canst thou, my tongue, be still?
 - 4 No; I must my praises bring,
Though they worthless are, and weak;
For should I refuse to sing,
Sure the very stones would speak.
- O my SAVIOUR! Shield, and Sun,
Shepherd, Brother, Guardian, Friend—
Ev'ry precious name in One!
I will love Thee without end.

THURSDAY MORNING.

219

- 1 **A** SWEET, but solitary beam
Glimmers o'er life's uncertain stream,
An emanation from above,
We hail that beam and call it Love,
- 2 But fainter than the pale star's ray
Before the noontide blaze of day,
And lighter than the viewless sand
Beneath the wave that sweeps the strand,
- 3 Is all of love that man can know,
All that in angel-breasts can flow,
Compared, O Lord of Hosts! with thine—
Eternal, fathomless, divine!
- 4 That Love, where praise with quenchless fire,
Inflames the blest seraphic choir;
Where perfect rapture reigns above,
And Love is all, for Thou art Love!

220

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD, with wonder and with praise,
On all thy works I look;
But still thy wisdom, power, and grace,
Shine brightest in thy book.
- 2 The stars, that in their courses roll,
Have much instruction given;
But thy good word informs my soul,
How I may climb to heaven.
- 3 The fields provide me food, and show
The goodness of the Lord;
But fruits of life and glory grow
In thy most holy word.
- 4 Here are my choicest treasures hid;
Here my best comfort lies;
Here my desires are satisfied;
And hence my hopes arise.
- 5 Lord make me understand thy law;
Shew what my faults have been;
And from the gospel let me draw
Pardon for all my sin.

221

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, full of grace and mercy,
Listen to our humble cry;
From thy throne in heavenly glory,
Turn on us thy gracious eye.
- 2 We are poor, but thou art mighty,
Help for all on thee is laid,
Come, thou Jesus! God of mercy!
Bless us in our time of need,
- 3 Low we bend 'neath sin's dark burden,
But thy power can make us clean;
Saviour, hear us! hear and pardon,—
Wash us from all guilt and sin.
- 4 Purify our souls and spirits,
Cleanse us in thy precious blood;
Make us joy and peace inherit,
Saved and blest by thee our God.

222

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, who makes the sun to know
His proper hour to rise;
And to give light to all below,
Doth send him round the skies.
- 2 When from the chambers of the east
His morning race begins,
He never tires, nor stops to rest
But round the world he shines.
- 3 So, like the sun, would I fulfil
The business of the day;
Begin my work betimes, and still
March on my heavenly way.
- 4 Give me, O Lord, thy early grace,
Nor let my soul complain,
That the young morning of my days
Has all been spent in vain.

223

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**HILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As they journey sweetly sing:
Sing their blessed Saviour's praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.
- 2 We are trav'ling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.
- 3 Soon, for ever safe and blest,
We in Jesus' home shall rest;
There our home is now prepar'd,
There our kingdom and reward.
- 4 Onward then we gladly press
Through this earthly wilderness;
Only, Lord, our Leader be,
And we still will follow Thee.

224

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**ONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heav'n with hallelujahs rang,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When He spake and, it was done.
- 2 Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when He
Captive led captivity.
- 3 Heav'n and earth must pass away,—
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heav'ns and earth,—
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.
- 4 Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.
- 5 Borne upon their latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death:
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW dear to me the Sabbath hour,
Spent in thy hallowed courts, O Lord!
To feel devotion's soothing power,
And catch the manna of thy word.
- 2 In secret I have often prayed,
And still the anxious tear would fall;
But, on the sacred altar laid,
The fire descends and dries them all.
- 3 Oft when the world, with iron hands,
Has bound me in its six-days' chain,
This bursts them, like the strong man's bands,
And sets my spirit loose again.
- 4 Let men of pleasure strike the lyre,
Of broken Sabbath's sing the charms,
Ours be the prophet's car of fire,
That bears us to a Father's arms.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **D**ELIGHTFUL hour! a world at rest,
A God all love, no grief no fear,
A heavenly hope a peaceful breast,
A smile unsullied by a tear.
- 2 If heaven be ever felt below,
A time so heavenly sure as this
May cause a heart on earth to know
Some foretaste of celestial bliss.
- 3 Delightful hour! soon will the night
Spread her dark mantle o'er thy reign;
And morrow's quick returning light
Must call us to the world again.
- 4 Yet will there dawn at last a day—
A sun that never sets shall rise;
Night will not veil his ceaseless ray—
The heavenly Sabbath never dies!

227

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW precious also are thy thoughts,
O gracious God, to me!
And in their sum how passing great,
And numberless they be!
- 2 If I should count them, than the sand
They more in number be:
What time soever I awake,
I ever am with thee.
- 3 Search me, O God, and know my heart,
My thoughts unfold, try me.
And in thine everlasting way
To me a leader be.

228

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EING, whose all-pervading might
The laws of countless worlds disposes;
Yet gives the sparkling dews their light,
Their beauty to the blushing roses.
- 2 Thou, Ruler of our destiny,
With million gifts hast Thou supplied us,
Hid from our view futurity,
Unveiling all the past to guide us.
- 3 Though dark may be earth's vale, and damp,
A thousand stars shine sweetly o'er us,
And immortality's pure lamp
Gladdens and gilds our path before us.
- 4 The silent tear, the deep fetched sigh,,
Which virtue heaves in hours of quiet,
Are dearer than pomp's revelry,
Or the mad laugh of frenzied riot.
- 5 Smiles from a conscience purified,
Are lovelier than the fleeting glory
Conferred in all a monarch's pride,
Embalmed in all the light of story.
- 6 This joy be ours—our weeks shall roll,
And let them roll, our bark is driven
Safe to its harbour, and our soul
Awakening, shall be safe in Heaven.

229

'TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HY name, O Lord, shall still endure,
And thy memorial
With honour shall continued be
To generations all.
- 2 For why? the righteous God will judge
His people righteously;
Concerning those that do him serve,
Himself repent will he.
- 3 Now blessed be the Lord our God
From Sion's holy hill,
Who dwelleth at Jerusalem,
The Lord O praise ye still.

230

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few;
On Him I lean, who, not in vain,
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.
- 2 If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way;
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.
- 3 When vexing thoughts within me rise,
And, sore dismayed, my spirit dies;
Yet He; who once vouchsafed to bear
The sickening anguish of despair,
Shall sweetly soothe, shall gently dry,
The throbbing heart, the streaming eye.
- 4 And, O! when I have safely passed
Through every conflict but the last;
Still, still, unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed—for thou hast died;
Then point to realms of endless day,
And wipe the latest tears away.

231

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD, thy way most holy is
Within thy sanctuary;
And what God is so great in power
As is our God most high?
- 2 Thou art the God that wonders dost
By thy right hand most strong:
Thy mighty pow'r thou hast declared
The nations among.
- 3 Thy way is in the sea, and in
The waters great thy path;
Yet are thy footsteps hid, O Lord;
None knowledge thereof hath.

232

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**UST as I am—without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bidst me come to Thee—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 2 Just as I am—and Thou hast seen
How vile and wicked I have been;
To Thee, for thou can'st make me clean—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 3 Just as I am—though toss'd about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
In Thee, the riches of the mind—
Light, health, and gladness, all to find—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 5 Just as I am—Thou wilt receive,
And wilt me pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe—
O Lamb of God, I come!
- 6 Just as I am—thy love divine
Has won this rebel heart of mine;
Now, to be thine, for ever thine—
O Lamb of God, I come!

233

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT seldom, clad in radiant vest,
Deceitfully goes forth the morn;
Not seldom, evening, in the west,
Sinks smilingly foresworn,
- 2 The smoothest seas will sometimes prove
To the confiding bark untrue;
And if she trust the stars above,
They can be treach'rous too.
- 3 But Thou art true, incarnate Lord!
Who didst vouchsafe for man to die;
Thy smile is sure, thy plighted word
No change can falsify.
- 4 I bend before thy gracious throne,
And ask for peace with suppliant knee;
Thy peace is given, nor peace alone,
But faith and hope and ecstasy.

234

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS God, my soul. O Lord my God,
Thou art exceeding great.
With honour and with majesty
Thou clothed art in state.
- 2 With light, as with a robe, thyself
Thou coverest about;
And, like unto a curtain, thou
The heavens stretchest out.
- 3 God from his chambers watereth
The hills when they are dry'd:
With fruit and increase of thy works
The earth is satisfy'd.
- 4 For cattle he makes grass to grow,
He makes the herbs to spring
For th' use of man, that food to him
He from the earth may bring.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**AKED as from the earth we came,
And enter'd life at first ;
Naked we to the earth return,
And mix with kindred dust.
- 2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
Belongs to heav'n's great Lord ;
The blessings lent us for a day
Are soon to be restor'd.
- 3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
Or sinks them in the grave:
He gives; and, when he takes away,
He takes but what he gave,
- 4 Then, ever blessed be his name!
His goodness swell'd our store;
His justice but resumes its own;
'Tis ours still to adore.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y hands to thee I stretch; my soul
Thirsts as dry land, for thee.
Haste, Lord, to hear, my spirit fails
Hide not thy face from me.
- 2 Lest like to them I do become
That go down to the dust.
At morn let me thy kindness hear,
For in thee do I trust.
- 3 Teach me the way that I should walk;
I lift my soul to thee.
Lord free me from my foes; I flee
To thee to cover me.
- 4 Because thou art my God, to do
Thy will do me instruct:
Thy Sp'rit is good, me to the land
Of uprightness conduct.
- 5 Revive and quicken me, O Lord,
Ev'n for thine own name's sake;
And do thou, for thy righteousness,
My soul from trouble take.

237

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D is each one that fears the Lord,
And walketh in his ways;
For of his labour he shall eat,
And happy be always.
- 2 Behold, the man that fears the Lord,
Aye blessed shall he be :
The Lord shall out of Sion give
His blessing constantly.

238

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LET my earnest pray'r and cry
come near before thee, Lord:
Give understanding unto me,
According to thy word.
- 2 Let my request before thee come;
After thy word me free ;
My lips shall utter praise, when thou
Hast taught thy laws to me.
- 3 My tongue of thy most blessed word
Shall speak and it confess;
Because all thy commandments are
Most perfect righteousness.
- 4 Let thy strong hand make help to me :
Thy precepts are my choice:
I long'd for thy salvation, Lord,
And in thy law rejoice.
- 5 O let my soul live, and it shall
Give praises unto thee;
And let thy judgments gracious
Be helpful unto me.
- 6 I, like a lost sheep, went astray;
Thy servant seek, and find :
For thy commands I suffer'd not
To slip out of my mind.

239

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **U**PON the hills of holiness
He his foundation sets,
God, more than Jacob's dwellings all,
Delights in Sion's gates.
- 2 And it of Sion shall be said,
This man and that man there
Was born ; and he that is most High
Himself shall stablish her.
- 3 When God the people writes, he'll count
That this man born was there:
There be that sing and play; and all
My well-springs in thee are.

240

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a happy land
Far, far away,
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
O, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour King;
Loud let his praises ring—
Praise, praise for aye.
- 2 Come to this happy land,
Come, come away;
Why will ye doubting stand,—
Why still delay ?
Oh, we shall happy be,
When from sin and sorrow free!
Lord, we shall live with thee!
Blest, blest for aye.
- 3 Bright in that happy land
Beams every eye,
Kept by a Father's hand,
Love cannot die.
On then to glory run;
Be a crown and kingdom won;
And bright above the sun,
We reign for aye.

241

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord, the Spirit leads
In paths before unknown ;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all his own.
- 2 Assisted by his grace,
We still pursue our way ;
And hope at last to reach the prize,
Secure in endless day.
- 3 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do ;
His is the power by which we act,—
His be the glory too !

242

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **U**NFEIGNEDLY thee have I sought
With all my soul and heart:
O let me not from the right path
Of thy commands depart.
- 2 Thy word I in my heart have hid,
That I offend not thee.
O Lord, thou ever blessed art,
Thy statutes teach thou me.
- 3 The judgments of thy mouth each one
My lips declared have:
More joy thy testimonies' ways
Than riches all me gave.
- 4 I will thy holy precepts make
My meditation;
And carefully I'll have respect
Unto thy ways each one.
- 5 Upon thy statutes my delight
Shall constantly be set:
And, by thy grace, I never will
Thy holy word forget.

243

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AD not the Lord been on our side,
 May Israel now say;
 Had not the Lord been on our side,
 When men rose us to slay,
- 2 Then had the waters, swelling high,
 Over our soul made way;
 Bless'd be the Lord who to their teeth
 Us gave not for a prey.
- 3 Our souls escaped, as a bird
 Out of the fowler's snare;
 The snare asunder broken is,
 And we escaped are.
- 4 Our sure and all-sufficient help
 Is in Jehovah's name;
 His name who did the heav'ns create,
 And who the earth did frame.

244

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY statutes, Lord, are wonderful,
 My soul them keeps with care;
 The entrance of thy words gives light,
 Makes wise who simple are.
- 2 Look on me, Lord, and merciful
 Do thou unto me prove,
 As thou art wont to do to those
 Thy name who truly love.
- 3 O let my footsteps in thy word
 Aright still order'd be:
 Let no iniquity obtain
 Dominion over me.
- 4 From man's oppression save thou me;
 So keep thy laws I will;
 Thy face make on thy servant shine,
 Teach me thy statutes still.

245

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **F**ROM ev'ry earthly treasure,
Our wishes upward tend,
From every earthly pleasure,
To joys that never end.
- 2 On wings of faith ascending,
We view the land of light,
And see our sorrows ending
In infinite delight.
- 3 'Tis true, we are but strangers
And pilgrims here below,
And countless snares and dangers
Surround the path we go.
- 4 Though painful and distressing,
Yet there's a rest above;
And onward still we're pressing,
To reach that land of love.

246

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH, God ! thy gracious power
On every hand we see ;
O, may the blessings of each hour
Lead all our thoughts to thee.
- 2 If, on the wings of morn, we speed
To earth's remotest bound,
Thy right hand will our footsteps lead,
Thine arm our path surround.
- 3 From morn till noon, till latest eve,
The hand of God we see ;
And all the blessings we receive,
Ceaseless, proceed from thee.
- 4 In all the varying scenes of time,
On thee our hopes depend ;
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry clime,
Our Father and our Friend,

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

THURSDAY MORNING

247

- 1 **L**ORD, from the depths to thee I cry'd.
My voice, Lord, do thou hear :
Unto my supplication's voice
Give an attentive ear.
- 2 Lord, who shall stand, if thou, O, Lord,
Should'st mark iniquity ?
But yet with Thee forgiveness is,
That fear'd thou mayest be.
- 3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,
My hope is in his word,
More than they that for morning watch,
My soul waits for the Lord,
- 4 I say, more than they that do watch
The morning light to see.
Let Israel hope in the Lord,
For with him mercies be ;
- 5 And plentious redemption
Is ever found with him ;
And from all his iniquities
He Isr'el shall redeem.

248

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord. The man is bless'd
That fears the Lord aright,
He who in his commandments all
Doth greatly take delight.
- 2 A good man doth his favour shew,
And doth to others lend ;
He with discretion his affairs
Will guide unto the end.
- 3 Surely there is not any thing
That ever shall him move :
The righteous man's memorial
Shall everlasting prove.
- 4 When he shall evil tidings hear,
He shall not be afraid ;
His heart is fix'd, his confidence
Upon the Lord is stay'd.

EIGHTEENTH WEEK.

FRIDAY MORNING,

249

- 1 **W**ITH me thy servant in thy grace,
Deal bountifully, Lord,
That by thy favour I may live,
And duly keep thy word.
- 2 Open mine eyes, that of thy law
The wonders I may see;
I am a stranger on this earth,
Hide not thy laws from me.
- 3 My soul within me breaks, and doth
Much fainting still endure,
Through longing that it hath all times
Unto thy judgments pure.
- 4 Thou hast rebuk'd the cursed proud,
Who from thy precepts swerve:
Reproach and shame remove from me,
For I thy laws observe.
- 5 My comfort, and my heart's delight,
Thy testimonies be;
And they, in all my doubts and fears,
Are counsellors to me.

250

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE God. From heaven praise the Lord,
In heights praise to him be.
All ye his angels, praise ye him;
His hosts all, praise him ye.
- 2 Let all the creatures praise the name
Of our almighty Lord:
For he commanded, and they were
Created by his word.
- 3 Let them God's name praise; for his name
Alone is excellent:
His glory reacheth far above
The earth and firmament.
- 4 His people's power the praise of all
His saint's, exalteth he;
Even Isr'el's seed, a people near
To him. The Lord praise ye.

251

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**E this my one great business here,
With holy trembling, holy fear,
To make my calling sure;
Thine utmost counsel to fulfil,
And suffer all thy righteous will,
And to the end endure.
- 2 Then, Saviour, then my soul receive,
Transported from this vale, to live,
And reign with Thee above;
Where faith is sweetly lost in sight,
And hope in full supreme delight,
And everlasting love.

SATURDAY EVENING.

252

- 1 **T**HY word for ever is, O Lord,
In heaven settled fast;
Unto all generations,
Thy faithfulness doth last.
- 2 The earth thou hast established,
And it abides by thee,
This day they stand as thou ordain'dst;
For all thy servants be.
- 3 Unless in thy most perfect law
My soul delights had found,
I should have perished, when as
My troubles did abound.
- 4 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget;
They quick'ning to me brought.
Lord, I am thine; O save thou me:
Thy precepts I have sought.
An end of all perfection
Here have I seen, O God:
But as for thy commandment,
It is exceeding broad.

253

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E know that our Redeemer lives;
What joy the sweet assurance gives!
He lives, he lives, who once was dead
He lives, our everlasting head!
- 2 He lives triumphant from the grave,
He lives eternally to save,
He lives all glorious, in the sky,
He lives and fills the throne on high.
- 3 He lives to bless us with his love,
He lives to plead for us above;
He lives our hungry souls to feed,
He lives to help in time of need.
- 4 He lives to grant us rich supply,
He lives to guide us with his eye;
He lives to comfort us when faint,
He lives to hear our soul's complaint.

254

SABBATH EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E lives to silence all our fears,
He lives to stop and wipe our tears;
He lives to calm our troubled heart,
He lives all blessings to impart.
- 2 He lives our kind and faithful friend,
He lives, and loves us to the end;
He lives, and, while he lives we'll sing,
He lives our prophet, priest, and king.
- 3 He lives and grants us daily breath,
He lives, and we shall conquer death;
He lives, our mansion to prepare,
He lives to bring us safely there.
- 4 He lives, all glory to his name!
He lives, our Saviour, still the same;
O the rich joy this sentence gives,
I know that our Redeemer lives!

NINETEENTH WEEK.

MONDAY MORNING.

255

- 1 **G**OD of mercy, throned on high,
Listen from thy lofty seat;
Hear, O hear! our feeble cry,
Guide, oh, guide our wandering feet.
- 2 When perplexed in danger's snare,
Thou alone our guide canst be;
When oppressed with woe and care,
Whom have we to trust but thee?
- 3 Let us ever hear thy voice,
Ask thy counsels every day;
Saints and angels will rejoice
If we walk in wisdom's way.
- 4 Saviour, give us faith, and pour
Hope and love on every soul;
Hope, till time shall be no more,
Love while endless ages roll.

256

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD! another day is flown,
And we, a lonely band,
Are met once more before thy throne,
To bless thy fostering hand.
- 2 And will thou bend a listening ear
To praises low as ours?
Thou wilt! for thou dost love to hear
The song which meekness pours.
- 3 And, Jesus, thou thy smiles will deign,
As we before thee pray;
For thou didst bless the infant train,
And we are less than they.
- 4 O let thy grace perform its part,
And let contention cease;
And shed abroad on every heart
Thine everlasting peace.
- 5 Thus chastened, cleansed, entirely thine,
A flock by Jesus led,
The Sun of Holiness shall shine
In glory on our head.

257

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE storm is chang'd into a calm
At his command and will;
So that the waves, which rag'd before,
Now quiet are and still,
- 2 Then are they glad, because at rest
And quiet now they be;
So to the haven he them brings,
Which they desir'd to see.
- 3 O that men to the Lord would give
Praise for his goodness then,
And for his works of wonder done
Unto the sons of men!
- 4 Among the people gathered
Let them exalt his name;
Among assembled elders spread
His most renowned fame.

258

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART

- 1 **T**HE Lord on princes pours contempt,
And causeth them to stray,
And wander in a wilderness,
Wherein there is no way.
- 2 Yet setteth he the poor on high
From all his miseries,
And he, much like unto a flock,
Doth make him families.
- 3 They that are righteous shall rejoice,
When they the same shall see;
And, as ashamed, stop her mouth
Shall all iniquity.
- 4 Whoso is wise, and will these things
Observe, and them record,
Ev'n they shall understand the love
And kindness of the Lord.

259

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD our souls for death prepare,
To us that wisdom give,
To spend each day as though it were
The last we had to live.
- 2 We would familiarize the theme,
And daily learn to die;
Let earth be mean in our esteem,
And heaven be in our eye.
- 3 We would be active in the path
Of duty still below;
While steadfast hope, and living faith
Support and bear us through.
- 4 May we in ready posture stand,
To leave the world in peace,
When death with a deliverer's hand
Our souls at last release.

260

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW long shall earth's alluring toys
Detain our hearts always,
Regardless of immortal joys,
Forgetful of the skies?
- 2 These transient scenes will soon decay;
They fade upon the sight,
And quietly will their brightest day
Be lost in endless night.
- 3 O could our thoughts and wishes fly
Above these gloomy shades,
To those bright worlds beyond the sky,
Which sorrow ne'er invades!
- 4 Those joys unseen by mortal eyes,
Or reason's feeble ray,
In ever blooming prospects rise,
Unconscious of decay.

261

THURSDAY MORNING. :

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; with my whole heart
I will God's praise declare,
Where the assemblies of the just
And congregations are.
- 2 The whole works of the Lord our God
Are great above all measure;
Sought out they are of every one
That doth therein take pleasure,
- 3 His work most honourable is,
Most glorious and pure;
And his untainted right'ousness
For ever doth endure.
- 4 His works most wonderful he hath
Made to be thought upon:
The Lord is gracious, and he is
Full of compassion.
- 5 He giveth meat unto all those
That truly do him fear;
And evermore his covenant
He in his mind will bear.

262

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y heart is fix'd, Lord; I will sing,
And with my glory praise.
Awake up psaltery and harp;
Myself I'll early raise.
- 2 I'll praise thee 'mongst the people, Lord;
'Mong nations sing will I;
For above heav'n thy mercy's great,
Thy truth doth reach the sky.
- 3 Be thou above the heavens, Lord,
Exalted gloriously;
Thy glory all the earth above
Be lifted up on high.
- 4 That those who thy beloved are
Deliver'd all may be,
O do thou save with thy right hand,
And answer give to me.

263

FRIDAY MORNING.

- P**RAISE ye the Lord; unto him sing
A new song, and his praise,
In the assembly of his saints
In sweet psalms do ye raise.
- 2 Let Isra'l in his maker joy,
And to him praises sing:
Let all that Zion's children are
Be joyful in their King.
- For God doth pleasure take in those
That his own people be,
And he with his salvation
The meek will beautify.
- 4 And in his glory excellent
Let all his saints rejoice:
Let them to him upon their beds
Aloud lift up their voice.

264

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**EACH me, O Lord, the perfect way
Of thy precepts divine,
And to observe it to the end
I shall my heart incline.
- 2 Give understanding unto me,
So keep thy law shall I;
Yea ev'n with my whole heart I shall
Observe it carefully.
- 3 In thy law's path make me to go,
For I delight therein,
My heart unto thy testimonies, .
And not to greed incline.
- 4 Turn thou away my mind and eyes
From viewing vanity;
And in thy good and holy way
Be pleas'd to quicken me.
- 5 Confirm to me thy gracious word,
Which I did gladly hear,
Ev'n to thy servant, Lord, who is
Devoted to thy fear.

265

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE all the angel-throng
Give thanks to God on high;
Let earth repeat the joyful song,
And echo to the sky.
- 2 Father! in whom we live,
In whom we are, and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.
- 3 Jesus, our only plea,
Let all the ransom'd race
Render in thanks their lives to thee
For thy redeeming grace.

266

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE ye the Lord; for it is good
Praise to our God to sing!
For it is pleasant, and to praise
It is a comely thing.
- 2 God doth build up Jerusalem;
And he it is alone
That the dispers'd of Israel
Doth gather into one.
- 3 Those that are broken in their hearts,
And grieved in their minds,
He healeth, and their painful wounds
He tenderly upbinds.
- 4 He counts the number of the stars:
He names them ev'ry one.
Great is our Lord, and of great pow'r:
His wisdom search can none.
- 5 The Lord lifts up the meek, and casts
The wicked to the ground.
Sing to the Lord, and give him thanks;
On harp his praises sound;
- 6 Who covereth the heav'n with clouds,
Who for the earth below
Prepareth rain, who maketh grass
Upon the mountains grow.

267

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.
- 2 Celestial land! could mortal eyes
But half its charms explore,
How would our spirits long to rise,
And dwell on earth no more!
- 3 No cloud those blessful regions know,
For ever bright and fair!
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.
- 4 There no dull, dreary night is known,
Nor sun's faint sick'ning ray:
But glory from the sacred throne,
Spreads everlasting day.

268

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST—of all our hopes the ground,
Christ—the spring of all our joy,
Still in thee may we be found,
Still for thee our powers employ!
- 2 Let thy love our hearts inflame;
Keep thy fear before our sight;
Be thy praise our highest aim;
Be thy smile our chief delight.
- 3 When new triumphs of thy name
Swell the raptur'd songs above,
May we feel the kindred flame—
Full of zeal, and full of love.
- 4 Fountain of o'erflowing grace,
Freely from thy fulness give;
Till we close our earthly course,
May we prove it; "Christ to live."

269

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** HOW love I thy law! it is
My study all the day:
It makes me wiser than my foes;
For it doth with me stay.
- 2 My feet from each ill way I stay'd,
That I may keep thy word.
I from thy judgments have not swerv'd;
For thou hast taught me, Lord.
- 3 How sweet unto my taste, O Lord,
Are all thy words of truth!
Yea I do find them sweeter far
Than honey to my mouth.
- 4 I through thy precepts, that are pure,
Do understanding get,
I therefore ev'ry way that's false
With all my heart will hate.

270

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** NE there is above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end!
They who once his kindness prove
Find it everlasting love.
- 2 When he liv'd on earth abased,
'Friend of sinners' was his name;
Now, above all glory raised,
He rejoices in the same:
Still, he calls them brethren, friends,
And to all their wants attends.
- 3 O, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a Friend we have above;
But, when home our souls are brought,
We will love thee as we ought.

275

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HRO' all the dangers of the night,
Preserv'd, O Lord, by thee,
Again we hail the cheerful light,
Again we bow the knee.
- 2 O! may the beams of truth divine,
With clear convincing light,
In all our understandings shine,
And chase our mental night.
- 3 Preserve us, Lord, throughout the day,
And guide us by thine arm;
For they are safe, and only they,
Whom thou preserv'st from harm.
- 4 Let all our words, and all our ways,
Declare that we are thine,
That so the light of truth and grace
Before the world may shine.

276

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER, thy will be done!
To thee I all resign,
The sole disposer of thine own,
Dispose of me, and mine.
- 2 Father, I here abide,
Thy pleasure to fulfil;
My soul and all its motions guide
By thy most holy will.
- 3 The counsels of thy love,
Be on my heart imprest;
It then shall at thy bidding move,
And at thy bidding rest.
- 4 Whate'er my God ordain,
Contented and resigned,
I wait, I watch, in ease, in pain,
The tokens of thy mind.

277

FRIDAY MORNING.

- O**H, help us, Lord! each hour of need
 Thy heav'nly succour give;
 Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.
- 2 Oh, help us, when our spirits bleed,
 With contrite anguish sore;
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more.
- 3 Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe;
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.
- 4 Oh, help us, Father! from on high;
 We know no help but thee:
 Oh! help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heav'n to be.

278

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**'LL praise thy name, ev'n for thy truth
 And kindness of thy love;
 For thou thy word hast magnify'd
 All thy great name above.
- 2 Thou didst me answer in the day
 When I to thee did cry;
 And thou my fainting soul with strength
 Didst strengthen inwardly.
- 3 Though God be high, yet he respects
 All those that lowly be;
 Whereas the proud and lofty ones
 Afar off knoweth he.
- 4 Though I in midst of trouble walk,
 I life from thee shall have:
 'Gainst my foes' wrath thou'lt stretch thine hand
 Thy right hand shall me save.
- 5 Surely that which concerneth me
 The Lord will perfect make:
 Lord, still thy mercy lasts; do not
 Thine own hands' works forsake.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**ND shall we then go on to sin,
That grace may more abound ?
O God, forbid that such a thought
Should in our breast be found !
- 2 With Christ the Lord we c'y'd to sin ;
With him to life we rise,
To life, which now begun on earth,
Is perfect in the skies.
- 3 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's away,
We now are slaves no more;
For Christ hath vanquished death and sin,
Our freedom to restore.

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** LORD, thou hast me search'd and known.
Thou knows't my sitting down,
And rising up; yea, all my thoughts
Afar to thee are known.
- 2 My footsteps, and my lying down
Thou compasses't always;
Thou also most entirely art
Acquaint with all my ways.
- 3 For in my tongue, before I speak,
Not any word can be,
But altogether, lo, O Lord,
It is well known to thee.
- 4 Behind, before, thou hast beset,
And laid on me thine hand.
Such knowledge is too strange for me,
Too high to understand.
- 5 From thy Sp'rit whether shall I go ?
Or from thy presence fly ?
Ascend I heav'n, lo, thou art there;
There, if in hell I lie.
- 6 Take I the morning wings, and dwell
In utmost parts of sea;
Ev'n there, Lord, shall thy hand me lead,
Thy right hand hold shall me.

281

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, thou long-expected Jesus
Born to set thy people free;
From our fears and sins release us,
Let us find our rest in thee.
- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints thou art;
Dear desire of ev'ry nation
Joy of ev'ry longing heart.
- 3 Born thy people to deliver,
Born a child, and yet a King,
Born to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious kingdom bring.
- 4 By thine own eternal spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to thy glorious throne.

282

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **P**RESERV'D, O gracious God, by thee,
Our eyes another Sabbath see,
O may our pray'rs accepted rise
To thee, the holy, just, and wise!
- 2 This day, thy saints together meet,
To worship at thy sacred feet;
For Jesus' sake, accept their pray'r,
And let them find that God is there.
- 3 In mercy, now to all impart
The hearing ear, the humble heart;
With holy fear our souls possess,
And every careless thought repress.
- 4 May each returning Sabbath prove
A foretaste of the joys above;
And may we all when life shall end,
A bless'd eternal Sabbath spend.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN the heart is sad within,
With the thought of all its sin ;
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Gracious Saviour, hear !
- 2 Thou the shame, the grief, hast known ;
Though the sins were not thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
Gracious Saviour, hear !
- 3 When our eyes grow dim in death ;
When we heave the parting breath ;
When our solemn doom is near,
Gracious Saviour, hear !

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** HOW good the hallow'd union—
O how sweet the pure communion
Of the family of God !
When in peace together dwelling,
Kindred love each bosom swelling,
This is pleasure's bless'd abode.
- 2 Rich the sweetness, far transcending
All the costly spices, blending
On the head with mitre crown'd ;
Down the sacred vestments flowing,
O'er their rich embroid'ry glowing,
Breathing balmy fragrance round.
- 3 Lovely, as the dews of morning,
Hermon's sacred mount adorning
All in fresh and sparkling pride
Soft on Zion hills distilling,
Every sense with pleasure filling,
Spreading joy on every side.
- 4 Zion!—'Tis Jehovah's dwelling:
There from purest fountains welling,
Flow the streams of peace and love ;
Israel's wants and woes redressing,
There the Lord commands the blessing,
Everlasting life above.

285

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E would rejoice in thee, O Lord,
Who mak'st our cause thine own;
The hope that's built upon thy word,
Can ne'er be overthrown,
- 2 Weak as we are, we shall not faint,
Or fainting shall not die;
Jesus, the strength of ev'ry saint,
Will aid us from on high.
- 3 Tho' He is unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence;
Then what have we to fear?
- 4 As surely as He overcame,
And triumph'd once for us,
So surely we, that love his name,
Shall triumph in His cross.

286

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Hely Spirit, come,
Let thy bright beams arise;
Dispel the sorrow from our minds,
The darkness from our eyes.
- 2 Convince us of our sin,
Then lead to Jesus' blood;
And to our wond'ring view reveal
The gracious love of God.
- 3 'Tis thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in ev'ry part,
And new create the whole.
- 4 Dwell therefore in our hearts;
Our minds from bondage free;
Then shall we know, and praise, and love,
The Father, Son, and Thee.

287

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**N the cross 'tis still the same;
His is still the mighty name;
O clear His title to the words—
“ King of kings, and Lord of Lords!”
- 2 Past the conflict of His love;
See! He takes His place above;
On His vesture shines the words—
“ King of kings, and Lord of lords!”

288

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HO is this that comes from Edom,
All his raiment stain'd with blood;
To the slave proclaiming freedom;
Bringing and bestowing good:
Glorious in the dress He wears,
Glorious in the spoils He bears?
- 2 'Tis the Saviour, now victorious,
Trav'ling onward in his might:
'Tis the Saviour, O how glorious
To his people is the sight!
Jesus now is strong to save;
Mighty to redeem the slave.
- 3 Why that blood his raiment staining?
'Tis the blood of many slain;
Of his foes there's none remaining;
None, the contest to maintain;
Fallen now, no more to rise,
All their glory prostrate lies.
- 4 This the Saviour has effected,
By his mighty arm alone;
See the throne for him erected,
'Tis an everlasting throne.
'Tis the great reward he gains,
Glorious fruit of all his pains.
- 5 Mighty Victor! reign for ever;
Wear the crown so dearly won;
Never shall thy people, never
Cease to sing what thou hast done;
Thou hast fought thy people's foes;
Thou hast fought thy people's woes.

289

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OW the infant Saviour lies!
He appears in humble guise;
Yet by faith we read the words—
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”
- 2 See! He stands despised, forlorn,
Object there of wrath and scorn;
Still to Him belong the words—
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”
- 3 He who wears the thorny crown,
He on whom His foes look down,
Yet demands of right the words—
“King of kings, and Lord of lords!”

290

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
- 2 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an Almighty hand.
- 3 Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth,
Repeats the story of her birth;
- 4 While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.
- 5 What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?
- 6 In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
“The hand that made us is divine.”

291

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestowed
On us, the sinful sons of men,
To call us sons of God!
- 2 Conceal'd as yet this honour lies,
By this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
Ev'n God's eternal Son.
- 3 High is the rank we now possess;
But higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
Is hid from mortal eyes.
- 4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
Shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
Shall open to our sight.
- 5 A hope so great, and so divine,
May trials well endure;
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
As Christ himself is pure.

292

FRIDAY EVENING—FIRST PART.

- 1 **L**O! what a glorious sight appears
To our admiring eyes!
The former seas have pass'd away,
The former earth and skies.
- 2 From heaven the New Jerus'lem comes,
All worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at last renew'd,
And paradise restor'd!
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing:
Mortals! behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King!
- 4 The God of glory down to men
Removes his bless'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
And he his people's God.

293

SATURDAY MORNING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**IS gracious hand shall wipe the tears
From ev'ry weeping eye:
And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
And death itself, shall die.
- 2 Behold, I change all human things!
Saith he, whose words are true;
Lo! what was old is passed away,
And all things are made new!
- 3 I am the First, and I the Last,
Through endless years the same;
I AM, is my memorial still,
And my eternal name.
- 4 Should we but thirst to us this grace
Shall hidden streams disclose,
And open full the sacred spring,
Whence life for ever flows.
- 5 Bless'd is the man that overcomes;
He'll own him for a son;
A rich inheritance rewards
The conquests he hath won.

294

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N the sad day when guilt appears,
When broken hearts cause bitter tears,
The "fountain open'd" full and free,
Avails for all—avails for me.
- 2 O Lamb of God!—Thou Fountain pure,
The merits of thy blood endure;
Thy wounded side full streams supply
To wash out stains of deepest dye.
- 3 Millions have wash'd their guilt away,
And walk in white in endless day;
And millions more their power will prove,
Being drawn by everlasting love.
- 4 All other streams for me are vain,
This blood alone makes conscience clean;
This fits to dwell with spirits just,
Made perfect in their heavn'ly rest.

295

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**ELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
To feast his saints to-day,
And we may sit and see him here,
And praise his name and pray.
- 3 One day within the place,
Where Zion's God is seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Amidst the tents of sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this;
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

296

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **A**S when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
The brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd.
The people ceas'd to die.
- 2 So from the Saviour on the cross
A healing virtue flows:
Who looks to him with lively faith
Is sav'd from endless woes.
- 3 For God gave up his Son to death,
So gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
Eternal life above.
- 4 Not to condemn the sons of men
The Son of God appear'd,
No weapons in his hand are seen,
Nor voice of terror heard.
- 5 He came to raise our fallen state,
And our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
And bids us fear no more.

297

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE billows swell, the winds are high,
Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
Out of the depths to thee I call:
My fears are great, my strength is small.
- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform.
And guide and guard me thro' the storm;
Defend me from each threat'ning ill.
Control the waves, say; "Peace be still."
- 3 Amidst the roaring of the sea,
My soul still hangs her hope on thee:
Thy constant love, thy faithful care,
Is all that saves me from despair.
- 4 Though tempest-toss'd, and half a wreck,
My Saviour through the floods I seek:
Let neither winds nor stormy main
Force back my shatter'd bark again.

298

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET Faith exalt her joyful voice,
And thus begin to sing;
O Grave! where is thy triumph now?
And where, O Death! thy sting?
- 2 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
'Twas this that arm'd thy dart;
The law gave sin its strength and force
To pierce the sinner's heart;
- 3 But God, whose name be ever bless'd!
Disarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
Through Christ our living head.
- 4 Then stedfast let us still remain,
Though dangers rise around,
And in the work prescrib'd by God
Yet more and more abound;
- 5 Assured that though we labour now,
We labour not in vain,
But through the grace of heav'ns great Lord,
Th' eternal crown shall gain.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb
Amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
And songs before unknown.
- 2 Lo! elders worship at his feet;
The church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
And harps of sweetest sound.
- 3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
These sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
He loves to hear their praise.
- 4 Who shall the Father's record search,
And hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
And opens ev'ry seal!

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 5 **H**ARK how th' adoring hosts above
With songs surround the throne!
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
But all their hearts are one.
- 6 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
For he was slain for us.
- 7 To him be pow'r divine ascribed,
And endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on his head!
- 8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
And set the pris'ners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
And we shall reign with Thee.

301

WEDNESDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **F**ROM every kindred, every tongue,
Thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
The riches of thy grace.
- 2 Let all that dwell above the sky,
Or on the earth below,
With fields, and floods, and ocean's shores.
To Thee their homage show.
- 3 To Him who sits upon the throne,
The God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb that once was slain
Be glory evermore.

302

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Lord, we look to Thee,
Let us in thy name agree:
Show thyself the Prince of Peace,
Bid our strifes for ever cease.
- 2 By thy reconciling love,
Ev'ry stumbling-block remove;
Each to each, unite, endear;
Come and spread thy banner here.
- 3 Make us one in heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind;
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.
- 4 Let us each for other care,
Each the other's burden bear;
To the world a pattern give,
Show how true believers live.
- 5 Let us then with joy remove
To thy family above,
On the wings of angels fly,
Show how true believers die.

303

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE the repentant prodigal
I've lived estranged from home,
But now with deep contrition filled,
I'll to my Father come.
- 2 In tears, and with a mourning voice,
I'll fall before thy face:
Father! I've sinn'd 'gainst heav'n and thee,
Nor can deserve thy grace.
- 3 No more, my Father, can I hope
To find paternal grace;
My utmost wish is to obtain
A servant's humble place.
- 4 "Bring forth the fairest robe for him,"
The joyful father said;
"To him each mark of grace be shown,
And ev'ry honour paid."
- 5 Thus joy abounds in paradise
Among the hosts of heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
Repents and is forgiv'n.

304

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**S when the night-wrapp'd thief who lurks
To seize the expected prize,
Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,
And thunder rend the skies.
- 2 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
The heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
At Nature's final day.
- 3 Since all this frame of things must end,
As Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
And watch o'er ev'ry deed;
- 4 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when, Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
Where sin is known no more.

305

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N life's gay morn, when sprightly youth
With vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
Which beauty can disclose;
- 2 Deep on our souls, before their pow'rs
Are yet by vice enslav'd,
Be our Creator's glorious name
And character engrav'd.
- 3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
The sunshine of our days;
And cares, and toils, in endless round,
Encompass all our ways.
- 4 Soon shall our hearts the woes of age
In mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
That now return no more!

306

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**NCE more the cheerful sun's withdrawn,
And darkness comes again ;
How many since the morning dawn
Have left th' abodes of men !
- 2 We bless the Lord that yet we live
To close another day;
Our many trespasses forgive,
And keep us in thy way.
- 3 When we shall close our eyes in sleep
Preserve us safe from harm,
From nightly foes our dwellings keep.
And guard us with thine arm.
- 4 And should we sleep to wake no more,
Till the last trumpet sound ;
May we in that decisive hour,
Among thy friends be found.

307

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, let us join our friends above,
That have obtain'd the prize;
And, on the heavenly wings of love,
To joy celestial rise.;
- 2 Let saints below in concert sing
With those to glory gone;
For all the servants of our King,
In heav'n end earth are one.
- 3 One family, we dwell in Him;
One church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,—
The narrow stream of death.
- 4 One army of the living God.
To his command we bow:
Part of the host have cross'd the flood.
And part are crossing now.

308

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light,
To cheer our souls arise.
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heav'n;
But in his righteousness array'd,
We see our sins forgiv'n.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
'Tis his th' infected heart to cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The pow'rs of hell agree
To hold our souls in vain;
He sets the sons of bondage free,
And breaks their cursed chain.
Lord we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign pow'r, thy healing grace,
And thine atoning blood.

309

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU who didst command the light
First upon the world to shine ;
Put the shadows now to flight,
By the beams of truth divine:
Let the sinner turn to thee ;
Let him now thy glory see.
- 2 Darkness reigns till thou art known ;
Darkness can no longer reign :
Vain delusive hope is gone,
When the joyful truth is seen :
Sweet the hope the gospel gives ;
Blest the sinner who believes.
- 3 Saviour, all our pray'r fulfill ;
Let thy people too be blest :
On their hearts more deeply still
Let the truth be now imprest :
Let them go from strength to strength,
Till they come to heav'n at length.

310

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, bless the word to all ;
Quick and pow'rful let it prove:
O let sinners hear thy call !
And thy people grow in love.
- 2 What this day's been spoken bless ;
Follow it with pow'r divine:
Give thy gospel great success ;
Thine the work, the glory thine.
- 3 Saviour, bid the world rejoice,
Send, O! send thy truth abroad ;
Let the nations hear thy voice,
Hear it, and return to God.

311

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**PPRESS'D with guilt, a painful load,
We come, and spread our woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the pressing load remove.
- 2 Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse our guilt, and heal our woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace;
How rich the gift, how free the grace!
- 3 Lord, we accept with thankful heart,
The hope thy gracious words impart;
We come;—believing, we rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.
- 4 O Saviour! let thy pow'rful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove;
And sweetly influence ev'ry breast
And guide us to eternal rest.

312

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave!
Where, life's vain tumults past,
Th' appointed house, by Heav'n's decree,
Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease,
Their passions rage no more;
And there the weary pilgrim rests
From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
From slav'ry's sad abode;
No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
Partake the same repose;
And there in peace, the ashes mix
Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of Death,
Lie sleeping in the tomb;
Till God in judgment calls them forth,
To meet their final doom.

313

TUESDAY MORNING. ;

- 1 **C**OME and let us praise our King!
He is worthy to be praised:
Should his saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amaz'd!
O! exalt the sinners's friend,
Let his praises never end.
- 2 There He dwells whom angels sing;
Once he bore the cross below;
Jesus, heav'n's eternal King,
Liv'd on earth a man of woe.
Now he reigns, and reigns above:
Jesus reigns, the God of love.
- 3 Hail, immortal king of heaven!
Endless praise surrounds thy throne;
Lamb of God, for sinners giv'n,
"Thou art worthy," thou alone;
Thee we serve, and thee we sing:
Jesus, hail, eternal King!

314

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AIN are the hopes the sons of men
Upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
Their actions full of guilt.
- 2 Silent let Jew and Gentile stand,
Without one vaunting word;
And humbled low, confess their guilt
Before heav'n's righteous Lord.
- 3 No hope can on the law be built
Of justifying grace;
The law that shows the sinner's guilt,
Condemns him to his face.
- 4 Jesus! how glorious is thy grace!
When in thy name we trust,
Our faith receives a righteousness
That makes the sinner just.

315

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITH filial boldness I draw nigh,
A mercy-seat is now thy throne;
No more thy storms and thunders fly,
At thy right hand behold thy Son.
- 2 He pleads my cause who once was slain
And shed for sin his precious blood;
Through faith thy favour I obtain,
Made clean in this all-cleansing flood.
- 3 Then rouse, my soul, each passion move;
Strain ev'ry power thy God to praise,
To celebrate redeeming love,
Forbearing and forgiving grace.
- 4 Oh! let my thoughts with pleasure dwell,
Dwell long on this delightful theme,
Till my whole heart its power shall feel,
And my glad tongue its praise proclaim.

316

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Prince of life and peace,
Who holds the keys of death and hell,
The spacious world unseen is his,
And sov'reign pow'r becomes him well.
- 2 Live, live for ever, glorious Lord,
To crush thy foes, and guard thy friends;
While all thy chosen tribes rejoice
That thy dominion never ends.
- 3 Worthy thy hand to hold the keys,
Guided by wisdom, and by love;
Worthy to rule, with sov'reign pow'r
O'er worlds below, and worlds above.
- 4 For ever reign, victorious King!
Wide thro' the earth thy name be known
And call my longing soul to sing
Sublimar praises near thy throne.

317

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **Y**OU now must hear my voice no more ;
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heav'n the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.
- 2 That heavenly Teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole heart inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your hearts with sacred fire.
- 3 Peace is the gift I leave with you ;
My peace to you bequeath ;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.
- 4 I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares nor fears, shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

318

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOUGH trouble springs not from the dust,
Nor sorrow from the ground;
Yet ills, on ills, by Heavn's decree,
In man's estate are found.
- 2 As sparks in close succession rise,
So man, the child of woe,
Is doomed to endless cares and toils
Through all his life below.
- 3 But with my God I leave my cause;
From him I seek relief;
To him in confidence of pray'r,
Unbosom all my grief.
- 4 Unnumber'd are his wondrous works,
Unsearchable his ways;
'Tis his the mourning soul to cheer,
The bow'd down to raise.

319

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET Christian faith and hope dispel
The fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
And who can prove a foe ?
- 2 He who his Son, most dear and lov'd,
Gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
That goodness can supply ?
- 3 Behold the best, the greatest gift,
Of everlasting love !
Behold the pledge of peace below,
And perfect bliss above !
- 4 Where is the judge who can condemn,
Since God, hath justify'd ?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime
For whom the Saviour died ?

320

FRIDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour dy'd, but rose again
Triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right hand,
Omnipotent to save.
- 2 Who then can e'er divide us more
From Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
The earth to heav'n abode ?
- 3 Let troubles rise and terrors frown,
And days of darkness fall ;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
And more than conquer all.
- 4 Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
Nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
Or make his love decay.
- 5 Each future period that will bless
As it has blest the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time,
He loves us to the last.

321

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, the Son of God, who once
For us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest,
And never-dying friend.
- 2 Through life, through death, let us to him
With constancy adhere ;
Faith shall supply new strength, and hope
Shall banish ev'ry fear.
- 3 To human weakness not severe
Is our High Priest above ;
His heart o'erflows with tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 4 With sympathetic feelings touch'd,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations are,
For He has felt the same.

322

SATURDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **B**UT though he felt temptation's pow'r,
Unconquer'd he remain'd
Nor, 'midst the frailty of our frame,
By sin was ever stain'd.
- 2 As in the days of feeble flesh,
He pour'd forth cries and tears ;
So, though exalted, still he feels
What every Christian bears.
- 3 Then let us with a filial heart,
Come boldly to the throne
Of grace supreme, to tell our griefs,
And all our wants make known :
- 4 That mercy we may here obtain
For sins and errors past,
And grace to help in time of need,
While days of trial last.

323

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **I** JOY'D when to the house of God,
Go up, they said to me ;
Jerusalem, within thy gates
Our feet shall standing be.
- 2 Jerus'lem, as a city, is
Compactly built together:
Unto that place the tribes go up,
The tribes of God go thither.
- 3 Pray that Jerusalem may have
Peace and felicity ;
Let them that love thee and thy peace
Have still prosperity.
- 4 Therefore I wish that peace may still
Within thy walls remain,
And ever may thy palaces
Prosperity retain.

324

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**O him that loved the sons of men,
And wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
And made us priests to God ;
- 2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise, }
And every heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
And nobler songs above!
- 3 Behold, on flying clouds he comes!
His saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierced him sadly mourn
In anguish and dismay.
- 4 Thou art the First, and thou the Last; }
Time centres all in thee;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
And evermore shall be.

325

MONDAY MORNING:

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians, when our friends
In Jesus fall asleep ;
Their better being never ends ;
Why then dejected weep ?
- 2 Why inconsolable, as those
To whom no hope is giv'n ?
Death is the messenger of peace,
And calls the soul to heav'n.
- 3 As Jesus dy'd, and rose again
Victorious from the dead ;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

326

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE time draws nigh, when from the clouds
Christ shall with shouts descend,
And the last trumpets awful voice
The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 2 Then they who live shall changed be,
And they who sleep shall wake ;
The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
And earth's foundations shake.
- 3 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heav'nly hosts with praises loud
Shall meet them in the sky,
- 4 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go ;
And dwell for ever with the Lord
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 5 A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ORTH in thy name, O Lord, we go,
Our daily labour to pursue ;
Thee only thee, resolv'd to know,
In all we think, or speak, or do.
- 2 The task thy wisdom has assign'd
O may we cheerfully fulfil !
In all our works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.
- 3 Thee may we set at our right hand,
Whose eyes our inmost substance see:
And labour on at thy command,
And offer all our works to thee.
- 4 Give us to bear the easy yoke,
And ev'ry moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day ;
- 5 For thee delightfully employ,
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath giv'n;
And run our course with holy joy,
And closely walk with thee to heav'n.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS catch the sound,
Redeemed by Him from hell ;
And send the echo round
The globe on which they dwell ;
Transported cry,
" Jesus who bled
" Hath left the dead
" No more to die."
- 2 All hail, triumphant Lord,
Who sav'd us with thy blood,
Wide be thy name ador'd,
Thou rising, reigning God.
With thee we rise,
With thee we reign,
And honours gain
Beyond the skies.

329

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **W**HY pour we forth such anxious plaint
Despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlooked our cause,
And did not heed our grief?
- 2 Have we not known, have we not heard,
That firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
Who formed the earth and sky?
- 3 Are we afraid his pow'r shall fail
When comes the evil day!
And can an all-creating arm
Grow weary or decay?
- 4 Supreme in wisdom as in pow'r
The Rock of ages stands;
Though Him we cannot see, nor trace
The working of his hands.

330

WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E gives the conquest to the weak,
Supports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
His heav'nly aids impart.
- 2 Mere human pow'r shall fast decay,
And youthful vigour cease;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
In strength shall still increase.
- 3 They with unweary'd feet shall tread
The path of life divine:
With growing ardour onward move,
With growing brightness shine.
On eagles' wings they mount, they soar,
Their wings are faith and love,
Till, past the cloudy regions here,
They rise to heaven above.

331

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**OY is a fruit that will not grow
In nature's barren soil :
All we can boast, till Christ we know,
Is vanity and toil.
- 2 A bleeding Saviour seen by faith,
A sense of pard'ning love,
A hope that triumphs over death,
Give joys like those above.
- 3 To look by faith within the veil,
To know that God is mine,
Are springs of joy that never fail
Unspeakable! divine!
- 4 These are the joys which satisfy,
And sanctify the mind;
Which make the Spirit mount on high,
And leave the world behind.

332

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AIN and presumptuous is the trust
Which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
Flows to the human race.
- 2 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin :
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
And wash'd our souls from sin.
- 3 His Spirit through the Saviour shed,
Its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
Rekindles in our hearts :
- 4 Thence rais'd from death we live anew;
And justified by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
And see our Father's face.
- 5 Let all who hold this faith and hope
In holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere,
By active virtue crown'd.

333

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN, with wasting sickness worn,
Sinking to the grave I lie,
Or by sudden anguish torn,
Startled nature dreads to die.
- 2 Jesus, my redeeming Lord,
Be thou then in mercy near ;
Let thy smile of love afford
Full relief from all my fear.
- 3 Firmly trusting in thy blood,
Nothing shall my heart confound ;
Safely shall I pass the flood,
Safely reach Immanuel's ground.
- 4 When I touch the blessed shore,
Back the closing waves shall roll ;
Death's dark stream shall never more
Part from thee my ravish'd soul.

334

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**OON shall this earthly frame dissolv'd
In death and ruins lie ;
But better mansions wait the just,
Prepar'd above the sky.
- 2 A house eternal, built by God,
Shall lodge the holy mind,
When once those prison-walls have fall'n
By which 'tis now confin'd.
- 3 Hence, burden'd with a weight of clay,
We groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which sets us free
And brings us home to God.
- 4 We know that when the soul, unclothed
Shall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
With life that cannot die.
- 5 Such are the hopes that cheer the just :
These hopes their God hath giv'n ;
His Spirit is the earnest now,
That seals their souls for heav'n.

335

SATURDAY MORNING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**E walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word :
But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord ;
- 2 What faith rejoices to believe,
We long and pant to see ;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord! with thee.
- 3 But still, or here, or going hence,
To this our labours tend,
That in his service spent, our life
May in his favour end.
- 4 For lo! before the Son, as judge,
Th' assembled world shall stand,
To take the punishment or prize
From his unerring hand.
- 5 Impartial retribution then
Our diff'rent lives await ;
Our present actions, good or bad,
Shall fix our future state.

336

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**NCE Thou camest, pure and holy,
Moved by pity for our race;
Died'st the just for the unholy,
Took'st the helpless sinner's place.
Thou Redeemer!
Shed upon our souls Thy grace.
- 2 Where the saints and angels bending,
Bless Thee on Thy throne on high,
Hear our feeble voices blending
With their lofty minstrelsy.
Safely keep us.
By thine ever-watchful eye.

337

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE our languid souls,
Shake off each slothful band;
The wonders of this day
Our noblest songs demand:
Auspicious morn! thy blissful rays
We hail in grateful songs of praise.
- 2 At thy approaching dawn,
The Prince of life arose;
He burst death's feeble bands,
And spoil'd our cruel foes:
And now he reigns with pow'r complete,
To crush them all beneath his feet.
- 8 "All hail! triumphant Lord,"
Heav'n with hosannahs rings;
While earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings,
"Worthy art thou who once was slain,
"Through endless years to live and reign,"

338

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Saviour—what a noble flame
Was kindled in his breast,
When, hast'ning to Jerusalem,
He walk'd before the rest!
- 2 Good-will to men, and zeal for God,
His every thought engross;
He longs to be baptis'd with blood,
He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
And woes to us unknown,
Forth to the task his spirit flew;
'Twas love that urged him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can;
Our hearts shall sound abroad
Salvation to the dying man,
And to the rising God!
- 5 And while thy matchless suff'rings here
Engage our wond'ring eyes,
We learn our lighter cross to bear,
And hasten to the skies.

339

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**RIGHT and blessed Three in One,
 Unity supreme, alone,
 Whilst from us the daylight parts,
 Pour thy light into our hearts.
- 2 Thee when breaks the morning ray—
 Thee when evening shuts the day—
 Thee we call on suppliant knee,
 Offering endless thanks to Thee.

340

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL who the name of Jesus bear,
 His sacred steps pursue ;
 And let that mind which was in him
 Be also found in you.
- 2 Though in the form of God he was,
 His only Son declar'd,
 Nor to be equally ador'd
 As robb'ry did regard.
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
 For us his glory vail'd ;
 In human likeness dwelt on earth,
 His majesty conceal'd.
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,
 But stoops a servant low ;
 Submits to death, nay, bears the cross
 In all its shame and woe.
- 5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men
 With honours just hath crown'd,
 And rais'd the name of Jesus far
 Above all names renown'd :
- 6 That at His name, with sacred awe,
 Each humble knee should bow,
 Of hosts immortal in the skies,
 And nations spread below.
- 7 That all the prostrate powers of hell
 Might tremble at his word,
 And every tribe and every tongue,
 Confess that he is Lord.

341

TUESDAY MORNING.

1. **N**OW may He, who from the dead
Brought the Shepherd of the sheep,
Jesus Christ, our King and head.
All our souls in safety keep!
- 2 May he teach us to fulfil
What is pleasing in his sight;
Perfect us in all his will,
And preserve us day and night!
- 3 Thou Redeemer! Thee we praise,
Who the 'cov'nant seal'd with blood;
While our hearts and voices raise
Loud thanksgivings unto God.

342

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**BJECT of my first desire,
Jesus crucified for me,
All to happiness aspire,
Only to be found in thee:
Thee to praise, and thee to know,
Constitute our bliss below;
Thee to see, and thee to love,
Constitute our bliss above.
- 2 Lord, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny;
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'Tis no longer death to die:
Source and giver of repose,
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine,
Mine they are, if thou art mine.
- 3 Whilst I feel thy love to me,
Ev'ry object teems with joy.
Here, O! may I walk with thee;
Then, into thy presence die!
Let me but thyself possess,
Total sum of happiness,
Real bliss I then shall prove,
Heav'n below, and heav'n above.

343

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY be to Him who gave us,—
 Freely gave his Son to us!
 Glory to the Son who came!
Honour, blessing, adoration,
Ever, from the whole creation,
 Be to God and to the Lamb!

344

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW bright these glorious spirits shine!
 whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day?
- 2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
 Who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
 'Those robes which shine so bright.
- 3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
 Before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.
- 4 His presence fills each heart with joy.
 Tunes ev'ry mouth to sing:
By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannahs ring.
- 5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.
- 6 The Lamb who dwells amidst the throne
 Shall o'er them still preside;
Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.
- 7 'Mong pastures green he'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
 Shall wipe off ev'ry tear.

345

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E seek a rest beyond the skies,
In everlasting day;
Thro' floods and flames the passage lies,
But Jesus guards the way.
- 2 The swelling flood and raging flame
Hear and obey his word:
Then let us triumph in his name,
Our Saviour is the Lord.

346

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK, the glad sound, the Sav'our comes,
The Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
And ev'ry voice be song.
- 2 On him the Spirit, largely shed,
Exerts its sacred fire;
Wisdom, and might, and zeal, and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes! the pris'ners to relieve
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield,
- 4 He comes! from dark'ning scales of vice
To clear the inward sight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes! the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannahs, Prince of Peace!
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's exalted arches ring
With thy most honour'd name.

347

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from my thoughts, vain world, begone;
Let my religious hours alone;
Fain would my eyes my Saviour see:
I wait a visit Lord from thee.
- 2 My heart grows warm with holy fire,
And kindles with a pure desire:
Come, gracious Saviour, from above,
And feed my soul with heavenly love.
- 3 Bless'd Jesus, what delicious fare!
How sweet the entertainments are!
Never did angels taste above,
Redeeming grace, and dying love.

348

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD my servant! see him rise
Exalted in my might!
Him have I chosen, and in him
I place supreme delight.
- 2 On him in rich effusion pour'd,
My Spirit shall descend;
My truths and judgments he shall show
To earth's remotest end.
- 3 Gentle and still shall be his voice,
No threats from him proceed;
The smoking flax he shall not quench,
Nor break the bruised reed.
- 4 The feeble spark to flames he'll raise;
The weak will not despise;
Judgment he shall bring forth to truth,
And make the fallen rise.
- 5 The progress of his zeal and pow'r
Shall never know decline,
Till foreign lands and distant isles
Receive the law divine.

349

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**OURCE of life, and light, and blessing,
 Raise our hearts to Thee above;
 And be with us while expressing
 Grateful praises to thy love.
 Hear us, Father!
 Darkness from our minds remove.
- 2 Thou hast given us souls immortal,
 Minds to know, and hearts to feel;
 Open thou to us the portal,
 And Thy power and grace reveal.
 Hear us, Mightiest!
 Treasures of Thine own reveal.

350

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye;
 My noonday-walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry hour I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant:
 To fertile vales and dewy meads
 My weary wand'ring steps he leads;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.
- 3 Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread,
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious lonely wilds I stray;
 Thy bounty shall my wants beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

351

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, my best desire fulfil,
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.
- 2 Why should I shrink at thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears?
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears?
- 3 No; let me rather freely yield
What most I prize to Thee;
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.
- 4 Thy favour, all my journey thro',
Thou art engag'd to grant;
What else I want, or think I do,
'Tis better still to want.

352

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW glorious Sion's courts appear,
The city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
Here fix'd his lov'd abode.
- 2 Its wall defended by his grace,
No pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow,
Salvation is its bulwark sure
Against th' assailing foe.
- 3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
The doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
The statutes of our King.
- 4 Here shall we taste unmingled joys,
And dwell in perfect peace,
All who have known Jehovah's name,
And trusted in his grace.
- 5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
And banish all our fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
Eternal as his years.

353

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER, how wide thy glory shines,
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs,
By thousands through the skies
- 2 But when we view thy grand design
To save rebellious men,
Where vengeance and compassion join
Sublimest forms within.
- 3 Here each divine perfection joins;
And thoughts can never trace,
Which of the glories brightest shines,
The justice, or the grace.
- 4 Though language fails, we must proclaim
Jehovah's wondrous ways;
And through eternity the same
Shall be our theme of praise.

354

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE race that long in darkness pin'd
Have seen a glorious light;
The people dwell in day, who dwelt
In death's surrounding night
- 2 To hail thy rise, thou better Sun!
The gath'ring nations come.
Joyous as when the reapers bear
The harvest treasures home.
- 3 To us a Child of hope is born;
To us a Son is given;
Him shall the tribes of earth obey,
Him all the hosts of heav'n.
- 4 His name shall be the Prince of Peace;
For evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counsellor,
The great and mighty Lord.
- 5 His pow'r increasing still shall spread;
His reign no end shall know;
Justice shall guard his throne above,
And peace abound below.

355

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** LAS! by nature how deprav'd, .
How prone to ev'ry ill ;
Our lives to Satan how enslav'd
How obstinate our will!
- 2 Jesus for sinners undertakes,
And dies that we may live;
His blood a full atonement makes
And cries aloud, " Forgive!"
- 3 Yet one thing more must grace provide,
To bring us home to God,
Or we shall slight the Lord who died,
And trample on his blood.
- 4 The Holy Spirit must reveal
The Saviour's work and worth :
Then the hard heart begins to feel
A new and heav'nly birth.
- 5 Thus bought with blood, and born again,
Redeem'd and sav'd by grace
Rebels in God's own house obtain
A son's and daughter's place.

356

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE man who walks with God in truth,
And ev'ry guile disdains;
Who hates to lift oppression's rod,
And scorns its shameful gains;
- 2 Whose soul abhors the impious bribe
That tempts from truth to stray,
And from th' entic'ing snares of vice
Who turns his eyes away:
- 3 His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
Shall every stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread;
His water shall be sure.
- 4 For him the kingdom of the just
Afar doth glorious shine;
And he the King of kings shall see
In majesty divine.

357

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise;
Let the Redeemer's praise be sung,
Through ev'ry land, by ev'ry tongue.
- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
Eternal truth attend thy word;
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

358

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonising wounds
The blood incessant flow;
- 2 Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head!
- 3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffered pain no more.
- 4 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan's pow'r o'erthrown.
- 5 'Tis finish'd—All his groans are past;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.
- 6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

359

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT a grand and awful sight!
Jesus comes with all his saints:
Nothing eye has seen so bright:
Nothing equal fancy paints.
- 2 Great the change from what was here;
They who were despis'd on earth
Now the Sons of God appear,
Subjects of a heav'nly birth.
- 3 Rich their portion, high their place,
Full their cup of blessing is:
Now they see the Saviour's face;
All is their's, since they are his.
- 4 Henceforth they shall never be
Separate from him they love;
All his glory they shall see;
All his goodness they shall prove.

360

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his courts below;
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness show.
- 2 Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless pow'r;
Him from whom all good proceeds,
Let earth and heav'n adore.
- 3 Publish, spread to all around
The great Immanuel's name;
Let the trumpet's loudest sound
Him Lord of hosts proclaim.
- 4 Him in whom they move and live,
Let ev'ry creature sing;
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King.

361

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW to Him that lov'd us, gave us
Ev'ry pledge that love could give,—
Freely shed his blood to save us,
Gave his life that we might live,
Be the kingdom
And dominion,
And the glory evermore.

362

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of all! we bow to thee,
Who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd ;
But present still through all thy works,
The universal Lord.
- 2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
By all beneath the skies ;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
Till grace to glory rise.
- 3 A grateful homage may we yield,
With hearts resign'd to thee ;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
On earth so let it be.
- 4 From day to day we humbly own
The hand that feeds us still :
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
Contented in thy will.
- 5 Our sins before thee we confess ;
O, may they be forgiv'n !
As we to others mercy show,
We mercy beg from Heav'n.
- 6 Still let thy grace our life direct ;
From evil guard our way ;
And in temptation's fatal path
Permit us not to stray.
- 7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine ;
All glory's due to thee ;
Thine from eternity they were,
And thine shall ever be.

363

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR a season call'd to part,
Let us now ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.
- 2 When our meetings here are past,
May we find that death is gain ;
Lord, receive us all at last,
Ever with thyself to reign!

364

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
And rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
Eternal praise be given.
- 2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
Hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
Thy wisdom hath conceal'd.
- 3 Ev'n so! thou, Father, hast ordained
Thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
The reason to demand.
- 4 Thou only know'st the Son: from Thee
My kingdom I receive;
And none the Father know but they
Who in the Son believe.
- 5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
With guilt and fears opprest;
Resign to me the willing heart,
And I will give you rest.
- 6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
The meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
Repose and peace shall find.
- 7 For light and gentle is my yoke;
The burden I impose
Shall ease the heart, which groan'd before
Beneath a load of woes.

365

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **B**E Thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell!
- 2 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name;
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.
- 3 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the farthest sky;
His truth to endless years remains,
When worlds dissolve, and creatures die.
- 4 Be thou exalted, O my God,
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;
Thy pow'r on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell!

366

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**O! former scenes, predicted once,
Conspicuous rise to view;
And future scenes, predicted now,
Shall be accomplish'd too.
- 2 Sing to the Lord in joyful strains!
Let earth his praise resound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
And fill the isles around!
- 3 O city of the Lord! begin
The universal song;
And let the scatter'd villages
The cheerful notes prolong.
- 4 Let Kedar's wilderness afar
Lift up its lonely voice;
And let the tenants of the rock
With accents rude rejoice;
- 5 Till 'midst the streams of distant lands
The islands sound his praise;
And all combin'd, with one accord,
JEHOVAH'S glories raise.

367

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS God is the God we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose love is as large as his power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
- 2 'Tis Jesus, the first and the last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

368

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**T the time by God appointed,
Seen by holy men of old,
Down from heav'n the Lord's Anointed
Came to seek his scatter'd fold.
Grace amazing !
Grace, whose praise can ne'er be told !
- 2 View him cradled in the manger,
Chas'd by en'mies from his birth ;
Hated as an outcast stranger,
Crucified, and laid in earth:
Ev'n while dying,
Object of unhallow'd mirth!
- 3 View him through the air ascending,
Born on clouds beyond the sky!
Hosts of angels round attending,
Hymning as they mount on high!
To receive him
Heav'n's wide portals open fly.
- 4 Honour now to shame succeeding,
O'er the universe he reigns ;
Still the friend of sinners, pleading
For the purchase of his pains;
Thron'd in glory.
All his mercy he retains.

369

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HUS speaks the high and lofty One
Ye tribes of earth, give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
With sacred rev'rence hear:
- 2 Amidst the majesty of heav'n
My throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
The praises of thy sky:
- 3 Yet, looking down, I visit oft
The humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'Tis my delight to dwell;
- 4 The downcast spirit to revive,
The sad in soul to cheer;
And from the bed of dust the man
Of heart contrite to rear.
- 5 With me dwells no relentless wrath
Against the human race;
The souls which I have form'd shall find
A refuge in my grace.

370

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE day is past and gone,
The evening shades appear—
Oh may we all remember well
The night of death draws near!
- 2 We lay our garments by
Upon our beds we rest,
So death will soon disrobe us all
Of what is here possessed.
- 3 Lord, keep us safe this night,
Secure from all our fears;
May angels guard us while we sleep
Till morning light appears.
- 4 And when our days are past;
And we from time remove,
Oh, may we in Thy bosom rest,
The bosom of Thy love.

371

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **H**OW few receive with cordial faith
The tidings prophets bring?
How few have seen the arm reveal'd
Of heav'n's eternal King?
- 2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
Bespeaks his presence nigh;
No earthly beauty shines in him
To draw the carnal eye.
- 3 Fair as a beauteous tender flow'r
Amidst the desert grows,
So slighted by a rebel race
The heav'nly Saviour rose.
- 4 Rejected and despis'd of men,
Behold a man of woe!
Grief was his close companion still
Through all his life below.
- 5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
Ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs, not his own, his spotless soul
With bitter anguish tore.

372

WEDNESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **W**E held him as condemn'd by heav'n,
An outcast from his God,
While for our sins he groan'd, he bled,
Beneath his Father's rod.
- 2 His sacred blood hath wash'd our souls
From sin's polluted stain;
His stripes have heal'd us, and his death
Reviv'd our souls again.
- 3 We all, like sheep, had gone astray
In ruin's fatal road;
On him were our transgressions laid;
He bore the mighty load.
- 4 Wrong'd and oppress'd, how meekly He
In patient silence stood!
Mute, as the peaceful, harmless lamb,
When brought to shed its blood.

373

THURSDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **F**OR saith the Lord, my pleasure then
Shall prosper in his hand;
His shall a num'rous offspring be,
And still his honours stand.
- 2 His soul, rejoicing, shall behold
The purchase of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he sav'd
Shall bless Messiah's reign.
- 3 He with the great shall share the spoil
And baffle all his foes;
Though ranked with sinners, here He fell,
A conqueror he rose.
- 4 He dy'd to bear the guilt of men,
That sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
And plead their cause in heav'n.

374

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A** MIDST the mighty, where is He
Who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeeful life
Is from the Lord alone.
- 2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
Or clouds in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
Hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.
- 3 Why should a living man complain
Beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
Must bring us back to God.
- 4 O let us then with anxious care
Our hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God:
Return, and sin no more.

375

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**EW are the days and full of woe,
Of all of woman born!
Their doom is written, "Dust they are,
And shall to dust return."
- 2 Behold the emblem of our state
In flow'rs that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
That mocks the gazer's eye.
- 3 Guilty and frail, how shall we stand
Before our sov'reign Lord?
Can troubled and polluted springs
A hallowed stream afford?
- 4 Determin'd are the days that fly
Successive o'er our head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
That lays us with the dead.

376

FRIDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **O**H! God afflict not in Thy wrath
The short allotted span,
That bounds the few and weary days
Of pilgrimage to man.
- 2 All nature dies and lives again:
The flow'rs that paint the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.
- 3 But man forsakes this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return:
Shall any following spring revive
The ashes of the urn?
- 4 The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recall its waters lost
From that abyss again:
- 5 So days, and years, and ages past,
Descending down to night,
Can henceforth never more return
Back to the gates of light.

377

SATURDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **A**ND man when laid in lonesome grave,
Shall sleep in death's dark gloom
Until th' eternal morning wake
The slumbers of the tomb.
- 2 O may the grave become to me
The bed of peaceful rest,
When I shall gladly rise at length,
And mingle with the blest!
- 3 Cheer'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait heav'n's high decree,
Until th' appointed period come
When death shall set me free.

378

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**EAR what God the Lord hath spoken:
O his people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes He builds for you;
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex our ways;
We shall name our walls Salvation,
And our gates shall all be Praise.
- 2 There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, our faith rewarding,
All his bounty shall bestow:
Still, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign,
Never shall we feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.
- 3 We no more our suns descending,
Waning moons no more be dim;
But our grief for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in Him:
God shall rise, and, shining o'er us,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be all glorious,
God our everlasting light.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU, Redeemer, thou my Lord!
I read my duty in thy word;
But in Thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.
- 2 Such was Thy truth, and such Thy zeal,
Such defence to Thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe, and make them mine.
- 3 Cold mountains, and the midnight air,
Witnessed the fervour of Thy pray'r;
The desert Thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and Thy vict'ry too.
- 4 Be Thou my pattern; make me bear
More of Thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the foll'wers of the Lamb.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS'D be the everlasting God,
The father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
His Majesty ador'd.
- 2 When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
And call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
That they should never die.
- 3 To an inheritance divine
He taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
Unfading in the skies.
- 4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
Till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
But Christ shall call us home.

381

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S** HOUT, for the great Redeemer reigns,
Through distant lands his triumphs spread
And sinners, freed from Satan's chains,
Own him their Saviour, and their Head.
- 2 God's sons and daughters, from afar,
Daily at Zion's gates arrive;
Those who were dead in sin before,
By sov'reign grace are made alive.
- 3 O may his conquests still increase,
And ev'ry foe his pow'r subdue!
While angels celebrate his praise,
And saints his growing glories show.

382

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W** HILE nature's universal frame
Its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
An awful cloud conceals.
- 2 From where the rising day ascends,
To where it sets in night,
He compasses the floods with bounds,
And checks their threat'ning might.
- 3 The pillars that support the sky
Tremble at his rebuke;
Through all its caverns quakes the earth,
As though its centre shook.
- 4 He brings the waters from their beds,
Although no tempest blows,
And smites the kingdom of the proud
Without the hand of foes.
- 5 With bright inhabitants above
He fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked serpent's breed
Dismay'd before Him stand.
- 6 Few of his works can we survey;
These few our skill transcend:
But the full thunder of his pow'r
What heart can comprehend?

383

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **B**EHOLD what witnesses unseen
 Encompass us around;
 Men, once like us, with suff'ring try'd,
 But now with glory crown'd.
- 2 Let us, with zeal like theirs inspir'd,
 Begin the Christian race,
 And, freed from each encumb'ring weight,
 Their holy footsteps trace.
- 3 Behold, a witness nobler still,
 Who trod affliction's path,
 Jesus, at once the Finisher
 And Author of our faith.
- 4 He for the joy before him set,
 So gen'rous was his love,
 Endur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
 And now he reigns above.

384

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **I**F He the scorn of wicked men
 With patience did sustain,
 Becomes it those for whom he dy'd
 To murmur or complain!
- 2 His children still most dear to Him,
 Their heav'nly Father trains,
 Through all the hard experience led
 Of sorrows and of pains.
- 3 We know He owns us for His sons,
 When we correction share;
 Nor wander as a bastard race,
 Without our Father's care.
- 4 A Father's voice with rev'ence we
 On earth have often heard;
 The Father of our spirits now
 Demands the same regard.

385

WEDNESDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **P**ARENTS my err; but He is wise,
Nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chast'nings serve to cure the soul
By salutary pain.
- 2 Affliction, when it spreads around,
May seem a field of woe;
Yet there, at last, the happy fruits
Of righteousness shall grow.
- 3 Then let our hearts no more despond,
Our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
His wisdom still adore.

386

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father, gracious Lord,
Kind guardian of my days,
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.
- 2 In life's first dawn, my tender frame
Was thy indulgent care,
Long ere I could pronounce thy name,
Or breathe the infant pray'r.
- 3 Each rolling year new favours brought
From thy exhaustless store;
But ah! in vain my lab'ring thought
Would count thy mercies o'er.
- 4 Lord, when this mortal frame decays,
And ev'ry weakness dies,
Complete the wonders of thy grace,
And raise me to the skies.
- 5 Then shall my joyful pow'rs unite
In more exalted lays,
And join the happy sons of light
In everlasting praise.

TWENTYEIGHTH WEEK.

THURSDAY MORNING.

387

- 1 **S**EE, gracious God, before Thy throne
Thy mourning people bend!
'Tis on Thy sovereign grace alone
Our humble hopes depend.
- 2 Tremendous judgments from Thy hand
Thy dreadful pow'r display:
Yet mercy spares the guilty land,
And still we live to pray.
- 3 O turn us, turn us, mighty Lord!
By Thy resistless grace:
Then shall our hearts obey Thy word,
And humbly seek Thy face.

388

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD He comes! our leader comes,
With might and honour crown'd;
A witness who shall spread His name
To earth's remotest bound.
- 2 See! nations hasten to His call
From ev'ry distant shore;
Isles, yet unknown, shall bow to Him,
And Isr'els God adore.
- 3 Seek ye the Lord while yet his ear
Is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy still is near,
Before His footstool fall.
- 4 Let sinners quit their evil ways,
Their evil thoughts forego,
And God, when they to him return,
Returning grace will show.
- 5 He pardons with o'erflowing love;
For, hear the voice divine!
My nature is not like to yours,
Nor like your ways are mine.
- 6 But far as heav'ns resplendent orbs
Beyond earth's spot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways
Your ways and thoughts transcend.

389

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**ND as the rains from heav'n distil,
Nor thither mount again,
But swell the earth with fruitful juice,
And all its tribes sustain:
- 2 So not a word that flows from Me
Shall ineffectual fall;
But universal nature prove
Obedient to My call.
- 3 With joy and peace shall then be led
The glad converted lands;
The lofty mountains then shall sing,
The forests clap their hands.
- 4 Where briers grew 'midst barren wilds,
Shall firs and myrtles spring;
And nature, through its utmost bounds,
Eternal praises sing.

390

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**O! ye that thirst approach the spring
Where living waters flow:
Free to that sacred fountain all
Without a price may go.
- 2 How long to streams of false delight
Will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
On trifles, light as air?
- 3 My stores afford those rich supplies
That health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
The soul that hears shall live.
- 4 With you a cov'nant I will make,
That ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
My mercy hath made sure.

391

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Son
Of David and of God,
Who brought the news of pardon down,
And bought it with his blood.
- 2 To Christ, th' anointed King,
Be endless blessings given;
Let the whole earth his glory sing,
Who made our peace with heav'n.

392

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**EMEMBER thee! remember Christ!
While mem'ry holds her place,
Can we forget the Lord of Life
Who saves us by His grace?
- 2 The Lord of Life, with glory crown'd
On Heaven's exalted throne,
Forgets not those, for whom on earth,
He heav'd His dying groan.
- 3 The promis'd joy He then obtain'd
When He ascended hence,
Up from the grave to God's right hand,
A Saviour and a Prince!
- 4 His glory now no tongue of man
Or seraph bright can tell;
Yet still the chief of all his joys,
That souls are sav'd from hell.
- 5 For this He came and dwelt on earth;
For this His life was giv'n
For this He fought and vanquished death;
For this He pleads in heav'n.
- 6 Join all ye saints beneath the sky,
Your grateful praise to give;
Sing loud hosannahs to the Lord,
Who died that you might live!

393

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ERUSALEM! my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!
When shall my labours have an end,
In joy, and peace, in thee?
- 2 O when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?
- 3 There happier bowers than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:
Bless'd seats! through rude and stormy scenes,
I onward press to you.
- 4 Apostles, martyrs, prophets there,
Around my Saviour stand;
And soon shall all my friends below
Join with the glorious band.
- 5 Jerusalem! my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee!
Then shall my labours have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

394

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, like a Shepherd, lead us;
Still we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us
For our use Thy folds prepare,
Blessed Jesus!
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.
- 2 Thou hast promis'd to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse, and power to free.
Blessed Jesus!
Let us early turn to Thee.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE evils that beset our path
Who can prevent or cure ?
We stand upon the brink of death
When most we seem secure.
- 2 If we to-day sweet peace possess,
It soon may be withdrawn ;
Some change may plunge us in distress.
Before to-morrow's dawn.
- 3 Disease and pain invade our health,
And find an easy prey;
And oft, when least expected, wealth
Takes wings and flies away.
- 4 The gourds, from which we look for fruit
Produce us only pain;
A worm unseen attacks the root,
And all our hopes are vain.
- 5 We pity those who seek no more
Than such a world can give;
Wretched they are, and blind, and poor,
And dying while they live.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER divine, Thy piercing eye
Sees thro' the darkest night;
In deep retirement Thou art nigh,
With heart-discerning sight.
- 2 There may that piercing eye survey
My duteous homage paid,
With every morning's dawning ray,
And every evening's shade.
- 3 O let Thy own celestial fires
The incense still inflame;
While my warm praise to Thee aspires,
'Thro' my Redeemer's name.
- 4 So shall the visits of Thy love
My soul in secret bless;
So shalt Thou deign in worlds above
Thy suppliant to confess.

397

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N evil long I took delight,
Unaw'd by shame or fear,
Till a new object met my sight,
And stopp'd my wild career.
- 2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood,
Who fixed his languid eyes on me
As near His cross I stood.
- 3 Sure never till my latest breath
Can I forget that look ;
It seem'd to charge me with His death,
Though not a word He spoke.
- 4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
And plunged me in despair;
I saw my sin His blood had spilt,
And help'd to nail Him there
- 5 Another look He gave, which said,
" I freely all forgive ;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou mayst live."
- 6 This while His death my sin displays
In all its blackest hue
(Such is the mystery of grace),
It seals my pardon too.

398

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HRO' the day thy love hath spar'd us;
Wearied we lie down to rest;
Thro' the silent watches guard us;
Let no foe our peace molest;
Jesus, Thou our Guardian be;
Sweet it is to trust in Thee.
- 2 Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
Dwelling in the midst of foes;
Us and ours preserve from dangers;
In Thine arms may we repose;
And, when life's sad day is past,
Rest with Thee in heaven at last.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE humble shepherds watch'd their
In Bethlehem's plains by night, [flocks
An angel sent from heav'n appear'd,
And fill'd the plains with light.
- 2 Fear not he said, (for sudden dread
Had seiz'd their troubl'd mind):
Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you, and all mankind.
- 3 To you, in David's town, this day
Is born of David's line,
The Saviour who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign;
- 4 The heav'nly babe you there shall find
To human view display'd,
All meanly wrapt in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid.
- 5 Thus spoke the seraph; and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God; and thus
Address'd their joyful song:
- 6 All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will is shown by heav'n to men,
And never more shall cease.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN sins and fears prevailing rise,
And fainting hope almost expires;
Jesus, to Thee I lift mine eyes,
To Thee I breathe my soul's desires.
- 2 Art Thou not still my living Lord?
And can my hope, my comfort die,
Fix'd on Thy everlasting word,
That word which built the earth and sky.
- 3 Here let my faith unshaken dwell;
Immoveable the promise stands:
Nor all the pow'rs of earth and hell,
Can e'er dissolve the sacred bands.

401

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE wonders of that love
No human tongue can tell,
Which brought our Saviour from above
To ransom us from hell.
- 2 For us He wept and bled,
And suffer'd all His pain;
For us was number'd with the dead,
And rose to life again.
- 3 And still for us He prays,
And makes our souls His care;
He loves to hear our feeble praise,
And listens to our prayer.
- 4 Lord Jesus! grant that we
May know Thy saving grace;
On earth Thy humble followers be,
In heav'n behold Thy face.

402

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**HRIST whose glory fills the skies,
Christ the true and only light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night:
Day-spring from on high, be near;
Day-star, in our hearts appear.
- 2 Dark and cheerless is the morn,
Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return,
Till Thy mercy's beams we see,
Lord, thine inward light impart,
Cheering each benighted heart.
- 3 Visit ev'ry soul of thine,
Pierce the gloom of sin and grief,
Fill with radiancy divine,
Scatter all our unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day.

403

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
God, whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-belov'd of Heaven.
- 2 Sovereign Father, heavenly King!
Thee we now presume to sing;
Glad Thine attributes confess,
Gracious works, and numberless.
- 3 Hail! by all Thy works adored;
Hail! Thou everlasting Lord!
Thee with thankful hearts we prove,
Lord of power, and God of love.
- 4 Christ our Lord and God we own—
Christ, the Father's only Son;
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

404

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EST be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love!
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.
- 2 Before our Father's throne
We pour our ardent prayers;
Our fears; our hopes, our aims are one,
Our comforts and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes;
Our mutual burdens bear;
And often for each other flows
The sympathising tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
It gives us inward pain;
But we shall still be join'd in heart,
And hope to meet again.

405

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, may my heart, by grace renew'd,
Be the Redeemer's throne;
And be my stubborn will subdued
His government to own.
- 2 Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear ;
And all our conversation prove
Our hearts to be sincere.
- 3 Preserve us from the snares of sin
Through our remaining days ;
And in us let each virtue shine
To our Redeemer's praise.
- 4 Let lively hope our souls inspire ;
Let warm affections rise ;
And may we wait with strong desire,
For bliss above the skies.

406

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL we who pass by
To Jesus draw nigh:
To us is it nothing that Jesus should die ?
Our ransom and peace,
Our Surety He is:
Come, see if there ever was sorrow like his,
- 2 The Lord, in the day
Of his anger did lay
Our sins on the Lamb ; and He bore them away.
Our ransom, &c., &c.
- 3 With joy we embrace
The wonderful grace
Of Him who hath suffer'd and died in our place !
Our ransom, &c., &c.
- 4 When time is no more,
We still shall adore
That ocean of love without bottom or shore,
Our ransom, &c., &c.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**IS a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought
Do I love the Lord, or no ?
Am I his, or am I not ?
- 2 If I love, why am I thus ?
Why this dull, this lifeless frame ?
Hardly, sure, can they be worse
Who have never heard His name.
- 3 Lord, decide the doubtful case :
Thou, who art Thy people's Sun,
Shine upon Thy work of grace,
If it be indeed begun.
- 4 Let me love Thee more and more,
If I love at all, I pray ;
If I have not lov'd before,
Help me to begin to-day.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
To mansions in the skies,
I bid farewell to every fear,
And wipe my weeping eyes.
- 2 Should earth against my soul engage,
And hellish darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
And face a frowning world.
- 3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
And storms of sorrow fall,
May I but safely reach my home,
My God, my heaven, my all !
- 4 There shall I bathe my weary soul
In seas of heavenly rest,
And not a wave of trouble roll
Across my peaceful breast.

409

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW should the sons of Adam's race
Be pure before their God?
If He contends in righteousness,
We sink beneath his rod.
- 2 If He should mark our words and thoughts
With strict inquiring eyes,
Could we for one of thousand faults
The least excuse devise?
- 3 Strong is His arm, His heart is wise;
Who dares with Him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
Shall prosper in the end!
- 4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
And their old seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
And all her pillars shake.
- 5 He bids the sun forbear to rise;
Th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
And seals up all the stars.
- 6 He walks upon the raging sea;
Flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wondrous way,
Or his dark footsteps find.

410

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR souls shall magnify the Lord,
In Him our spirits shall rejoice;
Around Thy throne with one accord,
Our hearts shall praise Him with our voice.
- 2 May we Thy law of Love fulfil,
To bear each other's burdens here;
Suffer and do Thy righteous will,
And walk in all Thy faith and fear.
- 3 Thus may our union, here begun,
Endure for ever firm and free;
At Thy right hand may we be one,
One with each other, one with Thee.

THIRTIETH WEEK.

411

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** UR God, what gentle cords are thine!
How soft, and yet how strong!
While power, and truth, and love combine
To draw our souls along.
- 2 When we were crushed beneath the yoke
Of Satan and of sin;
Thy hand the iron bondage broke
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 Drawn by such cords we onward move,
Till round thy throne we meet,
And captive in thy chains of love
Embrace our conqueror's feet.

412

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J** EHOVAH reigns as King of kings,
All things are under His control;
He governs and preserves all things,
While systems change and seasons roll.
- 2 Lord, how shall we approach thy throne,
When holy angels stand in awe,
For far from Thee astray we've gone,
And have not kept thy holy law.
- 3 We oft have heard the joyful news,
That Jesus is the way to God;
This truth converts the sinner's views,
And leads him to the heavenly road.
- 4 We feel attracted by thy love;
We see thy mercy in the cross,
This lights the way to joys above,
And saves our souls from endless loss:
- 5 How glorious is the gospel plan!
How marv'lous is Thy boundless love!
To save and raise up fallen man,
To serve Thee here and sing above.

413

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**S ev'ry day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials or its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my counsellor and friend;
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy good example mine.
- 2 When each day's scenes and labour close,
And wearied nature seeks repose,
With pardoning mercy richly blest,
Guard me, Saviour, while I rest;
And as each morning sun shall rise,
O lead me onward to the skies.
- 3 And at my life's last setting sun,
My conflicts o'er, my labours done,—
Jesus, Thine heav'nly radiance shed,
To cheer and bless my dying bed—
And from death's gloom my spirit raise,
To see Thy face, and sing Thy praise.

414

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**LORY be to God on high,
Who hath brought the guilty nigh,
Through the true atoning blood,
Of the precious Lamb of God.
- 2 Glory be to Christ on high,
Who for sinners came to die,
All Jehovah's wrath endur'd,
Life to guilty men secur'd.
- 3 Now the law's demands are paid,
All its precepts Christ obeyed:
Glory to redeeming grace,
Shines in our Immanuel's face.
- 4 Glory to the sacred Three,
Who are One, and all agree
In their record of the Son,
Declaring that the work is done.

415

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK! the gospel news is sounding
Christ hath suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding;
Grace, for all, is rich and free.
- 2 Grace is flowing, like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever,
From the Saviour's wounded side.
- 3 Christ alone shall be our portion;
Soon we hope to meet above,
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love.

416

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**E heav'ns send forth your song of praise!
Earth, raise your voice below!
Let hills and mountains join the hymn,
And joy through nature flow.
- 2 Behold how gracious is our God!
Hear the consoling strains,
In which he cheers our drooping hearts,
And mitigates our pains.
- 3 Cease thou, when days of darkness come,
In sad dismay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his saints
Forsaken or forlorn.
- 4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
The infant whom she bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
Nor move compassion more?
- 5 She may forget, nature may fail
A parent's heart to move;
But Sion on my heart shall dwell
In everlasting love.
- 6 Full in my sight, upon my hands
I have engraved her name:
My hands shall build her ruined walls,
And raise her broken frame.

417

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW tender and how new
Are thy compassions, Lord!
Each morning shall Thy mercies show,—
Each night Thy truth record.
- 2 Thy goodness, like the sun,
Dawn'd on our early days,
Ere infant reason had begun
To form our lips to praise.
- 3 But pleasures more refin'd,
Awaited that bless'd day,
When light arose upon our mind,
And chas'd our sins away.
- 4 And yet we hail a day
Still brighter far than this,
When death shall bear our souls away
To realms of light and bliss.

418

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A** FRIEND there is—our voices join,
To praise His gracious name,
Whose truth and kindness are divine,
Whose love's a constant flame.
2. When most we need His helping hand,
This friend is always near;
With heav'n and earth at His command,
He waits to answer pray'r.
- 3 His love no end or measure knows,
No change can turn its course;
Immutably the same, it flows
From one eternal source.
- 4 When frowns appear to veil His face,
And clouds surrounds his throne,
He hides the purpose of His grace,
To make it better known.
- 5 Our sorrows in the scale he weighs,
And measures out our pains;
The wildest storm his word obeys,
His word its rage restrains.

419

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW from the altar of our hearts
Let flames of love arise;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up,
Our evening sacrifice.
- 2 Minutes and mercies multiply'd
Have made up all this day;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More swift and free than they.
- 3 New time, new favour, and new joys,
Do a new song require;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

420

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HERE high the heav'nly temple stands,
The house of God not made with hands,
A great High Priest our nature wears,
The guardian of mankind appears.
- 2 He who for men their surety stood,
And pour'd on earth His precious blood,
Pursues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour and the friend of man.
- 3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.
- 4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.
- 5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the sufferers send relief.
- 6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

421

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we come before Thee now,
At Thy feet we humbly bow;
O! do not our suit disdain;
Shall we seek the Lord in vain?
- 2 In Thy own appointed way,
Now we seek Thee, here we stay;
Lord, from hence we would not go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow.
- 3 Send some message from Thy word,
That may joy and peace afford;
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.
- 4 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a God supremely kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free;
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

422

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **P**ALMS of glory, raiment bright,
Crowns that never fade away,
Gird and deck the saints in light;
Priests, and kings, and conquerors they.
- 2 Yet the conquerors bring their palms
To the Lamb amidst the throne;
And proclaim, in joyful psalms,
Victory through the cross alone.
- 3 Kings their crowns for harps resign,
Crying, as they strike the chords,
"Take the kingdom—it is thine,
Kings of kings, and Lord of lords!"
- 4 Round the altar all confess,
If their robes are white as snow,
'Twas the Saviour's righteousness,
And His blood that made them so.

427

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR Father, whose eternal sway
The bright angelic hosts obey,
O lend a pitying ear!
When on Thy awful name we call,
And at Thy feet submissive fall,
O condescend to hear!
- 2 From Thy kind hand each temp'ral good,
Our raiment and our daily food,
In rich abundance come:
Lord, give us still a fresh supply;
If Thou withhold Thy hand, we die,
And sleep in silent tomb.
- 3 Protect us in the dang'rous hour,
And from the wily tempter's pow'r
O set our spirits free;
And if temptation should assail,
May mighty grace o'er all prevail,
And lead our hearts to thee.

428

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW let us raise our cheerful strains,
And join the blissful choir above;
There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And there they sing his wondrous love.
- 2 While seraphs chant th' immortal song,
Oh, may we feel the sacred flame;
And every heart, and every tongue,
Adore the Saviour's glorious name.
- 3 Were universal nature ours,
And art, with all her boasted store;
Nature and art, with all their powers,
Would still confess the offerer poor.
- 4 Yet tho' for bounty so divine,
We ne'er can equal honours raise,
Jesus, may all our hearts be thine,
And all our tongues proclaim Thy praise.

429

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, let my first offerings rise
Whose sun creates the day,
Swift as his gladdening influence flies,
And spotless as his ray.
- 2 This day Thy favouring hand be nigh!
So oft vouchsaf'd before!
Still may it lead, protect, supply!
And I that hand adore!
- 3 If bliss Thy providence impart,
For which resign'd I pray;
Give me to feel the grateful heart!
And without guilt be gay!
- 4 Affliction should thy love intend,
As vice or folly's cure;
Patient to gain that gracious end,
May I the means endure!
- 5 Be this, and every future day
Still wiser than the past;
And, when I all my life survey,
May grace sustain at last.

430

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**TRANGERS and pilgrims here below
This earth we know is not our place.
But hasten thro' this vale of woe,—
And restless to behold Thy face
Swift to our heavenly country move,
Our everlasting home above.
- 2 We have no bidding city here,
But seek a city out of sight;
Thither our steady course must steer,
Aspiring to the plains of light;
Jerusalem, the saints abode,
Whose founder is the living God.
- 3 Through Thee, who all our sins hast borne,
Freely and generously forgiven,
With songs to Zion we return
Contending for our native heaven;
That palace of our glorious King;
We find it nearer while we sing.

431

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HITHER, ah! whither shall I go,
A frequent wanderer from my Lord?
Can this dark world of sin and woe
One glimpse of happiness afford?
- 2 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives;
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart
Than all the round of nature gives.
- 3 Thy name my inmost powers adore,
Thou art my life, my joy, my care;
Depart from Thee—'tis death—'tis more,
'Tis endless ruin, deep despair!
- 4 Low at Thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine:
Still let me live beneath Thine eye,
For life, eternal life, is Thine.

432

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**EHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
In latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
And draw the wond'ring eyes.
- 2 To this the joyful nations round,
All tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
And to his house we'll go.
- 3 The beam that shines from Sion hill
Shall lighten ev'ry land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs,
Shall all the world command.
- 4 Among the nations He shall judge:
His judgments truth shall guide:
His sceptre shall protect the just
And quell the sinner's pride.
- 5 Come then, O house of Jacob! come
'To worship at his shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With holy beauties shine.

433

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EGONE, unbelief! my Saviour is near,
And for my relief will surely appear:
By prayer let me wrestle, and He will perform:
With Christ in the vessel, I smile at the storm.
- 2 Though dark be my way, since He is my guide,
'Tis *mine* to obey, 'tis *His* to provide:
Tho' cisterns be broken, and creatures all fail,
The word He has spoken shall surely prevail.
- 3 His love, in time past, forbids me to think
He'll leave me at last in trouble to sink!
Each sweet Ebenezer I have in review,
Confirms his good pleasure to help me quite thro'.

434

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET not our hearts with anxious thoughts
Be troubled or dismay'd;
But trust in Providence divine
And trust the Saviour's aid.
- 2 He's to His Father's house returned;
There numerous mansions stand,
And glory manifold abounds
Through all the happy land.
- 3 He's gone our entrance to secure,
And our abode prepare;
Regions unknown are safe to us,
When He, our Friend is there.
- 4 Thence shall He come when ages close,
To take us home that we
With Him may meet to part no more,
And still together be.
- 5 He is the Way, the Truth, the Life:
No son of human race,
But such as He conducts and guides,
Shall see His Father's face.

435

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, where'er Thy people meet,
There they behold Thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek Thee Thou art found,
And ev'ry place is hallow'd ground.
- 2 Good Shepherd of Thy chosen race !
Thy former mercies here we trace.
Here, to our waiting hearts proclaim
The glory of Thy saving name.
- 3 Here may we prove the pow'r of pray'r.
To strengthen faith ; and sweeten care ;
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heav'n before our eyes.
- 4 Lord, we are weak, but Thou art near ;
Nor short Thine arm, nor deaf Thine ear ;
Oh rend the heav'ns, come quickly down,
And wholly make our hearts Thine own.

436

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**EE, Lord, Thy willing subjects bow,
Adoring low before Thy throne ;
Accept our humble cheerful vow ;
Thou art our sov'reign, Thou alone.
- 2 Beneath Thy soul reviving ray,
Ev'n cold afflictions wint'ry gloom
Shall brighten into vernal day,
And hopes and joys immortal bloom.
- 3 Smile on our souls and bid us sing,
In concert with the choir above,
The glories of our Saviour King,
The condescensions of His love,
- 4 He died !—ye seraphs, tune your songs,
Resound on high the Saviour's name ;
For nought below immortal tongues
Can ever reach the wond'rous theme.

• MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'LL sing the wonders of His love,
And praise and glory give,
To Him who left his throne above,
And died that we might live.
- 2 We'll sing the wonders of His truth,
Which shows in ev'ry page,
The promise made to earliest youth
Fulfill'd to latest age,
- 3 We'll sing the wonders of His power;
Who with his own right arm,
Upholds and keeps us every hour,
And shields our souls from harm.
- 4 We'll sing the wonders of His name,
And Jesus Christ adore;
Him for our Lord and God proclaim,
And praise Him evermore.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**S strangers here below,
With various woes oppress,
We must through tribulation go
To our eternal rest.
- 2 Thus Christ, our glorious head,
Ascended to His throne;
Why should his saints refuse to tread
The way their Lord has gone?
- 3 The path to glory lies
Thro' anguish and distress;
But joyful we at length shall rise,
The kingdom to possess.
- 4 'Tis needful that we bear
Our father's rod of love;
We pass through tribulation here,
'That we may rest above;

439

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be,
"Clothed with humility."
- 2 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little child;
Pleas'd with all the Lord provides,
Wean'd from all the world besides.
- 3 Father, fix my soul on Thee;
Ev'ry evil let me flee;
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy in Thy precious love.
- 4 O that all may seek and find
Ev'ry good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

440

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify Thyself in me;
Meekly beaming in my face,
May the world Thine image see.
- 2 Happy only in Thy love,
Poor unfriended, or unknown,
Fix my thoughts on things above,
Stay my heart on Thee alone.
- 3 Humble, holy, all resign'd
To Thy will ('Thy will be done!')
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of Thy well-beloved Son;
- 4 Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path He trod,
Bear with Him on earth my cross,
Rise with Him to Thee, my God.

441

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**OD, in the Gospel of His Son,
Makes His eternal counsels known,
Where love in all its glory shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.
- 2 Here sinners, fill'd with grief and shame,
May taste His grace, and learn His name;
May read, in characters of blood,
The wisdom, power, and grace of God.
- 3 Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies.
Here shines the light which guides our way
From earth to realms of endless day.
- 4 O! grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark Thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

442

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**O trembling penitent to Thee
E'er turn'd and was denied:
Accept, O Lord, our only plea;—
For us Thy Son hath died.
- 2 For Him, Thy gift, Thy name we bless:
To us, for whom He died,
Through faith impute His righteousness,
And we are justified.
- 3 Nor rest we here, Thou God of love!
May we, for whom He died,
Receive Thy Spirit from above,
And thus be sanctified.
- 4 At length made holy, just, forgiven,
Through Christ, who for us died,
May we, exchanging earth for heaven,
With Him be glorified.

443

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IKE angels above,
 'Tis our's to adore
 The God whom we love,
 Whose grace we implore.
- 2 He smiles, and we live,
 He frowns, and we die.
 Come then, praises give,
 To Jesus on high.
- 3 He'll blessings impart;
 He'll doubtings efface
 From th' penitent heart
 That trusts in his grace
- 4 He'll grant all below
 Which goodness can give.
 Then heaven bestow
 To all who Him love.

444

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** THOU, to whose all searching sight,
 The darkness shineth as the light;
 Search, prove my heart, it pants for Thee;
 O burst these bonds, and set it free!
- 2 When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
 When sinks my heart in waves of woe;
 Jesus, Thy timely aid impart,
 And raise my head and cheer my heart.
- 3 Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
 Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee!
 O let Thy hand support me still,
 And lead me to Thy holy hill!
- 4 If rough and thorny be the way,
 My strength proportion to my day;
 Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
 Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Heaven, whose love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy pard'ning love extend.
- 2 Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy saving grace extend.
- 3 Eternal Spirit, by whose breath
The soul is rais'd from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
To us Thy quick'ning power extend.
- 4 Jehovah! Father, Spirit, Son!
Mysterious Godhead! Three in One !
Before Thy throne we sinners bend ;
Grace, pardon, life, to us extend.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL praise to Thee my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under 'Thy own Almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done ;
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave, as little as my bed ;
To die, that this frail body may,
Rise glorious at the awful day,
- 4 O may my soul in 'Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more vigorous make,
To serve my God when I awake.

447

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **Q**UIET, Lord, my froward heart,
Make me teachable and mild,
Upright, simple, free from art,
Make me as a weaned child;
From distrust and envy free,
Pleas'd with all that pleases Thee.
- 2 What Thou shalt to-day provide,
Let me as a child receive;
What to-morrow may betide,
Calmly to Thy wisdom leave:
'Tis enough that Thou wilt care,
Why should I the burden bear?
- 3 As a little child relies
On a care beyond his own,
Knows he's neither strong nor wise,
Fears to stir a step alone:
Let me thus with Thee abide,
As my Father, Guard, and Guide.

448

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**IGH as the heav'ns, eternal God!
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.
- 2 For ever firm Thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of Thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.
- 3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast Thy bounty share;
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.
- 4 My God ! how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs ;
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

449

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD, our languid souls inspire,
For here, we trust, Thou art!
Send down a coal of heav'nly fire,
To warm each waiting heart.
- 2 Thou, Shepherd of Thy people! hear,
Thy presence now display;
As Thou hast giv'n a place for pray'r,
So give us hearts to pray.
- 3 Show us some token of Thy love,
Our hope, O do Thou raise;
On us pour blessings from above,
That we may render praise.
- 4 The feeling heart, the melting eye,
The humbled mind bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
To make our graces grow!
- 5 May we in faith receive Thy word,
In faith present our pray'rs;
And, in the presence of our Lord,
Unbosom all our cares.

450

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **I**SRUEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where Thy flock rejoicing go.
- 2 Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit the sheltering fold;
Heedless of Thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold?
- 3 No; Thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found Thee, and would never,
Never wander from Thee more.

451

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**H' atoning work is done,
The victim's blood is shed;
And Jesus now is gone,
His people's cause to plead:
He stands in heaven their great high priest,
And bears their name upon His breast
- 2 And, though awhile He be
Hid from the eyes of men,
His people look to see
Their great high priest again:
In brightest glory He will come,
And take His waiting people home.

452

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU who art enthron'd above,
Thou by whom we live and move,
O how sweet, with joyful tongue,
To resound Thy praise in song!
When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
All Thy favours to rehearse,
And give thanks in grateful verse.
- 2 Sweet the day of sacred rest,
When devotion fills the breast,
When we dwell within 'Thy house,
Hear 'Thy word and pay our vows,
Notes to heaven's high mansions raise,
Fill its courts with joyful praise;
With repeated hymns proclaim
Our Jehovah's awful name.
- 3 From Thy works our joys arise,
O Thou only good and wise!
Who Thy wonders can declare?
How profound Thy counsels are!
Warm our hearts with sacred fire,
Grateful fervours still inspire;
All our powers, with all their might,
Ever in Thy praise unite.

453

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE rolling sun, the changing light,
And nights and days God's power confess;
But the blest volume of Thy word
Reveals Thy justice and Thy grace.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness arise,
Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
Thy Gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 3 Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renew'd, and sins forgiv'n;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make Thy word my guide to heav'n.

454

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME ye, who love the Lord,
And feel his quick'ning pow'r;
Unite with one accord,
His goodness to adore:
Let heaven and earth aloud proclaim,
The great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 2 He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept, and bled, and died;
The Lord of life resign'd his breath,
To save us from the second death.
- 3 He burst the grave and rose,
Victorious from the dead;
And thence His vanquish'd foes,
In glorious triumph led:
He rose to heaven His high abode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.
- 4 He'll soon in glory come,
And earth shall flee away;
He'll take His children home,
To live in endless day:
We then shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

455

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**N vain the giddy world inquires,
Forgetful of their God,
"Who will supply our vast desires,
"Or show us any good?"
- 2 Thro' the wide circuit of the earth
Their eager wishes rove,
In chase of honour, wealth, and mirth,
The phantoms of their love.
- 3 Lord, from this world call off our love,
Set our affections right;
Bid us aspire to joys above,
And walk no more by sight.
- 4 O let the glories of Thy face
Upon our bosoms shine;
Assur'd of Thy forgiving grace,
Our joys will be divine.

456

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **V**AINLY through night's weary hours
Keep we watch lest foes alarm;
Vain our bulwarks and our towers,
But for God's protecting arm.
- 2 Vain were all our toil and labour,
Did not God that labour bless;
Vain without his Grace and favour;
Every talent we possess.
- 3 Vainer still the hope of Heaven,
That on human strength relies;
But to him shall help be given
Who in humble faith applies.
- 4 Seek we then the Lord's anointed,
He shall grant us peace and rest;
Ne'er was suppliant disappointed
Who through Christ his prayer address'd.

457

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I my vows to Thee renew;
Scatter my sins as morning dew,
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.
- 2 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 3 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

458

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OLY Spirit, from on high,
Bend on us a pitying eye;
Animate the drooping heart,
Bid the power of sin depart:
- 2 Light up every dark recess
Of our heart's ungodliness;
Show us every devious way,
Where our steps have gone astray:
- 3 Teach us with repentant grief
Humbly to implore relief:
Then the Saviour's blood reveal,
All our deep disease to heal.
- 4 Other groundwork should we lay,
Sweep those empty hopes away;
Make us feel that Christ alone
Can for human guilt atone.
- 5 May we daily grow in grace,
And pursue the heavenly race,
Train'd in wisdom, led by love
Till we reach our rest above.

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **W**HAT secret hand, at morning light,
Unseen, unseals mine eye,
Draws back the curtain of the night,
And opens earth and sky ?
- 2 'Tis Thine, my God, the same that kept
My resting hours from harm ;
No ill came nigh me, for I slept
Beneath the Almighty's arm.
- 3 'Tis Thine, my daily bread that brings,
Like manna scatter'd round,
And clothes me as the lily springs
In beauty from the ground.
- 4 O may Thy hand uphold me still,
Through life's uncertain race,
To bring me to Thine holy hill,
And to Thy dwelling place.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **N**OW begin the heavenly theme,
Sing aloud in Jesus' name ;
Ye who Jesus' kindness prove,
Triumph in redeeming love.
- 2 Ye who see the Father's grace,
Beaming in the Saviour's face,
As to Canaan on ye move
Praise and bless redeeming love.
- 3 Welcome all, by sin opprest,
Welcome to the Saviour's breast ;
Nothing brought him from above,
Nothing but redeeming love.
- 4 Hither then our music bring,
Strike aloud each joyful string ;
Let us join the hosts above,
Join to praise redeeming love.

461

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE days of old to mind I call'd,
And oft did think upon
The times and ages, that are past
Full many years ago.
- 2 By night my song I call to mind,
And commune with my heart,
My sp'rit did carefully enquire
How I might ease my smart.
- 3 Yea, I remember will the works
Performed by the Lord:
The wonders done of old by Thee
I surely will record.
- 4 I also will of all Thy works
My meditation make,
And of Thy doings to discourse
Great pleasure I will take.
- 5 O God, Thy way most holy is,
Within Thy sanctuary;
And what God is so great in pow'r
As is our God most high?

462

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of the wide creation,
Light of light, eternal Word!
Soul and body's preservation
I commit to Thee, O Lord!
- 2 When I close mine eyes in slumber,
And my senses are asleep,
Let my waking heart the number
Of Thy mercies tell and keep.
- 3 Pardon, Jesus, each transgression,
Whether open or unknown;
Thus removing that oppression
Under which I else should groan.

463

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **Z**ION, the city of our God,
How glorious is the place!
The Saviour there has His abode,
There sinners see His face!
- 2 Firm, against ev'ry adverse shock,
Its mighty bulwarks prove;
'Tis built upon the living Rock,
And wall'd around with love.
- 3 There all the fruits of glory grow,
And joys that never die;
And streams of grace and knowledge flow,
The soul to satisfy.
- 4 Come, with our faces Zion-ward,
The sacred road enquire;
And let a union to the Lord
Be henceforth our desire.

464

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **E**RE another Sabbath's close;
Ere again we seek repose;
Lord, our thanks ascend to Thee,
At Thy feet we bow the knee.
- 2 For the mercies of the day;
For this rest upon our way;
Thanks to Thee alone be given,
Lord of earth, and King of heaven.
- 3 Whilst this devious path we tread,
May Thy love our footsteps lead;
When our journey here is past,
May we rest with Thee at last.
- 4 Let these earthly Sabbaths prove
Foretastes of our joys above;
While their steps Thy pilgrims bend
To the rest which knows no end.

465

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Him that chose us first,
Before the world began ;
To Him who bore the curse
To save rebellious man ;
To Him that form'd our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.
- 2 Let ev'ry saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One :
The heavens shall raise his honours high ;
Him all shall praise eternally.

466

MONDAY EVENING.

- L**ET heaven and earth unite ;
Angels and men be join'd,
To celebrate with us
The Saviour of mankind,—
To fall before th' atoning Lamb,
And praise the blessed Jesus' name.
- 2 Jesus, transporting sound !
The joy of earth and heaven—
No other help is found,
No other name is given,
By which we can salvation have ;
But Thou didst come the world to save.
- 3 Thy name the sinner hears,
And is from sin set free :
'Tis music in his ears,
'Tis life and victory :
New songs of praise his lips employ,
And leaps his heart with holy joy.
- 4 Oh, unexampled love !
Oh, rich redeeming grace !
How swiftly didst Thou move
To save a fallen race !
How shall we make the tidings known
Of what Thy love, Thy grace has done ?

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**H' eternal Lord doth reign as king,
 Let all the people quake;
 He sits between the cherubim,
 Let th' earth be mov'd and shake.
- 2 The Lord in Sion great and high
 Above all people is;
 Thy great and dreadful name (for it
 Is holy) let us bless.
- 3 The Lord our God exalt on high,
 And rev'rently do we
 Before his footstool worship Him:
 The Holy One is He.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **U**NWORTHY, Lord, of all
 Thy mercies, though we be,
 Yet for the greatest we may call,
 The greatest are most free.
- 2 Thy Son Thou didst not spare,
 Yet us Thou sparest still;
 Him didst 'Thou send our guilt to bear,
 Our righteousness fulfil.
- 3 For such amazing grace,
 What can poor sinners give?
 At 'Thy command we seek Thy face,
 We meet our Judge and live.
- 4 The world we would forsake,
 Our all to Thee resign;
 Oh save us, for Thy mercies sake!
 Oh save us!—we are 'Thine.
- 5 Meanwhile, as pilgrims here,
 Who seek our home above,
 Thee may we serve with holy fear
 And love with child-like love.

469

WEDNESDAY MORNING..

- 1 **S**ALVATION! O the joyful sound!
What pleasure to our ears!
A sov'reign balm for ev'ry wound,
A cordial for our fears.
- 2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
In death's dark gloom we lay,
But we arise, by grace divine,
To see a heav'nly day.
- 3 Salvation! let the echo fly
The spacious earth around,
While all the armies of the sky
Conspire to raise the sound.
- 4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
To Thee the praise belongs:
Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
And dwell upon our tongues.

470

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**INCE we oft here with sinners dwell,
Who dare Thy truth oppose,
Help us, O God, by doing well,
To silence all Thy foes.
- 2 Within our minds inscribe Thy law;
Direct us in Thy way;
Our souls to swift obedience draw,
And guard us lest we stray.
- 3 Let prudence, tenderness, and love
Thro' all our actions shine;
Thus shall our conversation prove
Our faith and hope divine.
- 4 And thus shall they be put to shame
Who dare reproach Thy cause;
Sinners shall learn to fear Thy name.
And love Thy holy laws.

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD of my life, O may Thy praise
Employ my highest powers,
Whose goodness lengthens out my days,
And fills the circling hours.
- 2 Preserved by Thy Almighty arm
I pass'd the shades of night ;
Serene, and safe, from every harm,
And see returning light.
- 3 O let the same Almighty care
My waking hours attend ;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.
- 4 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
And guide my future days ;
And let 'Thy goodness fill my soul
With gratitude and praise.

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue ;
And let the joys of heav'n impart
'Their influence to our song.
- 2 Sorrow and pain, and ev'ry care,
And discord there shall cease ;
And perfect joy, and love sincere,
Adorn the realms of peace,
- 3 The soul from sin for ever free,
Shall mourn its power no more ;
But, cloth'd in spotless purity,
Redeeming love adore.
- 4 Lord fit our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire ;
Till in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G** LORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
Sion, city of our God !
He, whose word cannot be broken,
Form'd thee for His own abode.
- 2 On the Rock of Ages founded,
What can shake thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
Thou may'st smile at all thy foes.
- 3 Round each habitation hov'ring,
See the cloud and fire appear !
For a glory and a cov'ring,
Showing that the Lord is near.
- 4 Thus deriving from our banner
Light by night and shade by day;
Safe we feed upon the manna
Which he give us when we pray.
- 5 Blest inhabitants of Sion,
Wash'd in the Redeemer's blood !
Jesus, whom our souls rely on,
Makes us kings and priests to God.
- 6 'Tis His love His people raises
With Himself to reign as kings;
And as priest, his solemn praises
Each for a thank-off'ring brings.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M** Y Redeemer, dwell in me,
Let me sleep and wake with Thee,
And perceive Thy benediction,
Both in joy, and in affliction.
- 2 Fill me with Thy sacred love,
That I dream of things above,
And bestow on me the favour
Of Thy presence, gracious Saviour!
- 3 I confess the guilt of sin,
But Thy blood can make me clean.
Hear, O Lord, my supplication;
Grant me joy and consolation.

475

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **R**OCK of Ages! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee ;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy side a healing flood,
Be of sin the double cure ;
Save from wrath, and make me pure.
- 2 Should my tears for ever flow,
Should my zeal no languor know
This for sin could not atone ;
Thou must save and Thou alone ;
In my hand no price I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.
- 3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death ;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne ;
Rock of ages ! cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee.

476

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME all that know and fear the Lord,
And raise our thoughts above :
Let ev'ry heart and voice accord
To sing that " God is Love."
- 2 This precious truth his word declares,
And all his mercies prove ;
Jesus the Gift of gifts, appears,
To show that " God is Love."
- 3 The work begun is carried on
By pow'r from heav'n above,
And ev'ry step from first to last,
Declares that " God is Love."
- 4 O may we all, while here below,
This best of blessings prove ;
Till warmer hearts, in brighter worlds,
Proclaim that " God is Love."

477

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, and raise our eyes,
And raise our voices high;
Awake, and praise that sov'reign love,
That shews salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the wings of time it flies,
Each moment brings it near;
Then welcome each declining day!
And each revolving year!
- 3 Not many years their round shall run,
Nor many mornings rise,
Ere all its glories stand reveal'd
To our admiring eyes.
- 4 Ye wheels of nature, speed your course;
Ye mortal pow'rs, decay;
Fast as ye bring the night of death,
Ye bring eternal day.

478

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, Thou mighty King of kings,
Rise with healing in Thy wings,
Bare Thine arm and ride on high,
Glorious in Thy majesty.
- 2 North and south, and east and west,
All are waiting to be blest;
Come and bless them, Prince of Peace,
Give their fetter'd souls release.
- 3 Thus shall earth's extended frame
Swell the trophies of Thy name,
And redeemed souls confess
"Jesus is our righteousness."
- 4 Saviour, send Thy Spirit down,
By His work Thy pleasure crown;
If He breathe not on the slain,
All our efforts are in vain.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**IX, O fix, each wav'ring mind,
To Thy cross our spirits bind ;
Earthly passions far remove,
Swallow up our souls in love.
- 2 Poor and sinful though we be,
Full of guilt and misery,
Make us Thine, Thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of Thy blood.
- 3 Sinners who in Thee believe
Everlasting life receive ;
They, with joy, shall see Thy face,
And adore Thy pard'ning grace.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU art the God that wonders dost
By Thy right hand most strong ;
Thy mighty power Thou hast declar'd
The nat'ons all among.
- 2 To Thine own people with Thine arm,
Thou didst redemption bring,
To Jacob's sons, and to the tribes
Of Joseph that do spring.
- 3 The waters, Lord, perceived Thee,
The waters saw Thee well ;
And they for fear aside did flee :
The depths on trembling fell.
- 4 Thy way is in the sea, and in
The waters great Thy path ;
Yet are Thy footsteps hid, O Lord ;
None knowledge thereof hath.
- 5 Thy people Thou didst safely lead,
Like to a flock of sheep ;
By Moses' hand and Aaron's Thou
Didst them conduct and keep.

481

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HILE nature's voice is lifted high,
To praise the Maker of the sky;
And creatures all unite to sing
The glories of their gracious King.
- 2 Our grateful hearts, O Lord, would raise
A feeble tribute to Thy praise :
And with our thankful tongues declare,
How large, how kind Thy bounties are.
- 3 On Thee our lives and souls depend,
Our heavenly Father, Guide, and Friend ;
And we are happy if we share
Thy smiles, Thy counsels, and Thy care.
- 4 O may we now be taught Thy grace,
And love to seek our Father's face ;
And from Thy words now learn the road
That leads to holiness and God !

482

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HAT we may walk with God,
He forms our hearts anew;
Takes us, like Ephraim, by the hand,
And teaches us to go.
- 2 He by His Spirit leads,
In paths before unknown;
The work to be perform'd is ours,
The strength is all His own.
- 3 Assisted by His grace,
We still pursue our way;
And hope at last to reach the prize.
Secure in endless day.
- 4 'Tis He that works to will,
'Tis He that works to do;
His is the power by which we act,
His be the glory too.

483

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **A** SAVIOUR is my hope:
He bought me with his blood;
He rose, He reigns, and sends His help,
That I may live to God.
- 2 His charge to keep I have;
My God to glorify:
To come to Him my soul to save,
And fit me for the sky;
- 3 Through grace to serve mankind,
My calling to fulfil,
To be renew'd in heart and mind
To do His holy will,
- 4 Arm me with jealous care,
As in Thy sight to live;
And, oh! Thy servant, Lord, prepare
Account with joy to give.
- 5 Help me to watch and pray,
And on Thyself rely;
Lord Jesus, be my Life, my Way,
And I shall never die.

484

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**UTHOR of life, with grateful heart,
My evening song I'll raise:
But Oh! Thy thousand thousand gifts
Exceed my highest praise.
- 2 What sins or follies, holy God,
I may this day have done,
I would confess with grief, and pray
For pardon, through Thy Son,
- 3 Much of my precious time I've lost;
This sinful waste forgive;
By one day nearer brought to death,
May I begin to live.

485

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**Y God, how endless is Thy love !
Thy gifts are every evening new,
And morning mercies from above
Gently distil like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
'Thou guardian of my sleeping hours ;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to Thy command,
To Thee I consecrate my days ;
Perpetual blessings from Thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

486

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESS, O my soul ! the living God ;
Call home Thy thoughts that rove abroad
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.
- 2 Bless, O my soul ! the God of grace ;
His favours claim thy highest praise ;
Why should the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?
- 3 'Twas He, my soul, that sent His Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done ;
He owns the ransom, and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Not half so high His power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As His rich love exceeds our praise,—
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.
- 5 Then, O my soul ! with joyful tongue,
Proclaim His mercies in thy song ;
Let not the wonders He hath wrought
Be lost in silence, and forgot ?

487

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINE only is the day, O Lord,
Thine also is the night;
And Thou alone prepared hast
The sun and shining light.
- 2 By Thee the borders of the earth
Were settled every where:
The summer and the winter both
By 'Thee created were.
- 3 Unto Thy cov'nant have respect:
For earth's dark places be
Full of the habitations
Of horrid cruelty.
- 4 O let not those that be oppressed
Return again with shame:
Let those that poor and needy are
Give praise unto Thy name.
- 5 Do Thou, O God, arise and plead
The cause that is Thine own:
Remember how 'Thou art reproach'd
Still by the foolish one.

488

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we cannot let Thee go,
Till a blessing Thou bestow;
Do not turn away Thy face,
From an urgent, pressing case.
- 2 Thou hast help'd in ev'ry need,
This emboldens us to plead;
After so much mercy past,
Canst Thou let us sink at last?
- 3 No, we must maintain our hold,
Tis Thy goodness makes us bold;
We can no denial take,
When we plead for Jesus' sake.

489

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**ELIEVERS never die ;
The Son of God declares ;
There hidden life all shafts defy,
Eternal life is theirs.
- 2 In hope their bodies rest,
Till the great rising day;
Their spirits, then, completely blest,
Rejoin their sacred clay.
- 3 Then let us wipe each tear ;
Our friends have gone before ;
Forbid each sinful doubt and fear,
For they live evermore.
- 4 We're safe, in Christ, awake;
They're safe with Christ who sleep,
None from his hand can ever take,
The meanest of his sheep.

490

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** THOU whose compassionate care
Forbids my fond heart to complain !
Now graciously teach me to bear
The weight of affliction and pain.
- 2 Though cheerless my days seem to flow,
Though weary and wakeful my nights,
What comfort it gives me to know
'Tis the hand of a Father that smites !
- 3 A tender Physician Thou art,
Who woundest in order to heal ;
And comfort divine dost impart :
'To soften the anguish we feel.
- 4 Oh ! let this correction be blest,
And answer Thy gracious design ;
Then grant that my soul may find rest
In comforts so healing as Thine.

491

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Spirit, source of love,
With light and comfort from above :
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide ;
O'er every thought and step preside.
- 2 The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way ;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may not depart.
- 3 Lead us to holiness,—the road
That we must take to dwell with God :
Lead us to Christ, the living way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray.

492

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **D**OES the Lord of glory speak
To His creatures here below ?
And may those so frail and weak
All His gracious dealings know ?
Does the blessed Bible bring
Tidings from our heavenly King ?
- 2 Oh with what intense desire
Should we search that sacred book !
Here our zeal should never tire ;
Here we should delight to look
For the rules by mercy given,
To conduct our souls to heaven.
- 3 Shall not he that humbly seeks
All the light of truth discern ?
Do we not, when Jesus speaks,
Feel our hearts within us burn ?
For His soul-reviving voice
Bids the mourning heart rejoice.
- 4 Lord, Thy teaching grace impart,
That we may not read in vain ;
Write Thy precepts on our heart,
Make Thy truths and doctrines plain,
Let the message of Thy love
Guide us to Thy rest above.

493

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E cast our burdens on the Lord,
Firmly lean upon His word;
We will soon have cause to bless
His eternal faithfulness.
- 2 He sustains us by His hand,
He enables us to stand;
Those whom Jesus once hath lov'd
From His grace are never mov'd.
- 3 Heaven and earth may pass away,
God's free grace shall not decay
He hath promis'd to fulfil
All the pleasure of his will.
- 4 Jesus, Guardian of Thy flock,
Be Thyself our constant rock;
Take us by 'Thy powerful hand,
Strong as Sion's mountain stand.

494

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE gospel comes with welcome news
To sinners lost like me.
Their various schemes while others choose,
Saviour, I come to Thee.
- 2 Of merit now I cannot speak,
For merit I have none;
I'm justified for Jesus' sake,
I'm sav'd by grace alone.
- 3 'Twas grace my wayward heart first won,
'Tis grace that holds me fast:
Grace will complete the work begun,
And save me to the last.
- 4 Then shall my soul with rapture trace
What God hath done for me,
And celebrate redeeming grace
Throughout eternity.

495

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR God shall all our wants supply
From his o'erflowing stores ;
For streams of mercy from on high
His arm Almighty pours.
- 2 From Christ, the ever living spring,
These ample blessings flow ;
Prepare our lips His praise to sing,
Whose heart hath love'd us so.
- 3 Now, to our Father, and our God,
Be endless glory given.
Through all the realms of man's abode,
And through the highest heaven.

496

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! the song of Jubilee,
Loud as mighty thunders roar ;
Or the fulness of the sea,
When it breaks upon the shore.
- 2 Hallelujah ! for the Lord
God omnipotent shall reign:
Hallelujah ! let the word
Echo round the earth and main.
- 3 Hallelujah !—hark ! the sound,
From the centre to the skies,
Wake above, beneath, around,
All creation's harmonies.
- 4 See Jehovah's banners furl'd,
Sheath'd his sword : He speaks—'tis done
And the kindgoms of the world
Are the kingdoms of His Son.
- 5 He shall reign from pole to pole
With illimitable sway :
He shall reign when, like a scroll,
Yonder heavens have passed away.
- 6 Then the end—beneath His rod
Man's last enemy shall fall:
Hallelujah, Christ in God,
God in Christ is all in all.

497

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** LORD ! Thy Holy Spirit send
To be our Counsellor and Friend ;
This promis'd blessing we would claim,
In our exalted Saviour's name.
- 2 Spirit Divine, Thy grace impart
To guide and sanctify each heart :
To us the things of Christ display,
And lead us in " the narrow way."
- 3 O may Thy blessing, like a show'r
From heaven, upon our bosoms pour ;
And may Thy copious floods of grace
Descend on all that seek Thy face.

498

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **Y**E servants of the living God,
Let praise your hearts employ ;
And, as you tread salvation's road,
Lift up the voice of joy.
- 2 Have they not reason to rejoice
Whose sins have been forgiven,
Call'd by a gracious Father's choice
To be the heirs of heaven ?
- 3 How do the captive's transports flow
When rescued from his chains !
And how must sinners joy to know
Their own Messiah reigns !
- 4 Oh ! grant us, Lord, to feel and own
The power of love divine,
The blood which doth for sin atone,
The grace which makes us Thine.
- 5 The Spirit of adoption give ;
Teach us, with ev'ry breath,
'To sing Thy mercies while we live,
And praise Thy name in death.

499

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM age to age exalt his name;
God and his grace are still the same;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.
- 2 When to the Lord we raise our cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all the dismal shade
That hangs so heavy round our head,
- 3 He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with ev'ry good,
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.
- 4 Oh! may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord;
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

500

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, for ever at Thy side
May my place and portion be;
Strip me of the robe of pride;
Clothe me with humility.
- 2 Meekly may my soul receive
All 'Thy Spirit hath reveal'd;
Thou hast spoken,—*I* believe,
Though the prophecy were seal'd.
- 3 Quiet as a weaned child,
Weaned from the mother's breast,
By no subtlety beguil'd,
On 'Thy faithfulness I rest.
- 4 Saints, rejoicing evermore,
In the Lord Jehovah trust;
Him in all His ways adore,
Wise, and wonderful, and just.

501

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY to the Father give,
God in whom we move and live ;
Children's prayers He deigns to hear ;
Children's songs delight his ear.
- 2 Glory to the Son we bring,
Christ our Prophet, Priest and King ;
Children, raise your sweetest strain
To the Lamb, for He was slain.
- 3 Glory to the Holy Ghost,
He reclaims the sinner lost ;
All our minds may He inspire.
Touch our tongues with holy fire.
- 4 Glory in the highest be
To the blessed Trinity,
For the gospel from above,
For the word that " God is love."

502

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LESSED Jesus, heavenly Lamb,
Thine and only thine I am ;
Take me, body, spirit, soul,
Only Thou possess the whole.
- 2 Thou my one thing needful be,
Let me ever cleave to Thee ;
Let me choose the better part ;
Let me give Thee all my heart.
- 3 Fairer than the sons of men,
Do not let me turn again ;
Leave the fountain-head of bliss,
Stoop to creature happiness.
- 4 All my treasure is above,
All my riches is Thy love ;
Who Thy depth of love can tell ?
Infinite, unsearchable.

503

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**H ! for the eye of faith divine,
To pierce beyond the grave,
To see that Friend, and call Him mine
Whose arm is strong to save.
- 2 Behold my glorious leader nigh ;
My Lord, my Saviour, lives ;
Before Him death's pale terrors fly,
And my faint heart revives.
- 3 Lord, I commit my soul to Thee ;
Accept the sacred trust :
Receive this nobler part of me,
And watch the sleeping dust ;—
- 4 Till Thou shalt in Thy glory come,
When all Thy saints shall rise,
And, cloth'd in full immortal bloom,
Attend Thee to the skies.

504

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is Thine,
Lodg'd in Thy sov'reign hand ;
And, if its sun arise and shine,
It shines by Thy command.
- 2 The present moment flies,
And bears our life away ;
Oh ; make Thy servants truly wise,
That they may live to-day.
- 3 Since on this winged hour
Eternity is hung,
Awaken, by Thy mighty power,
The aged and the young.
- 4 One thing demands our care—
Be that one thing pursued ;
Lest slighted once, the season fair
Should never be renew'd.

505

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** GAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.
- 2 O what a night was that, which wrapt
A sinful world in gloom !
O what a sun which broke, this day,
Triumphant from the tomb !
- 3 This day be grateful homage paid,
And loud hosannahs sung;
Let gladness dwell in ev'ry heart,
And praise on ev'ry tongue.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings,
To nations yet unborn.

506

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B** LESS'D day of God, how calm, how bright
A day of joy and praise ;
The lab'rer's rest, the saint's delight,
The first and best of days.
- 2 This day the Lord our Saviour rose
Victorious from the dead ;
And, as a conqueror, his foes
In glorious triumph led.
- 3 This day believers doth enrich ;
May grace rest on them all ;
It is their Pentecost, on which
The Holy Ghost doth fall,
- 4 As the first fruits an earnest prove
Of all the sheaves behind,
So they who do the Sabbath love
A happy week shall find.

507

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us sing with one accord,
Praise to heaven's eternal Lord;
He is worthy whom we praise,
Hearts and voices let us raise !
- 2 He hath made us by his power,
He hath kept us to this hour,
He redeems us from the grave,
Lives to bless, who died to save.
- 3 What he bids us let us do,
Where he leads us let us go;
As he loves us let us love
Man below and saints above.
- 4 Angels praise him, so will we,
Sinful, guilty though we be;
Poor and weak we'll sing the more,
Jesus loves the weak and poor.

508

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE through this changing world we
From infancy to age ; [haste
Heaven is the Christian pilgrim's home,
His rest at every stage.
- 2 Thither our raptured thought ascends,
Eternal joys to share ;
There our adoring spirit bends,
While here we kneel in prayer.
- 3 From earth our freed affections rise,
To fix on things above,
Where all our hope of glory lies,
And all is perfect love.
- 4 Henceforth our conversation be
With Christ before the throne ;
Ere long we eye to eye shall see,
And know as we are known.

509

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **T**O God, who chose us in his Son,
Ere time its course began :
To Christ, who left his radiant throne,
And died for guilty man ;
To God the Spirit, who applies
The Lamb's atoning sacrifice ;
- 2 To the eternal equal Three,
The undivided One,
Let saints and angels both agree
To give the praise alone ;
In earth, in heaven, by all ador'd,
The holy, holy, holy Lord.

510

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT are these in bright array ?
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar, night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song ?
" Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
Blessing, honour, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain ;
New dominion, ev'ry hour."
- 2 These through fiery trials trod ;
These from great affliction came :
Now before the throne of God,
Seal'd with his almighty name ;
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor-palms in ev'ry hand,
Through their crown'd Redeemer's might,
More than conquerors they stand.
- 3 Hunger, thirst, disease unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed ;
Them the Lamb amidst the throne,
Shall to living fountains lead :
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love dispels all fears,
And for ever from their eyes
God shall wipe away the tears.

511

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LORY, glory everlasting,
Be to Him who bore the cross,
Who redeem'd our souls by tasting
Death, the death deserv'd by us :
Sound his glory,
While the soul with transport glows.
- 2 Jesus' love is love unbounded,
Without measure, without end ;
Human thought is here confounded,
'Tis too vast to comprehend ;
Praise the Saviour ;
Magnify the sinner's friend.
- 3 While we hear the wondrous story
Of the Saviour's cross and shame,
Sing we, " Everlasting glory
Be to God and to the Lamb :"
Saints and angels,
Give ye glory to his name.

512

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU Comforter divine,
Let Thy bright rays of love
Amidst our gloom and darkness shine,
And guide our souls above.
- 2 Draw with Thy "still small voice"
Us from each sinful way ;
And bid the mourning saint rejoice,
Though earthly joys decay.
- 3 By Thine inspiring breath
Make ev'ry cloud of care,
And e'en the gloomy vale of death,
A smile of glory wear.
- 4 O fill 'Thou ev'ry heart
With love to all our race !
Great Comforter, to us impart
The fulness of Thy grace.

513

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon 'Thy throne above,
And every dark or bending line
Meets in the centre of 'Thy love.
- 2 With feeble light, and half obscure,
Poor mortals 'Thy arrangements view,
Not knowing that the least are sure,
The most mysterious just and true.
- 3 My favour'd soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at 'Thy throne;
Too weak 'Thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my Guide alone.

514

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**Y Thy birth and early years;
By Thy griefs, and sighs, and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By Thy vict'ries in the hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 2 By Thy woe intensely great,
Agony, and bloody sweat;
By Thy robe and crown of scorn,
Rudely offer'd, meekly worn;
By the scandal and the shame
Cast upon 'Thy honour'd name;
Jesus, look with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.
- 3 By Thy passion, cross, and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
By Thy power from death to save;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
Jesus, Saviour of the lost,
Giver of the Holy Ghost,
Look on us with pitying eye,
Hear and spare us when we cry.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN on Sinai's top I see
God descend in majesty,
To proclaim his holy law,
All my spirit sinks with awe.
- 2 When, in ecstasy sublime,
Tabor's glorious steep I climb,
At the too transporting light,
Darkness rushes o'er my sight.
- 3 When on Calvary I rest,
God, in flesh made manifest,
Shines in my Redeemer's face.
Full of beauty, truth, and grace.
- 4 Here I would for ever stay,
Weep and gaze my soul away :
Thou art heaven on earth to me,
Lovely, mournful Calvary !

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME let us all unite to praise
The Saviour of mankind;
Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
Be with our voices join'd.
- 2 Should we through fear or shame refrain,
The very stones would sing,
And tell the universal reign
Of our immortal King.
- 3 Let ev'ry tongue Thy goodness show,
And spread abroad Thy fame;
Let ev'ry heart with praise o'erflow,
And bless Thy wondrous name.
- 4 Worship and honour, thanks and love,
Be to our Saviour given,
By men below, by s'ints above,
By all in earth and heaven.

THIRTYSEVENTH WEEK.

517

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW to Thine altar, Lord,
A broken heart I bring;
And wilt Thou graciously accept
Of such a worthless thing?
To Christ the bleeding Lamb
My faith directs her eyes:
All other offerings are vain,
But not his sacrifice.
- 3 That moment He expired,
The law was satisfied;
And now to its severest claims,
I answer, "Jesus died."

518

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**REAT High Priest, we see Thee stooping,
With our names upon Thy breast;
In the garden groaning, drooping,
To the ground with horrors prest;
Wond'ring angels stood confounded,
To behold their Maker thus;
And can we remain unwounded,
When we know 'twas all for us?
- 2 Nothing but Thy blood, O Jesus!
Can relieve us from our smart;
Nothing else from guilt release us,
Nothing else can melt the heart:
Law and terrors do but harden
All the while they work alone;
But the sense of blood-bought pardon
Can dissolve a heart of stone.
- 3 Jesus, all our consolations
Flow from Thee, the sov'reign good;
Love, and faith, and hope, and patience,
All are purchas'd by Thy blood:
From Thy fulness we receive them;
We have nothing of our own;
Freely Thou delight'st to give them
To the needy who have none.

519

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE happy morn is come ;
Triumphant o'er the grave,
The Saviour leaves the tomb,
Omnipotent to save ;
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 2 Who now accuses them
For whom their surety died ?
Who now shall those condemn
Whom God hath justified ?
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.
- 3 Christ hath the ransom paid ;
The glorious work is done ;
On Him our help is laid ;
By Him our vict'ry won :
Captivity is captive led ;
For Jesus liveth, who was dead.

520

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**PIRIT of truth, come down,
Reveal the things of God,
Make Thou to us Christ's Godhead known,
Apply his precious blood,
His merits glorify,
That each may clearly see
Jesus, who did for sinners die,
Hath surely died for me.
- 2 No man can truly say,
That Jesus is the Lord,
Unless Thou take the veil away,
And breathe the living word:
Then, only then, we feel
Our interest in His blood,
And cry, with joy unspeakable,
"Thou art my Lord, my God!"

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OR ever blessed be the Lord,
My Saviour and my shield ;
He sends His Spirit with His word,
To arm me for the field.
- 2 When sin and hell their force unite,
He makes my soul His care ;
Instructs me for the heavenly fight,
And guards me through the war.
- 3 A Friend and Helper so Divine,
Doth my weak courage raise ;
He makes the glorious victory mine,
And His shall be the praise.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, I believe a rest remains,
To all Thy people known ;
A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
And 'I thou art loved alone.
- 2 A rest where all our soul's desire
Is fix'd on things above ;
Where fear, and sin, and grief expire,
Cast out by perfect love.
- 3 O that I now the rest might know,
Believe, and enter in !
O, Saviour, now, the power bestow,
That I may cease from sin.
- 4 The bliss Thou hast for me prepar'd
No longer be delay'd !
Come, my exceeding great Reward,
For whom I first was made.
- 5 Come, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
And seal me Thine abode ;
Let all I am in Thee be lost ;
Let all be lost in God.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT must it be to dwell above,
At God's right hand, where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on these dreary plains !
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.
- 2 When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all His works of grace explore !
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine !
- 3 This is the heaven I long to know ;
For this, with patience, I would wait,
Till, wean'd from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave a palm, and wear a crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to Thee;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like Thine own.
- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
Share in his grief, supply his need !
The haughty frown may I not fear,
But with a lowly meekness bear.
- 3 To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provok'd, with anger burn.
- 4 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the Gospel are;
And God Himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **I**NFINITE excellence is Thine,
Thou glorious Prince of Grace !
Thy uncreated beauties shine
With never-fading rays.
- 2 Sinners, from earth's remotest end,
Come bending at Thy feet;
To Thee their prayers and songs ascend,
In Thee their wishes meet.
- 3 Millions of happy spirits live
On Thy exhaustless store;
From Thee they all their bliss receive,
And still Thou givest more.
- 4 Thou art their triumph and their joy;
They find their all in Thee;
Thy glories will their tongues employ
Through all eternity.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**ND can it be, that I should gain
An interest in the Saviour's blood ?
Died He for me, who caused His pain ?
For me, who Him to death pursued ?
Amazing love ! how can it be,
That Thou, my Lord, should'st die for me !
- 2 'Tis mystery all ! The Immortal dies !
Who can explore this strange design ?
In vain the first-born seraph tries
To sound the depths of love divine !
'Tis mercy all ! Let earth adore,
Let angel minds inquire no more.
- 3 No condemnation now I dread,
Jesus, and all in Him is mine :
Alive in Him, my living Head,
And clothed in righteousness divine,
Bold I approach th' eternal throne.
And claim the Crown, through Christ, my own.

527

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E'VE no abiding city here;
O let us live as pilgrims do;
Let not this world our rest appear;
But let us haste from all below.
- 2 We've no abiding city here:
We seek a city out of sight;
Zion its name—"The Lord is there;"
It shines with everlasting light.
- 3 Zion, Jehovah is her strength,
Secure, she's freed from all her foes:
And weary travellers at length
Within her sacred walls repose.
- 4 Thither our course with joy we bend,
In hope the sacred place to gain,
Where sin, and pain, and sorrow end,
And peace and love for ever reign.
- 5 Oh! sweet abode of peace and love,
Where pilgrims freed from toil are bless'd;
Had I the pinions of a dove,
I'd fly to Thee, and be at rest.
- 6 But hush my soul, nor dare repine;
The time my God appoints is best;
While here, to do His will be mine;
And His to fix my time of rest.

528

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**FT as I lay me down to rest,
O may the reconciling word
Sweetly compose my weary breast,
While, on the bosom of my Lord,
I sink in blissful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day.
- 2 Rising to sing my Saviour's praise,
Thee may I publish all day long;
And let Thy precious word of grace
Flow from my heart and fill my tongue!
Fill all my life with purest love,
And join me to the Church above.

THIRTYEIGHTH WEEK.

529

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN hush'd the breeze and calm the tide,
Soft will the stream of mem'ry glide,
And all the past, a gentle train,
Waked by remembrance, live again.
- 2 Perhaps that anxious friend I trace,
Beloved till life's last throb shall cease,
Whose voice first taught a Saviour's worth,
A future bliss unknown on earth.
- 3 His faithful counsel, tender care,
Unwearied love, and humble prayer:
O these still claim the grateful tear,
And all my drooping courage cheer!
- 4 If loud the wind, the tempest high,
And darkness wraps the sullen sky,
I muse on life's tempestuous sea,
And sigh, O Lord, to come to Thee.
- 5 Toss'd on the deep and swelling wave,
O mark my trembling soul and save;
Give to my view that harbour near,
Where 'Thou wilt chase each grief and fear!

530

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH Thee I lay me down to sleep,
To Thee I will commend me.
I trust, my Guardian, Thou wilt keep,
And on this night attend me:
Of death I'm not afraid,
Nor world nor hell I dread;
For who with Jesus shuts his eyes,
He also does with Jesus rise.
- 2 As oft this night as my pulse beats,
My spirit shall adore Thee;
Oft as my heart its throb repeats,
My soul shall bow before Thee.
Thus I to sleep recline;
Lord Jesus! I am Thine;
Yea, my Redeemer! 'Thou art mine,
And I am now for ever Thine.

531

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E praise Thee, Lord, for ev'ry good ;
For life, and health, and daily food :
O, grant us thankful hearts to take
All that Thou giv'st, for Jesus' sake !
- 2 And may our souls be daily fed
With Christ, the true and living bread,
Till in Thy presence, Lord, we feast,
With saints above, in endless rest.

532

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**Lmighty Father of mankind,
On Thee my hopes remain :
And when the day of trouble comes,
I shall not trust in vain.
- 2 In early years Thou wast my guide,
And of my youth the friend ;
And as my days began with Thee,
With Thee my days shall end.
- 3 I know the power in which I trust,
The arm on which I lean ;
He will my Saviour ever be,
Who has my Saviour been.
- 4 My God, who caused'st me to hope,
When life began to beat ;
And when a stranger in the world,
Didst guide my wandering feet.
- 5 Thou wilt not cast me off, when age
And evil days descend ;
Thou wilt not leave me in despair,
To mourn my latter end.
- 6 Therefore, in life I'll trust to Thee,
In death I will adore ;
And after death will sing Thy praise,
When time shall be no more.

THIRTYNINTH WEEK.

533

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **H**AIL the day that sees Him rise,
Glorious to his native skies !
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the gates of heaven.
- 2 There the glorious triumph waits ;
Lift your heads, eternal gates :
Christ hath vanquish'd death and sin ;
Take the king of glory in.
- 3 See the heaven its Lord receives !
Yet He loves the earth He leaves ;
Though returning to his throne,
Still He calls mankind his own.
- 4 Still for us He intercedes ;
His prevailing death He pleads ;
Near Himself prepares our place,
Harbinger of human race.
- 5 What, though parted from our sight,
Far above yon azure height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies.

534

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HINE earthly Sabbaths, Lord ! we love ;
But there's a nobler rest above ;
O that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain !
- 2 In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free ;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.
- 3 No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose,
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.
- 4 O long expected day, begin !
Dawn on this world of woe and sin :
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

535

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E bow before Thy sacred throne,
Thou God of truth, to whom alone
The homage due we pay ;
Thy nature and Thy name of love
Bespeak the mercy we would prove,
For which we humbly pray.
- 2 The token of Thy presence, seen
Of old the cherubim between,
Within the holy place,
Made Zion dear to every heart ;
To Israel there Thou didst impart
The treasures of Thy grace.
- 3 Where'er Thy people worship now,
And in the name of Jesus bow,
They see Thy smiling face :
When love supplanteth slavish fear,
Where'er we be we may draw near
Our Father's throne of grace.

536

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**EACE be to this habitation ;
Peace to all that dwell therein ;
Peace, the earnest of salvation ;
Peace, the fruit of pardon'd sin ;
Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver,
Peace to worldly minds unknown ;
Peace divine, that lasts for ever,
Peace, that comes from God alone.
- 2 Prince of peace, be present near us,
Fix in all our hearts Thy home ;
With Thy gracious presence cheer us,
Let Thy sacred kingdom come ;
Raise to heaven our expectation ;
Give our favour'd souls to prove
Glorious and complete salvation,
In the realms of bliss above.

537

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE heav'ns declare Thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry star Thy wisdom shines;
But, when our eyes behold Thy word,
We read Thy name in fairer lines.
- 2 Nor shall Thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the earth Thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
- 3 Thou Sun of Righteousness, arise !
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
Thy laws are pure, Thy judgments right.
- 4 Thy noblest wonders here we view
In souls renew'd and sins forgiv'n;—
Lord, purge *our* sins, *our* souls renew,
And make Thy word *our* guide to heav'n.

538

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, Thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.
- 2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.
- 3 Within Thy circling power I stand;
On ev'ry side I find Thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.
- 4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.
- 5 Search me, O Lord ! and know my heart,
Try me, and prove each inward part;
Show me my sin, and by Thy grace
Lead me in Thine eternal ways.

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, saints, and adore Him ; come bow at
his feet ;
Come, give Him the glory, the praise that is meet ;
Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies.
- 2 To the Lamb that was slain all honour be paid ;
Let crowns without number encircle his head ;
Let blessing, and glory, and riches, and might,
Be ascrib'd evermore by angels of light
Come, saints, and adore Him, &c.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**O, then, earthly fame and treasure,
Come disaster, scorn, and pain,
In Thy service pain is pleasure,
With Thy favour loss is gain.
- 2 I have called Thee, Abba, Father,
I have set my heart on 'Thee;
Storms may howl, and clouds may gather,
All must work for good to me.
- 3 Man may trouble and distress me,
'Twill but drive me to 'Thy breast,
Life with trials hard may press me,
Heaven will bring me sweeter rest.
- 4 Oh! 'tis not in grief to harm me,
While Thy love is left to me,
Oh! 't were not in joy to charm me
Were that joy unmix'd with Thee.
- 5 Soul, then know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

541

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HINK what Spirit dwells within thee;
Think what Father's smiles are thine,
Think that Jesus died to win thee:
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?
- 2 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
- 3 Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days,
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

542

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**E still, my heart, these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares;
They cast dishonour on thy Lord,
And contradict His gracious word.
- 2 Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear?
How canst thou want if He provide?
Or lose thy way with such a guide?
- 3 When first, before His mercy seat,
Thou didst to Him thy all commit;
He gave thee warrant from that hour
To trust His wisdom, love, and power.
- 4 Did ever trouble yet befall,
And He refuse to hear thy call?
And has He not his promise pass'd
That thou shalt overcome at last?
- 5 He who has help'd me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New Ebenezers to his praise.
- 6 Though rough and thorny be the road,
It leads thee home, apace, to God;
Then count thy present trials small,
For heaven will make amends for all.

543

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee when sorrows rise,
On Thee when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.
- 2 When hope revives, tho' press'd with fears,
And I can say "My God!"
Beneath Thy feet I spread my cares,
And pour my woes abroad.
- 3 To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone can'st heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For ev'ry pain I feel.
- 4 Hast Thou not bid me seek Thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?
- 5 Thy mercy-seat is open still,
There let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

544

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
All to leave, and follow Thee;
Naked, poor, despised, forsaken,
Thou, from hence, my all shalt be.
- 2 Perish ev'ry fond ambition,
All I've sought, or hop'd, or known,
Yet how rich is my condition,
God and heaven are still my own!
- 3 Let the world despise and leave me;
They have left my Saviour too;
Human hearts and looks deceive me,
Thou art not like them, untrue;
- 4 And whilst Thou shalt smile upon me,
God of wisdom, love, and might,
Foes may hate, and friends disown me:
Show Thy face, and all is bright.

545

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE world and its deceits
Entice me from my God ;
Tempt me to leave the heavenly path,
And tread the downward road.
- 2 O Thou who on the cross,
Didst for my sins atone,
Although rebellious and perverse,
Do not my soul disown !
- 3 Thine by a thousand ties
I am, and still would be ;
Strengthen my faith, inflame my love,
And draw my soul to Thee.

546

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ONG I strove the Lord to love,
Long I strove his laws to keep ;
Fain would fix my thoughts above,
Mingle with the Saviour's sheep ;
But my striving all proved vain,
Still I found my heart in pain ;
Yet my vileness never saw,
Till declared accursed by law.
- 2 Then with sense of guilt oppress'd,
All my soul was sunk in fear ;
Grief and anguish fill'd my breast :
Then did Jesus Christ appear ;
Not with vengeance in his eyes,
But a precious sacrifice,
Acceptable unto God ;
Glorious offering ! precious blood !
- 3 He was offer'd on the tree,
Jesus the unspotted Lamb ;
Worthy truth, great mystery !
By his blood salvation came.
By his stripes my wounds are heal'd,
By his death, God's love reveal'd ;
We, once strangers far from God,
Are brought nigh by Jesus' blood.

547

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Him who died
Our guilty souls to save;
Of Jesus Christ, the crucified,
Who triumph'd o'er the grave.
- 2 His human and angelic foes
'Gainst Him combin'd in vain:
He died to bear our guilt, and rose
A glorious crown to gain.
- 3 The Father rais'd His only Son;
And thus it was declar'd,
That His atonement He would own,
With honours all unshar'd.
- 4 Exalted on His throne in heaven,
For all His saints He pleads;
And what we ask in pray'r is given
Because He intercedes.

548

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **B**LEST be the Lord, who sent His Son
To take our flesh and blood:
He for our lives gave up His own,
To make our peace with God.
- 2 He honour'd all His Father's laws,
Which we have disobey'd:
He bore our sins upon the cross,
And our full ransom paid.
- 3 Behold Him rising from the grave,
Behold Him raised on high:
He pleads His merits there, to save
Transgressors doom'd to die.
- 4 There on a glorious throne He reigns,
And, by His power divine,
Redeems us from the slavish chains
Of Satan and of sin.
- 5 Thence shall the Lord to judgment come,
And, with a sov'reign voice,
Shall call, and break up every tomb,
While waking saints rejoice.

549

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** THOU Redeemer, dying Lamb !
We love to hear of Thee ;
No music like Thy charming name,
Nor half so sweet can be.
- 2 Thou Jesus shall be still our theme,
While in this world we stay ;
We'll sing of Jesus' precious name,
When all things else decay.
- 3 Should we appear in yonder cloud,
With all His favour'd throng,
Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.

550

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**WEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace possessing,
From the sinner's dying Friend.
- 2 Here I'll sit for ever viewing
Mercy's streams, in streams of blood ;
Precious drops ! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.
- 3 Truly blessed is this station,
Low before his cross to lie ;
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye.
- 4 Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze ;
Love I much ? I've more forgiven :—
I'm a miracle of grace.
- 5 Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death.
- 6 May I still enjoy this feeling,
In all need to Jesus go ;
Prove His wounds each day more healing,
And Himself more fully know.

551

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD ! Thou art my chief delight;—
The steadfast anchor of my soul
That holds me fix'd in darkest night,
When rocks are near and billows roll.
- 2 'Midst fierce affliction's tempest-strife,
My trusting soul shall breathe no sigh,
For God shall be my hope through life—
My boundless comfort when I die.
- 3 What though cares press on ev'ry side,
And urge on all the winds that blow ?
Though anguish rise on every tide,
And cureless pain, and want, and woe ?
- 4 What though my earthly friends depart ?
Though all my hopes be crush'd and riv'n ?
No terrors e'er shall shake my heart
When Jesus is my Friend in heav'n.

552

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glory shines !
For ever be Thy name adored,
For these celestial lines.
- 2 Here may the wretched sons of want
Exhaustless riches find;
Riches, above what earth can grant,
And lasting as the mind.
- 3 Here the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.
- 4 O may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light !
- 5 Divine Instructor, gracious Lord,
Be Thou for ever near !
Teach me to love Thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

553

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far ;
From scenes where Satan wages still ;
His most successful war.
- 2 The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With praise and prayer agree;
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.
- 3 There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love
She communes with her God !
- 4 What thanks I owe Thee, and what love,
A boundless, endless, store,
Shall echo through the realms above
When time shall be no more.

554

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.
- 2 In darkest shades, if He appear,
My dawning is begun ;
He is my soul's sweet morning star,
And He my rising sun.
- 3 The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
When I feel I am His!
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
T' embrace my only Lord.

555

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FATHER! Thou fountain of love,
Which flows to lost sinners below;
O Jesus! sent down from above,
All blessings on us to bestow;—
- 2 And O! Thou bless'd Spirit of God,
Proceeding from Father and Son,
Now fix in our hearts thine abode,
Complete the salvation begun.

556

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HAT though peaceful slumbers flee,
Strangers to my couch and me!
Sleepless, well I know to rest,
Leaning on my Father's breast.
- 2 While the stars unnumber'd roll
Round the ever-constant pole;
Far above these spangled skies,
All my soul to God shall rise.
- 3 'Midst the silence of the night,
Mingling with those angels bright.
Whose harmonious voices raise
Ceaseless love, and ceaseless praise—
- 4 'Midst the throng his gentle ear
Shall my tuneless accents hear;
From on high, doth He impart
Secret comfort to my heart.
- 5 He, in these serenest hours,
Guides my intellectual powers,
And His spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews,—
- 6 Lifting all my thoughts above,
On the wings of faith and love;
Bless'd alternative to me,
Thus to sleep or wake with Thee.

557

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD I would all forsake,
Even friends and life resign,
Gracious Redeemer, take, O take,
And seal me ever thine !
- 2 Come, and possess me whole,
Nor hence again remove ;
Settle, and fix my wavering soul,
With all Thy weight of love.
- 3 My one desire be this,
Thy only love to know,
To seek and taste no other bliss,
No other good below.
- 4 My Life, my portion Thou,
Thou all-sufficient art,
My hope, my heavenly treasure, now
Enter, and keep my heart.

558

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**AISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune,
Let the wide earth respond the deeds
Celestial grace hath done,
- 2 Sing how eternal Love
His chief beloved chose,
And bids Him raise our fallen race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 His hand no thunder bears,
No terrors clothe his brow,
No bolts to drive our guilty souls
To fiercer flames below.
- 4 'Twas mercy fill'd the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 5 Now let us dry our tears,
Let helpless sorrows cease,
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offer'd peace.

559

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, Saviour Jesus, from above !
Assist me with Thy heavenly grace ;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for Thyself prepare the place.
- 2 O let Thy sacred presence fill,
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But day and night to be with Thee.
- 3 That path with humble speed I'll seek.
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine,
Nor will I hear nor will I speak
Of any other love but Thine,
- 4 Nothing on earth would I desire,
But Thy pure love within my breast ;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest.

560

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HY should the children of a King
Go mourning all their days ?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
Some tokens of Thy grace.
- 2 Dost Thou not dwell in all the saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven ?
When wilt Thou banish my complaints,
And show my sins forgiven ?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood ;
And bear Thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.
- 4 Thou art the earnest of His love,
The pledge of joys to come ;
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,
Will safe convey me home.

561

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HIS is the day when Christ arose
So early from the dead ;
Why should I keep my eye-lids clos'd,
And waste my hours in bed ?
- 2 This is the day when Jesus broke
The powers of death and hell ;
And shall I still wear Satan's yoke,
And love my sins so well !
- 3 To-day with pleasure Christians meet
To pray and hear the word :
And I would go with cheerful feet
To learn Thy will, O Lord !
- 4 I'll give myself to read and pray ;
Lord, make me fit for heaven :
Teach me to love this blessed day
The best of all the seven.

562

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **L**ET all who know the Saviour's love,
And His indulgent kindness prove :
In cheerful songs His praise express,—
He will not leave us comfortless.
- 2 His wisdom, goodness, power, and care,
We largely, sweetly, daily share :
Our every fear he will suppress,
Nor will He leave us comfortless.
- 3 When we are pilgrims here below,
And travel through this world of woe,
In storms and floods of deep distress,
He will not leave us comfortless.
- 4 And when we pass thro' death's dark vale,
When flesh and mortal pow'rs shall fail,
Our dying lips shall then confess,
He does not leave us comfortless.
- 5 When we at last shall meet above,
In the blest world of joy and love,
There shall our raptur'd songs express,
He has not left us comfortless.

563

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**OOD, raiment, dwelling, health, and friends,
Thou, Lord, hast made our lot;
With Thee our bliss begins or ends,
As we are Thine or not.
- 2 For these we bend the humble knee;
Our thankful spirits bow;
Yet from Thy gifts we turn to Thee:—
Be Thou our portion, Thou.

564

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies!
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.
- 2 Listen to the wondrous story,
Which they chant in hymns of joy;
Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!
- 3 Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven:—
Loud our golden harps shall sound.
- 4 Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
Heaven and earth His praises sing!
O receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King.
- 5 Hasten, mortals, to adore Him;
Learn His name, and taste His joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before Him,
Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our Great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

565

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**UR songs shall be of Jesus' love,
Who left the heavenly courts above
To bear our guilt and shame ;
Th' eternal uncreated Word,
Both David's son and David's Lord,
Jehovah is his name.
- 2 Thou " King of kings, and Lord of lords,"
Convert our hearts to hear Thy word,
Thy wondrous grace to tell ;
Wake harp of Judah, hear the sound
Far as creation's utmost bound :
All hail ! Immanuel.

566

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**AN of sorrows, and acquainted
With our griefs, what shall we say:
Never language yet hath painted
All the woes that on Thee lay.
Had I seen Thee clothed in weakness,
Bearing our reproach and sickness,
To attend Thee day and night
Would have been my heart's delight.
- 2 O that to this heavenly Stranger
I had here my homage paid,
From His first sigh in the manger,
Till He cried: "'TIS FINISHED !"
That first sigh had consecrated
Me His own, and I had waited
On Him from His infancy,
In a service full and free.
- 3 Oft to prayer, by night retreated,
See Him from all search withdrawn;
Tearful eyes, and sighs repeated,
Witness'd still the morning dawn:
There, where He made intercession,
I had pour'd forth my confession,
And where for my sins He wept,
Praying, I the watch had kept.

567

WEDNESDAY MORNING

- 1 **G**OOD is the Lord ; it is his love
Which makes the earth to yield ;
His clouds drop fatness from above ;
He whitens ev'ry field.
- 2 Good is the Lord ; his lib'ral hand
Is daily open'd wide,
To scatter plenty through the land,
That all may be supplied.
- 3 Good is the Lord ; he gives us bread ;
He gives his people more :
By Him their souls with grace are fed,
A boundless, richer store.

568

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **R**EJOICE, the Lord is King ;
Your Lord and King adore ;
Mortals, give thanks and sing,
And triumph evermore :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say rejoice.
- 2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love ;
When He had purged our stains,
He took his seat above :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 3 He sits at God's right hand,
Till all His foes submit,
And bow to his command,
And fall beneath his feet :
Lift up your hearts, lift up your voice,
Rejoice, again I say, rejoice.
- 4 Rejoice in glorious hope,
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take his servants up
To their eternal home :
We soon shall hear the archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice.

569

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, for the mercies of the night,
My grateful thanks I pay,
And unto Thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.
- 2 Let this day praise Thee, O my God !
And so let all my days ;
And, oh ! let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

570

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, incline thine ear,
My request vouchsafe to hear ;
Burden'd with my sins, I cry,
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 2 Wealth and honour I disdain ;
Earthly comforts, Lord, are vain ;
These can never satisfy ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 3 Lord, deny me what thou wilt,
Only ease me of my guilt :
Suppliant at Thy feet I lie ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 4 All unholy and unclean,
In my flesh is nought but sin ;
For Thy mercy I apply ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 5 Thou hast promised to forgive
All who in Thy Son believe ;
On Thy promise I rely ;
Give me Christ, or else I die.
- 6 Father, Thou has given Thy Son :
He was bruised for my sin ;
To that refuge now I fly :
Christ is mine ; I shall not die.

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **R**ISE, exalt our Head and King ;
Praise the Lord who ever lives !
Glad we are his praise to sing ;
He His people's praise receives.
On His powerful day they rise,
Offering free-will sacrifice ;
His victorious triumph this,
Since hell's host defeated is.
- 2 Ye who Jesus' death proclaim,
Service yield to Him with joy,
Praise with every breath his name,
Grace to extol be your employ.
Grace supports us every day,
Leads us in the narrow way ;
'Tis through grace alone that we
Can obtain the victory.

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**RACIOUS Lord, may we believe,
Venture all on Thy free grace,
Boldly, things not seen, achieve,
Trusting in Thy promises ;
Faith Thy people's stronghold is,
Their employment daily this,
To proceed on paths unknown,
Leaning on Thy grace alone.
- 2 Lord, Thy body ne'er forsake,
Ne'er Thy congregation leave ;
We to Thee our refuge take,
Of Thy fulness we receive :
Every other help be gone,
Thou art our support alone,
For on Thy supreme commands,
All the universe depends.

573

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**LESSED are they who hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.
- 2 Such joy shall bear our spirits up
Through our Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts our hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.
- 3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives ;
Israel, Thy King for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

574

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**RAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days ;
Bounteous source of ev'ry joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ.
- 2 For the blessings of the field ;
For the stores the gardens yield ;
For the vine's refreshing juice ;
For the gen'rous olive's use.
- 3 All that spring, with bounteous hand,
Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
All that lib'ral autumn pours
From her rich, o'erflowing stores.
- 4 These to that one source we owe
Whence our sweetest comforts flow ;
These, through all my happy days,
Claim my cheerful songs of praise.
- 5 Should the vine bud forth no more,
Nor the olive yield her store,
Though the sick'ning flocks should fall,
And the herds desert the stall;—
- 6 Still, if given by grace divine,
Saviour to regard Thee mine,
All my powers with one accord
Shall rejoice in Thee, my Lord.

575

SABBATH MORNING.

1 **J**ESUS, Lord, our hearts inspire
 With that true word of Thine ;
 Kindle now that heavenly fire
 To brighten and refine ;
 Purify our faith like gold,
 All the dross of sin remove ;
 Melt our spirits down, and mould
 Into thy perfect love.

576

SABBATH EVENING.

1 **P**EOPLE of the living God !
 I have sought the world around,
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort no where found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,
 Turns, a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren ! where your altar burns,
 O receive me into rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam,
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave :
 Mine the God whom you adore,
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my heart no more,
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain or loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp and power ;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour !
 " Follow me ! " I know Thy voice ;
 Jesus, Lord ! Thy steps I see ;
 Now I take Thy yoke by choice,
 Light Thy burthen now to me.

577

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME and let us join and bless
Christ, the Lord our righteousness ;
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.
- 2 Thee the angels ceaseless sing ;
Thee we praise, our priest and king ;
Worthy is Thy name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

578

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY Spirit, Lord, bestow
On our benighted heart ;
And let us, by Thy favour, know
How great in grace Thou art.
- 2 We know that Thou art good,
For thou hast giv'n Thy Son ;
He in the room of sinners stood,
And bore our guilt alone.
- 3 Thro' Him we come to Thee,
And homage due we pay ;
His merits form our only plea,
When we for blessings pray.
- 4 O send us, for His sake,
Thy light and truth divine !
That day within our souls may break,
Do Thou within us shine.
- 5 Unto Thy holy hill,
O Lord! my footsteps guide;
And, when I in Thy temple dwell,
With me, My God! abide.
- 6 O, why am I distress'd?
Let songs my tongue employ:
The soul that trusts will here find rest,
The face will beam with joy.

579

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the rock away;
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See He rises from the tomb,
Rises with immortal bloom!
- 2 'Tis the Saviour! seraphs, raise
Your eternal songs of praise:
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound.
- 3 Praise Him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Praise Him in the noblest songs,
From ten thousand thousand tongues.

580

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O watch the morning's dawn,
We'll get us to the hill:
And, till the shadows flee away,
We'll keep the watch-tower still.
- 2 For morning surely comes,
With everlasting light:
The day star is at hand,
To chase the dreary night.
- 3 Our journey has been long,
And dark our desert day;
The promis'd glory yet to come,—
Chief solace of our way,
- 4 And, though it lingers, yet
It cheers the failing eye
To mark, amid surrounding gloom,
The star of prophecy.
- 5 We'll trim our lamps the while;
And chant a midnight lay,
Till perfect light and gladness come
In glory's endless day.

581

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**N me Thy yoke, my Saviour, lay
And make my spirit meek;
That I may love to tread Thy way,
Nor other pathway seek.
- 2 When I on Thee my burden rest,
Thy burden, Lord, be mine;
I of Thy love, joy, peace possess,
My sin and guilt all Thine.

582

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**ND am I born to die?
To lay this body down?
And must my trembling spirit fly
Into a world unknown?
- 2 A land of deepest shade,
Unpierc'd by human thought!
The dreary regions of the dead,
Where all things are forgot!
- 3 Soon as from earth I go,
What will become of me!
Eternal happiness or woe
Must then my portion be.
- 4 O Thou, that would'st not have
One wretched sinner die,
Who diedst Thyself the soul to save,
From endless misery!
- 5 Show me the way to shun
Thy dreadful wrath severe,
That when Thou comest on Thy throne,
I may with joy appear!
- 6 Thou art Thyself the Way,
Thyself in me reveal;
So shall I spend my life's short day
Obedient to Thy will.

583

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**! TIMELY happy, timely wise,
Hearts that with rising morn arise !
Eyes that the beam celestial view,
Which evermore makes all things new.
- 2 New ev'ry morning is the love,
Our wak'ning and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restor'd to life, and power, and thought.
- 3 New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiv'n,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heav'n.
- 4 If, on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

584

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME, when weary, heavy laden,
Lost and ruin'd by the Fall :
If we tarry till we're better,
We will never come at all ;
Not the righteous,—
Sinners, Jesus came to call.
- 2 Let not conscience make us linger,
Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
All the fitness He requireth
Is to feel our need of Him ;
This He gives us :
'Tis the Spirit's rising beam.
- 3 Saints and angels, join'd in concert,
Sing the praises of the Lamb ;
While the blissful seats of glory
Sweetly echo with His name ;
Hallelujah !
Heav'n and earth His praise proclaim.

585

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**LMIGHTY God in humble prayer,
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.
- 2 We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow :
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below :
- 3 We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray:
- 4 We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live ;
A wise and understanding heart
'To all before Thee give.
- 5 The young remember Thee in youth,
Before the evil days !
The old be guided by Thy truth
In wisdom's pleasant ways!

586

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD'S hand that now withholdeth joys
Can soon restore sweet peace ;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid that tempest cease.
- 2 In the dark watches of the night,
I'll count His mercies o'er:
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.
- 3 When darkness and when sorrows rose
And press'd on ev'ry side,
The Lord has still sustain'd my steps,
And still has been my guide.
- 4 Here will I rest and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod ;
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

587

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD, we are weak, and have no claim,
Our hearts are full of conscious guilt ;
O may Thy Spirit lead to Him
Who for our sins His blood He spilt.
- 2 When at Thine altar, Lord, we bend,
Touch Thou our lips with holy fire.
In heaven the Saviour is our Friend,
There may our longing souls aspire.
- 3 We all our wants, our sins, our cares
To Thee, O Lord, make fully known ;
Perfumed with incense, may our prayers
Ascend through Jesus to Thy throne.
- 4 And when our souls have fled from earth,
In heaven we'll see Thee face to face ;
There, though we claim celestial birth,
Still we shall sing redeeming grace.

588

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**N mountains and in valleys,
Where'er we go is God ;
The cottage and the palace
Alike are His abode.
- 2 With watchful eye abiding
Upon us with delight ;
Our souls, in Him confiding,
He keeps both day and night.
- 3 Above me, and beside me,
My God is ever near,—
To watch, protect, and guide me,
Whatever ills appear.
- 4 Tho' other friends may fail me
In sorrow's dark abode,—
Tho' death itself assail me,
I'm ever safe with God.

589

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us below in concert sing
With those to glory gone ;
For all the servants of our King
In heav'n and earth are one.
- 2 One family we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream—
The narrow stream of death.
- 3 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow ;
Part of the host have cross'd the flood,
And part are crossing now.
- 4 Lo ! thousands to their endless home
Are swiftly borne away ;
And we are to the margin come,
And soon must launch as they.
- 5 Lord Jesus be our constant guide ;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heav'n.

590

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE universal King
Let all the world proclaim,
Let every creature sing
His attributes and name!
To Father; Son, and Spirit, be
Honour and Praise eternally.
- 2 In His great name alone
All excellencies meet,
Who sits upon the throne,
And shall for ever sit:
To Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Honour and Praise eternally.

591

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L** EAD on, Almighty Lord !
Lead on to victory,
Encouraged by the bright reward,
With joy we'll follow Thee.
- 2 We wait to see the day,
When toil and strife shall cease,
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.
- 3 This hope supports us here,
It makes our burdens light,
It serves our fainting hearts to cheer,
Till faith shall end in sight.
- 4 Till of the prize possess,
We hear of war no more,
And O sweet thought ! for ever rest
On yonder peaceful shore.

592

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G** LORY unto Jesus be !
From the curse He set us free ;
All our guilt on Him was laid,
He the ransom fully paid.
- 2 All His glorious work is done ;
God's well pleased in His Son ;
For He rais'd Him from the dead :
Christ now reigns, the Church's Head.
- 3 His redeem'd His praise show forth,
Ever glorying in His worth ;
Angels sing around the throne,—
"Thou art worthy, Thou alone."
- 4 Ye who love Him, cease to mourn,
He will certainly return ;
All His saints with Him shall reign ;
Come, Lord Jesus, come again !

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**IFT the eye of faith and see
Saints and angels join'd in one,
What a countless company
Stand before yon dazzling throne !
- 2 Each before his Saviour stands,
All in spotless robes array'd ;
Palms they carry in their hands,
Crowns of glory on their head.
- 3 Now begin the endless song,
Shout aloud in heavenly lays ;
Glory doth to God belong ;
God, the glorious Saviour, praise.
- 4 All salvation from Him came ;
Him who reigns enthron'd on high ;—
Glory to the bleeding Lamb,
Let the morning stars reply.

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**OOOR and needy though I be,
The Almighty cares for me ;
Gives me clothing, shelter, food,—
Gives me all I have of good.
- 2 He will hear me when I pray,—
He is with me night and day ;
When I sleep, and when I wake,
For the Lord my Saviour's sake.
- 3 He who reigns above the sky
Once became as poor as I ;
He whose blood for me was shed,
Had not where to lay His head.
- 4 Though I labour here awhile,
Father, bless me with Thy smile ;
And, when this short life is past,
May I rest with Thee at last.
- 5 Then to Thee I'll tune my song,
Happy as the day is long ;
This my joy for ever be,—
The Almighty cares for me.

595

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, lead us, by Thy power
Safe into the promis'd rest ;
Hide our souls within Thine arms,
Let us lean upon Thy breast.
- 2 Nothing can preserve our going,
But salvation full and free ;
Nothing can our souls dishearten
But our absence, Lord, from Thee
- 3 In Thy presence we are happy,
In thy presence we're secure :
In thy presence all afflictions
We can easily endure.
- 4 In Thy presence we can conquer,
We can suffer, we can die ;
Far from Thee we faint and languish ;
O, our Saviour, keep us nigh.

596

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O** GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter, from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home.
- 2 Under the shadow of Thy throne.
Thy saints have dwelt secure,
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Thro' every scene of life and death
Thy promise is our trust,
And this shall be our children's song
When we are cold in dust.
- 4 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while life shall last,
And our eternal home.

597

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**AVIOUR, give us faith to claim
All that's promis'd in Thy name;
Raise us from the grave of sin,
Now the quick'ning work begin.
- 2 Visit every waiting heart,
Now the life of God impart;
As we now together sing;
Nearer now Thy blessing bring.

598

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOUGH troubles assail, and dangers affright,
Though friends should all fail, and foes all
Yet one thing secures us, whatever betide, [unite;
The Scripture assures us, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 2 The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed;
From them let us learn to trust for our bread:
His saints what is fitting shall ne'er be denied,
So long as 'tis written, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 3 His call we obey, like Abrah'm of old,
Not knowing our way, but faith makes us bold:
For, though we are strangers, we have a sure
Guide,
And trust, in all dangers, 'The Lord will provide.'
- 4 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim;
Yet since we have known the Saviour's great
name,
In this our strong tower for safety we hide,
The Lord is our power; 'The Lord will provide.'
- 5 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
This word of His grace shall comfort us through:
No doubting nor fearing with Christ on our side;
The promise is cheering, 'The Lord will provide.'

599

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**LEAR Spring of Life ! flow on and roll
With growing swell from pole to pole.
Till flowers and sweets of Paradise
Round all thy winding current rise !
- 2 Still near thy stream may I be found,
Long as I tread this earthly ground ;
Cheer with thy wave death's gloomy shade,
Then thro' the fields of Canaan spread.

600

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N darkness willingly I stray'd ;
I sought Thee, yet from Thee I roved ;
For wide my wandering thoughts were spread,
Thy creatures more than Thee I loved :
And now, if more at length I see,
'Tis through Thy light, and comes from Thee.
- 2 I thank Thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on men have shined :
I thank Thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and heal'd the wounded mind ;
I thank Thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in Thee rejoice.
- 3 Give to my eyes refreshing tears,
Give to my heart chaste, hallow'd fires ;
Give to my soul with filial fears,
The love that all in heaven inspires ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In Thy sole glory may unite.
- 4 Thee will I love, my Joy, my Crown !
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God !
Thee will I love, though all may frown,
And thorns and briers perplex my road ;
Yea, when my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day.

601

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**Y my heavenly Father blest,
Now I give my powers to rest.
Heavenly Father! gracious name!
Night and day His love the same.
Far be each suspicious thought,
Every anxious care forgot.
- 2 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,
Crown'st my days with various good;
Thy kind eye, that cannot sleep,
These defenceless hours shall keep.
Blest vicissitude to me,
Day and night I'm still with Thee!

602

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**E sing the praise of Jesus,
The holy Lamb of God,
Who came from heaven to bless us,
And shed for us His blood:
Who died in deepest anguish,
Upon the cross that we
Might live to sing His praises
Throughout eternity.
- 2 We sing the praise of Jesus,
Tho' once on earth he taught,
He's now in Heaven and sees us,
And knows our every thought:
He will not frown upon us,
Altho' to Him we raise
Our sinful hearts and voices,
In one sweet song of praise.
- 3 We sing the praise of Jesus,
Who did our souls redeem,
Who welcomed little children
When they were brought to Him:
He kindly spoke, and told them
That they for Him had charms,
And then He did enfold them,
And bless'd them, in His arms.

603

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME let us wake, salute the happy morn,
Whereon the Saviour of mankind was born,
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above:
With them the joyful tidings first began,
Of God Incarnate, God's beloved Son.
- 2 O! may we keep and ponder in our mind,
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind;
Trace we the Babe, who had retrieved our loss,
From his poor manger to his bitter cross;
Tread in his steps, assisted by his grace,
Till man's first heavenly state again takes place.
- 3 Then may we hope, the angelic hosts among,
To find, redeem'd, a glad triumphant throng:
He that was born upon this joyful day,
Around us all his glory shall display:
Saved by his love incessant we shall sing
Eternal praise to heaven's Almighty King.

604

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **C**OME let us bless the Lord of all,
And let our thoughts reach His abode;
The Saviour, on whose name we call,
Is there ador'd the mighty God!
- 2 Without beginning or decline,
Object of faith, and not of sense;
Eternal ages saw him shine,
He shines eternal ages hence.
- 3 As much when in the manger laid,
Almighty Ruler of the sky!
As when the six day's work he made,
Fill'd all the morning stars with joy.
- 4 Of all the crowns Jehovah wears,
Salvation is His dearest claim;
That gracious sound well-pleased he hears,
And owns Emmanuel for his name.

605

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **G**LOOMY and dark the night has been,
And long the way and dreary,
And sad each faithful saint is seen,
And faint, and worn, and weary.
- 2 Ye mourning pilgrim's ! dry your tears,
And hush each sign of sorrow ;
The light of that bright morn appears,
The long Sabbatic morrow.
- 3 Lift up your heads, behold from far
A flood of splendour streaming ;
It is the bright and morning star,
In living lustre beaming.
- 4 And see that star-like host around,
Of angel-bands attending ;
Hark, hark, the trumpet's glad'ning sound,
With shouts triumphant blending.
- 5 O weeping Spouse, arise, rejoice,
Put off thy weeds of mourning,
And hail the Bridegroom's welcome voice
In triumph now returning.

606

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, we, believing
In Thee, have peace with God ;
Eternal life receiving,
The purchase of Thy blood.
- 2 Our curse and condemnation,
Thou barest in our stead ;
Secure is our salvation,
In Thee our risen Head.
- 3 The Holy Ghost, revealing
Thy love, hath made us blest ;
Thy stripes have giv'n us healing ;
Upon Thy love we rest.
- 4 In Thee the Father sees us
Accepted and complete ;
The blood from sin which frees us
For glory makes us meet.

607

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, Thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress ;
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.
- 2 When from the dust of death I rise,
And reach a mansion in the skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,—
"Jesus hath liv'd—hath died for me."
- 3 Bold shall I stand in that great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay,
If through Thy blood absolv'd I am,
From sin's tremendous curse and shame ?
- 4 This spotless robe the same appears,
When ruin'd nature sinks in years ;
No age can change its glorious hue,
The robe of Christ is ever new.

608

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**SLEEP in Jesus! Blessed sleep!
From which none ever wakes to weep ;
A calm and undisturb'd repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes!
- 2 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet ;
With holy confidence to sing,
That death has lost his venom'd sting!
- 3 Asleep in Jesus! Peaceful rest!
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear no woe, shall dim that hour,
That manifests the Saviour's power.
- 4 Asleep in Jesus! Oh! for me
May such a blissful refuge be:
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

609

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN life's brief day is past,—
When we shall drop this clay,
If in the Lord, we'll enter rest,
In realms of cloudless day.
- 2 We'll walk with Christ in white,
In regions far away ;
With hosts of angels cloth'd in light,
With saints in bright array.
- 3 Away from sense and sin,
Away from tears and pain ;
We go to dwell God's house within,
Where joys eternal reign.
- 4 We'll sing salvation's song
To Father and to Son ;
We'll join that holy, rapt'rous throng,
While ceaseless years roll on.
- 5 Our light here is so dim
That men our claims despise ;
But when th' eternal day has come
We'll shine in yonder skies.

610

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS is the chiefest good ;
He hath sav'd us by His blood ;
Let us value nought but Him,
Nothing else deserves esteem.
- 2 Jesus gives us life and peace,
Faith, and love, and holiness ;
Ev'ry blessing, great or small,
Jesus for us purchas'd all.
- 3 Jesus, therefore, let us own,
Jesus we'll exalt alone ;
Jesus has our sins forgiv'n ;
Jesus' blood has bought us Heav'n.

611

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **"FOR** ever with the Lord ;"
 Amen, so let it be !
 Life from the dead is in that word.—
 'Tis immortality.
- 2 Here, in the body pent,
 Absent from Him I roam ;
 Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
 A day's march nearer home.
- 3 My Father's house on high ;
 Home of my soul how near,
 At times to faith's foreseeing eye
 Thy golden gates appear !
- 4 Ah, then my spirit faints
 To reach the land I love ;
 The bright inheritance of Saints,
 Jerusalem above.,

612

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**OW shall I meet his eye ?
 Mine on the cross I cast,
 And own my life a Saviour's prize,
 Mercy from first to last.
- 2 "Knowing as I am known,"
 How shall I love that word !
 And oft repeat before the throne,
 " For ever with the Lord."
- 3 The trump of final doom
 Shall speak the self-same word ;
 And Heav'n's voice thunder thro' the tomb,
 " For ever with the Lord."
- 4 The tomb shall echo deep
 That death-awakening sound ;
 The saints shall hear it in their sleep,
 And answer from the ground.
- 5 Then, when they upward fly,
 That Resurrection-word
 Shall be their shout of victory,
 " For ever with the Lord."

613

FRIDAY MORNING.

IMMORTAL honour, endless fame,
Attend th' Almighty Father's name!
Let God the Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died !
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to Thee !

614

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** 'M going to leave all my sadness,
I'm going to change earth for Heaven ;
There, there all is peace, all is gladness,
There pureness and glory are given.
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 2 Friends, weep not in sorrow of spirit,
But joy that my time here is o'er ;
I go the good part to inherit,
Where sorrow and sin are no more.
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 3 The shadows of evening are fleeing,
Morn breaks from the city of light ;
This moment day starts into being,
Eternity bursts on my sight.
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 4 The first-born redeem'd from all trouble,
(The Lamb that was slain in the throng ;)
Their ardour in praising redouble ;—
Breaks not on the ear the new song ?
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 5 I'm going to tell their glad story,
To share in their transports of praise
I'm going in garments of glory,
My voice to unite with their lays.
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !
- 6 Ye fetters corrupted then leave me,
Thou body of sin droop and die ;
Pains of earth cease ye ever to grieve me,
From you 'tis for ever I fly.
Come quickly then, Jesus ! Amen !

615

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, join in praise to Him who died,
To Him who died upon the cross ;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this alone all else is loss.
- 2 Inscrib'd upon the cross we see,
In shining letters, " God is love ;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.
- 3 The Cross ! it takes our guilt away,
It holds the fainting spirit up ;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.
- 4 The balm of life the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love :
'Tis all that sinners need below,
'Tis all that angels know above.

616

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HIS is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come ;
Onwards to it I am hasting,
On to my eternal home.
- 2 In it all is light and glory,
O'er it shines a nightless day ;
Every trace of sin's sad story,
All the curse has pass'd away.
- 3 There the Lamb, our Shepherd, leads us
By the streams of life along ;
On the freshest pastures feed us,
Turns our sighing into song.
- 4 Soon we pass this desert dreary,
Soon we bid farewell to pain ;
Never more be sad or weary,
Never, never, sin again.

617

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **W**E bless Thee for this Sacred Day,
Thou who hast every blessing giv'n !
Which sends the dreams of earth away,
And yields a glimpse of op'ning heav'n.
- 2 Rich day of holy, thoughtful Rest,
We would improve thy calm repose ;
And in God's service truly bless'd,
Forget the world, its joys and woes.
- 3 Lord ! may Thy Truth upon the heart
Now fall and dwell as heav'nly dew,
And flowers of grace in freshness start,
Where once the weeds of error grew.
- 4 May Prayer now lift her sacred wings,
Contented with that aim alone
Which bears her to the King of kings,
To take her station near His throne.

618

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O** FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me !
- 2 O for a heart submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne,
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 O for a lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean ;
Which neither life nor death can part
From him who dwells within ;—
- 4 A heart in ev'ry thought renew'd,
And full of love divine !
Perfect, and right, and pure and good ;
A copy, Lord, of Thine !
- 5 Thy gracious nature, Lord, impart ;
Come quickly from above ;
Write Thy new name upon my heart ;
Thy new, best name of Love.

619

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU hast no lightnings, O Thou Just !
Or I their force should know ;
And, if Thou strike me into dust,
My soul approves the blow.
- 2 The heart, that values less its ease
Than it adores Thy ways,
In Thine avenging anger sees
A subject of its praise,
- 3 Pleased I could lie, conceal'd and lost,
In shades of central night ;
Not to avoid Thy wrath, Thou know'st,
But lest I grieve Thy sight.
- 4 Smite me, O Thou, whom I provoke !
And I will love Thee still :
The well deserved and righteous stroke
Shall please me, though it kill.

620

MONDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **A**M I not worthy to sustain
The worst Thou canst devise ;
And dare I seek Thy throne again,
And meet Thy sacred eyes ?
- 2 Far from afflicting, Thou art kind ;
And, in my saddest hours,
An unction of Thy grace I find,
Pervading all my powers.
- 3 Alas ! Thou spar'st me yet again ;
And, when Thy wrath should move,
Too gentle to endure my pain,
Thou sooth'st me with Thy love.
- 4 I have no punishment to fear ;
But, ah ! that smile from Thee
Imparts a pang far more severe
Than woe itself would be.

621

TUESDAY MORNING.

- O** LORD, in sickness, and in health
 To every lot resigned,
 Grant me, before all worldly wealth,
 A meek and thankful mind ;
- 2 As, life, thy upland path we tread,
 And often pause in vain,
 To think of friends and parents dead,
 O, let us not complain !
- 3 The Lord may give or take away,
 But nought our faith can move.
 Whilst we to heaven can look and say,
 Our Father lives above.

622

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD has turn'd my grief to gladness,
 He has made my heart rejoice ;
 I who lately mourn'd in sadness,
 Now can raise my thankful voice :
 Sweet it is the saints to join,
 Sweet to call their Saviour mine.
- 2 O how short is his displeasure !
 As a moment it appears ;
 But his love is without measure,
 Still the same through endless years :
 Weeping may the night employ,
 But the morning beams with joy.
- 3 Jesus smiles, and from his favour
 Life and joy are found to flow ;
 O for faith that does not waver !
 Lord on me this faith bestow :
 Since thy promise changes not,
 Grant that I may never doubt.
- 4 Help, ye saints on earth, to praise Him ;
 Join us, angels, while we sing ;
 Though our efforts cannot raise Him ;
 (What can raise our glorious King ?)
 Praise should never cease to flow ;
 'Tis the tribute that we owe.

623

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**ORNING breaks upon the tomb,
Jesus dissipates its gloom!
Day of triumph through the skies!
See the glorious Saviour rise!
- 2 Let us dry our flowing tears;
Chase those unbelieving fears;
Look on His deserted grave
Doubt no more his power to save.
- 3 All who are of death afraid,
Triumph in the scatter'd shade:
Drive all anxious cares away,
See the place where Jesus lay!

624

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD of my life, to Thee I call!
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.
- 2 Friend of the friendless and the faint.
Where should I lodge my deep complaint;
Where, but with Thee whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?
- 3 Did ever mourner plead with Thee
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not that word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?
- 4 Poor though I am, despis'd, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not!
They whom the world caresses most
Have no such privilege to boast.
- 5 Fair is the lot that's cast for me;
I have an advocate with Thee!
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

625

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! angel voices from the sky
Proclaim a Saviour's birth ;
Glory, they sing, to God on high,
Peace and goodwill on earth !
- 2 Catch the glad strain, ye seraphs bright
The glorious tidings spread ;
Wake, wake to wonder and to light,
The dark sleep of the dead !
- 3 Let the wide earth from shore to shore,
One loud hosannah raise,
Glory to God whom we adore,
Glory and hymns of praise.

626

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**LL scenes alike engaging prove
To souls impress'd with sacred Love !
Where'er they dwell, they dwell in Thee !
In heaven, on earth, or in the sea.
- 2 To me remains nor place nor time ;
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since God is there.
- 3 While place we seek, or place we shun,
The soul finds happiness in none ;
But, with a God to guide our way,
'Tis equal joy to go or stay.
- 4 Could I be cast where Thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding God in all.
- 5 My country, Lord, art Thou alone ;
No other can I claim or own ;
The point where all my wishes meet ;
My law, my love, life's only sweet !
- 6 Ah, then ! to His embrace repair ;
My soul, thou art no stranger there ;
There Love divine shall be thy guard,
And peace and safety thy reward.

627

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**OURCE of love, and light of day,
Draw me from myself away ;
Every view and thought of mine
Cast into the mould of thine ;
'Teach, O teach this faithless heart
A consistent constant part ;
Or, if it must live to grow
More rebellious, break it now !
- 2 Is it thus that I requite
Grace and goodness infinite !
Every trace of every boon
Cancell'd and erased so soon ?
Can I grieve Thee, whom I love ;
Thee, in whom I live and move ?
If my sorrow touch Thee still,
Save me from so great an ill !
- 3 Oh ! the oppressive, irksome weight,
Felt in an uncertain state ;
Comfort, peace, and rest, adieu,
Should I prove at last untrue !
Still I choose Thee, follow still
Every notice of Thy will ;
But, unstable, strangely weak,
Still let slip the good I seek.

628

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **B**LEST ! who, far from all mankind,
This world's shadows left behind,
Hears from Heaven a gentle strain
Whispering Love, and loves again.
- 2 Blest ! who in Thy bosom seeks
Rest that nothing earthly breaks,
Dead to self and worldly things,
Lost in Thee, Thou King of kings !
- 3 Ye that know my secret fire,
Softly speak and soon retire ;
Favour my divine repose,
Spare the sleep the Lord bestows.

629

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Spirit come !
With energy divine ;
And on my dark benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.
- 2 From thy celestial stores,
Light, life, and joy dispense ;
That I may daily, hourly feel,
Thy quick'ning influence !

630

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**'M but a stranger here—
Heav'n is my home.
Earth is a desert drear—
Heav'n is my home.
Danger and sorrow stand
Round me on every hand ;
Heav'n is my Fatherland—
Heav'n is my home.
- 2 What though the tempests rage—
Heav'n is my home ;
Short is my pilgrimage—
Heav'n is my home.
And time's wild wintry blast
Soon shall be over past ;
I shall reach home at last—
Heav'n is my home.
- 3 There, at my Saviour's side—
Heav'n is my home ;
There are the good and blest,
Those I loved most and best,
And there I too shall rest—
Heav'n is my home.
- 4 Therefore I murmur not—
Heav'n is my home.
Whate'er my earthly lot—
Heav'n is my home.
And I shall surely stand
There at my Lord's right hand ;
Heav'n is my Fatherland—
Heav'n is my home.

631

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**OYFUL, in thy house of pray'r,
Shall Thy chosen people be ;
God of mercy, meet me there,
While my spirit waits on Thee.
- 2 There, with strength renew'd, the saint
As on eagle wings shall fly,
Walk, and run, and never faint,
Fight and conquer : so would I.
- 3 At the cross where Jesus died,
Humbly in the dust I fall ;
Jesus, and Him crucified,
Now shall be mine all in all.

632

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **S**OMETIMES a light surprises
The Christian while he sings ;
It is the Lord who rises
With healing in His wings.
- 2 In holy contemplation,
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new.
- 3 Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Ev'n let th' unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may—
- 4 It can bring with it nothing
But He will bear us through ;
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe his people too.
- 5 Though fruit-trees all should wither ;
And field-stores perish all :
Though flocks and herds together,
Should cease from fold and stall ;
- 6 Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

633

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**INCE life in sorrow must be spent,
So be it—I am well content,
And meekly wait my last remove,
Seeking only growth in love.
- 2 No bless I seek, but to fulfil
In life, in death, Thy holy will ;
No succours in my woes I want,
Save what 'Thou art pleas'd to grant.
- 3 Our days are number'd; let us spare
Our anxious hearts a needless care :
'Tis Thine to number out our days ;
Ours to give them to Thy praise.

634

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OLY, Holy, Holy Lord
God of Hosts! when heav'n and earth
Out of darkness, at thy word,
Issued into glorious birth;
All thy works around Thee stood,
And thine eye beheld them good,
While they sang with sweet accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
- 2 Holy, Holy, Holy! Three,
One Jehovah evermore,
Father, Son, and Spirit! we,
Dust and ashes, would adore:
Lightly by the world esteem'd,
From that world, by Thee redeem'd
Sing we here with glad accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord !
- 3 Holy, Holy, Holy! all
Heav'n's triumphant choir shall sing,
While the ransom'd nations fall
At the footstool of their King ;
Then shall saints and seraphim,
Harps and voices swell the hymn,
Blending in sublime accord,
Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!

635

TUESDAY MORNING

- 1 **L**ONG plunged in sorrow, I resign
My soul to that dear hand of Thine,
Without reserve or fear ;
That hand shall wipe my streaming eyes ;
Or into smiles of glad surprise
Transform the falling tear.
- 2 My sole possession is Thy love ;
In earth beneath, or heaven above, ;
I have no other store ;
And, though with fervent suit I pray,
And importune Thee night and day,
I ask Thee nothing more.

636

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **M**Y rapid hours pursue the course
Prescribed them by Love's sweetest force,
And I Thy sovereign will,
Without a wish t' escape my doom ;
Though still a sufferer from the womb,
And doom'd to suffer still.
- 2 By Thy command, where'er I stray,
Sorrow attends me all my way,
A never-failing friend ;
And, if my sufferings may augment
Thy praise, behold me well content—
Let sorrow still attend !
- 3 Adieu ! ye vain delights of earth,
Insidious sports, and childish mirth,
I taste no sweets in you ;
Unknown delights are in the cross,
All joy beside to me is dross ;
As Jesus thought I'd do.
- 4 The Cross ! Oh, ecstacy of bliss—
How grateful even its anguish is ;
Its bitterness how sweet !
There every sense, and all the mind,
In all her faculties refined,
Tastes happiness complete.

637

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**S strangers in a foreign land,
We oft bewildered look and sigh ;
Will no one lend a helping hand ?
O how we wish some friend were nigh.
- 2 The Saviour as our friend, appears,
And stands engaged to be our guide ;
His spirit quells our rising fears,
And points us to His wounded side.
- 3 His blood alone can give us peace,
And calm our sorrow-stricken heart ;
From Satan's bondage give release,
And joy and liberty impart.
- 4 Our Saviour, we would cleave to Thee,
No other guide but Thee we'll own—
May we Thy faithful followers be,
And glory in Thy cross alone.

638

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE Church has waited long
Her absent Lord to see;
And still in loneliness she waits,
A friendless stranger she.
Age after age has gone,
Sun after sun has set,
And still, in weeds of widowhood,
She weeps a mourner yet.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 Saint after saint on earth
Has lived, and loved, and died,
And as they left us, one by one,
We laid them side by side;
We laid them down to sleep,
But not in hope forlorn,—
We laid them but to ripen there
Till the last glorious morn.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come.

THURSDAY MORNING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HE serpent's brood increase,
The powers of hell grow bold,
The conflict thickens, faith is low,
And love is waxing cold.
How long, O Lord our God,
Holy, and true, and good,
Wilt Thou not judge Thy suffering Church,
Her sighs, and tears, and blood!
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 2 We long to hear Thy voice,
To see Thee face to face,
To share Thy crown and glory then,
As now we share Thy grace.
Should not the loving Bride
The absent Bridegroom mourn,
Should she not wear the weeds of grief
Until her Lord return!
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!
- 3 The whole creation groans,
And waits to hear that voice
That shall restore her comeliness,
And make her wastes rejoice.
Come, Lord, and wipe away
The curse, the sin, the stain,
And make this blighted world of ours
Thine own fair world again.
Come then, Lord Jesus, come!

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, the cov'nant of Thy love,
Abides for ever sure ;
And in its matchless grace, I feel
My happiness secure.
- 2 Since Thou, the everlasting God,
My Father art become,
Jesus my Guardian and my Friend,—
And heaven my final home.
- 3 I welcome all Thy sov'reign will,
For all that will is love ;
And, when I know not what Thou dost,
I wait the light above.

641

FRIDAY MORNING,

- 1 **B**EFORE the power of Love Divine
Creation fades away ;
Till only God is seen to shine
In all that we survey.
- 2 In gulfs of awful night we find
The God of our desires ;
'Tis there He stamps the yielding mind,
And doubles all its fires.
- 3 Flames of encircling love invest,
And pierce it sweetly through ;
'Tis fill'd with sacred joy, yet press'd
With sacred sorrow too.
- 4 Ah Love! my heart is in the right—
Amidst a thousand woes,
To Thee, its ever new delight,
And all its peace it owes.

642

FRIDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **F**RESH causes of distress occur
Where'er I look or move ;
The comforts I to all prefer
Are solitude and love.
- 2 Nor exile I nor prison fear ;
Love makes my courage great ;
I find a Saviour everywhere,
His grace in every state.
- 3 There sorrow, for His sake, is found
A joy beyond compare ;
There no presumptuous thoughts abound,
No pride can enter there.
- 4 A Saviour doubles all my joys,
And sweetens all my pains,
His strength in my defence employs,
Consoles me and sustains.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**AIL to the Lord's Anointed !
 'To David's Lord and Son ;
 Hail in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun.
- 2 He comes to break oppression ;
 To set the captive free ;
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.
- 3 He comes with succour speedy,
 To those who suffer wrong ;
 To help the poor and needy,
 And bid the weak be strong ;
- 4 To give them songs for sighing ;
 Their darkness turn to light,
 Whose souls condemn'd and dying,
 Were precious in his sight.
- 5 By such shall He be feared,
 While sun and moon endure,
 Belov'd, obey'd, revered :
 For He shall judge the poor,
- 6 Through changing generations
 With justice, mercy, truth ;
 While stars maintain their stations,
 Or moons renew their youth.

SATURDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And joy and hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path, to birth.
- 2 Before Him, on the mountains,
 Shall Peace, the herald, go ;
 And Righteousness, in fountains
 From hill to valley flow.
- 3 Arabia's desert ranger
 To Him shall bow the knee :
 The Ethiopian stranger
 His glory come to see.

645

SABBATH MORNING.—THIRD PART.

- 1 **K**INGS shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring:
All nations shall adore him ;
His praise all people sing :
- 2 Jesus shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar. .
- 3 For him shall prayer unceasing
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end.
- 4 The heav'nly dew shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.
- 5 O'er ev'ry foe victorious,
He on His throne shall rest ;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all blest.
- 6 The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove ;
His name shall stand for ever,
His great, best name of LOVE !

646

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HO comes (my soul no longer doubt),
Rising from earth's lowly sod,
And whilst ten thousand angels sing,
Ascends—ascends to heav'n, a God ?
- 2 Saviour, Lord, I know Thee now !
Mighty to redeem and save,
Such glory blazes on thy brow,
As lights the darkness of the grave.
- 3 Saviour, Lord, the human soul,
Forgetting every sorrow here,
When thus aspiring to its goal,
Shall triumph in its native sphere.

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS died, and then arose ;
Yes, He rose, He lives, He reigns :
Jesus vanquish'd all His foes ;
Jesus led them all in chains :
His the triumph and the crown ;
His the glory and renown.
- 2 Sing we then of Him who died ;
Sing of Him who rose again :
By his blood we're justified,
And with him we hope to reign :
Soon we hope to see our Lord,
And to share his bright reward.

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Paschal Lamb,
Who for our sins did'st bleed ;
By whom we out of bondage came,
Thy ransom'd people lead.
- 2 Angel of gospel grace,
Fulfil Thy mission here,
To guard and feed the chosen race,
In Isr'el's camp appear.
- 3 Throughout the desert way
Conduct us by Thy light ;
Be Thou a cooling cloud by day,
A cheering fire by night.
- 4 Our fainting souls sustain
With blessings from above ;
And ever on Thy people rain
The manna of Thy love.

649

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HE sun shall sink and rise no more,
This earth consume in fire,
The stars drop from their ancient spheres
And time itself expire.
- 2 But Thou, O God ! for evermore,
In thy great might shall reign,
Dissolve, Thou shalt, this universe,
And build it up again.
- 3 An earth more lovely shall appear,
A heaven more fair and bright,
The ransomed souls shall be the stars,
And Thou their source of light.
- 4 The humble followers of the Lamb,
Look upward and rejoice,
That is their home, their Father's house,
Where they shall know his voice.

650

TUESDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HAT, the great meeting-place of saints,
When earth's dark journey's o'er
When fainting heart, and weary feet,
Remember'd are no more.
- 2 What though no friendly hand may mark
Where our frail bodies fall,
What though the living may forget
That we have lived at all !
- 3 We'll triumph o'er forgetfulness,
Death's iron bars shall yield,
For He who holds the keys of death
Has our deliverance seal'd.
- 4 We shall come forth to dwell with Thee,
Our Saviour, and our King,
Bask in Thy love, through ceaseless years,
And love Thy praise to sing.

651

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, O Lord, we pray,
For all the human race;
To sinners now Thy power display,
And save them by Thy grace.
- 2 Revive Thy work this hour;
May all Thy goodness know;
Destroy the tempter's evil power;
His kingdom overthrow.
- 3 O send thy heralds forth,
Salvation to proclaim,
That all may know the second birth,
And join to praise Thy name.

652

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I love Thy charming name,
'Tis music in my ear;
Fain would I sound it out so loud,
That all the world might hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust;
Jewels to Thee are gaudy toys,
And gold is sordid dust.
- 3 All my capacious powers can wish,
In Thee most richly meet;
Nor to my eyes is light so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet.
- 4 Thy grace shall dwell within my heart,
And shed its fragrance there;
The noblest balm for all its wounds,
The cordial of its care.
- 5 I'll speak the honours of Thy name,
With my expiring breath;
And, dying, clasp Thee in my arms,
The antidote of death.

653

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OW, Lord, we fall before Thy face,
And worship at the throne of grace ;
Our humble thanks to Thee we give,
That still we do in bodies live.
- 2 Accept our thanks, Thou gracious God,
For mercies which Thou hast bestow'd
Thy blessings are in number more,
Than sands upon the ocean's shore.
- 3 Thy mercies, Lord, again repeat,
While here we worship at Thy feet ;
O let our hearts be fill'd with Thee,
And may we now Thy glory see.
- 4 Thy blessing, Lord, we humbly crave,
Since thou hast bid us ask and have ;
Let faith increase, let love abound,
And shed thy glory all around.

654

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **P**LUNG'D in a gulph of dark despair
We helpless sinners lay,
Without one cheering beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day.
- 2 With pitying eyes, the Prince of grace
Beheld our helpless grief ;
He saw, and O ! amazing love !
He flew to our relief.
- 3 Down from the shining seats above,
With joyful haste he fled,
Enter'd the grave in mortal flesh,
And dwelt among the dead.
- 4 O for such love, let rocks and hills
Their lasting silence break :
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak.

655

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**OVE'S redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won:
Lo! our Sun's eclipse is o'er,
Lo! He sets in blood no more.
- 2 Vain the stone, the watch, the seal;
Christ hath burst the gates of hell;
Death in vain forbids Him rise;
Christ hath open'd paradise.
- 3 Lives again our glorious King:
Where, O Death, is now thy sting?
Once He died our souls to save;
Where's thy victory, O Grave?
- 4 Soar we now where Christ hath led,
Foll'wing our exalted Head:
Made like Him, like Him we rise;
Ours the cross, the grave, the skies!

656

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y soul, triumphant in the Lord,
Proclaim thy joys abroad:
And march with holy vigour on,
Supported by thy God,
- 2 Through all the winding maze of life
His hand has been my guide;
And in that long-experienced care
My heart shall still confide.
- 3 His grace through all the desert flows,
An unexhausted stream;
That grace, on Zion's sacred mount,
Shall be my endless theme.
- 4 Beyond the choicest joys of time
Thy courts on earth I love;
But oh! I burn with strong desire
To view Thy house above.
- 5 Joining with all the shining band,
My soul would there adore;
A pillar in Thy temple fixed,
To be remov'd no more.

657

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**ITH humble boldness we draw nigh,
To Thee, who didst for sinners die ;
And, while we bow before Thy face,
O shed abroad Thy heav'nly grace,
- 2 Be Thou our help in time of need ;
Do Thou our souls and bodies feed.
Send down thy blessing from above,
And fill creation with thy love.

658

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR God, thy boundless love we praise ;
How bright on high its glories blaze
How sweetly bloom below !
In streams from Thy eternal throne
Through heav'n its joys for ever run,
And o'er the earth they flow.
- 2 But in thy gospel it appears
In sweeter, fairer characters,
And charms the anxious breast ;
There Love immortal leaves the sky,
To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
And give the weary rest.
- 3 There smiles a kind propitious God,
There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
The pledge of sins forgiv'n :
There God the Spirit points the way
To regions of eternal day,
And opens all His heav'n.
- 4 Then in redeeming love rejoice,
My soul, and hear a Saviour's voice,
That calls thee to the skies ;
Above life's empty scenes aspire,
Scorn its dull care and mean desire,
And seize th' eternal prize.

659

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **A** WAKE, our souls, awake,
And hail this sacred day;
In lofty songs of praise
Our joyful homage pay:
Come bless the day that God hath bless'd,
The type of heav'n's eternal Rest.
- 2 On this auspicious morn
The Lord of Life arose;
He burst the bars of death,
And vanquish'd all our foes;
And now He pleads our cause above,
And reaps the fruit of all his love.
- 3 All hail, triumphant Lord!
Heav'n with hosannas rings;
And earth, in humbler strains,
Thy praise responsive sings;
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
Through endless years to live and reign.

660

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE in Thy name, O Lord, we meet,
And bow before Thy mercy seat,
O cause on us Thy face to shine,
And fill our hearts with love divine.
- 2 Teach us anew by faith to rise,
And look to Jesus in the skies;
Anew to Him our sins confess,
And trust anew his pard'ning grace.
- 3 Our lofty spirits, Lord, subdue;
Our sinful hearts, O Lord, renew:
Then in Thy name shall we rejoice,
And sing Thy praise with joyful voices.
- 4 Thy Holy Spirit, O do not stay,
Nor put from Thee our prayers away,
But in the riches of Thy love
O draw us to Thyself above.

661

MONDAY MORNING.

LET us bow and fall before him,
Let us bow before our King :
Lo! angelic hosts adore him,
All above his praises sing :
More than they to Him we owe,
We are saved from endless woe.

662

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **A**RISE, my soul, arise,
Shake off thy guilty fears ;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears :
Before the Throne my surety stands ;
My name is written on His hands.
- 2 He ever lives above,
For me to intercede ;
His all redeeming love,
His precious blood to plead ;
His blood aton'd a fallen race,
And sprinkles now the throne of grace.
- 3 The bleeding wounds he bears,
Receiv'd on Calvary :
They pour effectual prayers,
They strongly speak for me :
"Forgive him, O forgive," they cry,
"Nor let that ransom'd sinner die,"
- 4 The Father hears him pray,
His dear anointed One ;
He cannot turn away
The presence of His Son :
His Spirit answers to the blood,
And tells me I am born of God.
- 5 My God is reconcil'd,
His pard'ning voice I hear :
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear ;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And Father, Abba, Father cry !

663

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A**T length th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, bright days appear;
The rip'ning fields, already white,
Present a harvest to our sight.
- 2 The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.
- 3 Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.
- 4 Come, let us, with a grateful heart,
In the bless'd labour bear a part;
Our pray'rs and off'rings gladly bring,
To aid the triumphs of our King.

664

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **E**TERNAL Wisdom ! Thee we praise,
Thee the creation sings :
With Thy lov'd name, rocks, hills, and seas,
And heav'n's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
And strike the wondering sight,
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,
With terror and delight.
- 3 Infinite strength and equal skill
Shine through Thy works abroad :
Our souls with vast amazement fill,
And speak the builder God !
- 4 But the mild glories of Thy grace
Our softer passions move :
Pity divine in Jesus' face
We see, adore, and love.

665

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** GOD! at Thy command
Seasons in order rise;
Thy power and love in concert reign
Through earth, and seas, and skies.
- 2 With grateful praise we own
Thy ever-bounteous hand,
Whose gifts with various fruits and flowers,
Adorn and bless the land.
- 3 Our highest praise we give,
For 'Thy Redeeming Love—
Our pardon, peace, and joy below,
Our hope of heav'n above.

666

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**E sing to Him who sent His Son,
To bear the sorrows not His own,
Made perfect by His sufferings He
Our Saviour and our Friend will be.
- 2 His visage marr'd, His wounded side,
Make weary souls in him confide;
The sad in heart look not in vain,
To Him who was and still seems slain.
- 3 The Lamb still bears upon His throne,
The marks of griefs He bore alone;
For us He suffer'd, for us bled,
And for us now He'll intercede.
- 4 Nor shall the Saviour's pains be lost,
He brings to heaven a countless host:
His sons and daughters, still they come,
And enter their eternal home.
- 5 They with the happy still shall be,
Throughout a long eternity.
No cares, no griefs, shall them annoy,
When entered on their Saviour's joy.

667

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **A** DAY of wrath that day shall be,
Before the Judge the Heav'ns shall flee:
Lord! what shall then become of me?
- 2 Thou, Blessed Jesus! crown Thy grace;
Oh save me from this last distress,
And take me to 'Thy blessedness.
- 3 As Thou hast favour to me shown,
When Thou did'st make Thy mercy known;
Confess it then upon Thy throne.
- 4 Lord, I am sure that naught can sever
Thine from thy love which faileth never!
Thou art the same both now and ever.
- 5 Christ sought me when I went astray;
He led me in the narrow way;
He brought me to this endless day.
- 6 No wrath is in this day for me,
If now from sin and sorrow free,
'Twill be the day I long to see.

668

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O bless Thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:
- 2 That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.
- 3 Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord! combine
To praise Thy glorious name.
- 4 Oh let them shout and sing
With joy and holy mirth!
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

669

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **M**EET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King ;
Meet in ev'ry time and place
To rehearse his solemn praise.
- 2 Join, ye saints, the song around,
Angels, help the solemn sound ;
Publish through the world abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.
- 3 Praises here to Thee we give,
Graciously, Thou, our thanks receive ;
Holy Father, sov'reign Lord,
Ev'rywhere be thou ador'd.

670

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**OY to the world—the Lord is come—
Let earth receive her King ;
Let ev'ry heart prepare Him room,
Let ev'ry creature sing.
- 2 Joy to the earth—the Saviour reigns—
Let men their songs employ ;
While seas, and shores, rocks, hills, and plains,
Repeat the sounding joy.
- 3 Let the whole earth His love proclaim
With all her diff'rent tongues ;
And spread the honour of His name
In melody and songs.
- 4 No more let sins and sorrows grow
Nor thorns infest the ground ;
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.
- 5 He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of his righteousness,
And wonders of his love.

671

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ROM Thee, O Lord, we wandered far
In downward track,
When Christ appeared, the soul's pole-star,
To guide us back.
- 2 Thy counsels once we set at nought,
Thy threats despised,
But now to full repentance brought,
Thy rod is prized.
- 3 That so we always may abide
Thy face before,
Be Thou our counsellor and guide.
For evermore.

672

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y soul repeat his praise
Whose mereies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.
- 2 His power subdues our sins,
And His forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 3 The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear His name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.
- 4 Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.
- 5 But Thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure;
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure

673

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **I**N thy presence we appear ;
Lord, we love to worship here,
When within the veil we meet
Thee upon thy mercy-seat.
- 2 Thou through Christ art reconcil'd ;
Each in Him is own'd thy child ;
Abba, Father, give us grace
In Thy courts to seek Thy face.
- 3 While Thy glorious name is sung,
Touch our lips, unloose our tongue :
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Thee, " The Lord our Righteousness."
- 4 While to Thee our prayers ascend,
Let Thine ear in love attend ;
Hear us, when Thy spirit pleads,
Hear ; for Jesus intercedes.
- 5 While Thy word is heard with awe,
And we tremble at Thy law,
Let Thy gospel's wondrous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.
- 6 While Thy ministers proclaim
Peace and pardon through Thy name,
In their voices let us own
Jesus speaking from the throne.
- 7 From Thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn ;
That at evening, we may say—
" We have walk'd with God to-day."

674

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**ARK ! what mean those lamentations,
Rolling sadly through the sky ?
'Tis the cry of heathen nations,
" Come and help us, or we die ."
- 2 Hear the heathen's sad complaining ;
Let us hear their dying cry ;
And the love of Christ constraining,
Join to help them ere they die.

675

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O**H that the Lord's salvation
Were out of Zion come,
To heal his ancient nation,
To lead the outcasts home!
- 2 Lay down Thy rod of terror;
Thy saving grace impart;
Roll back the veil of error;
Release the fetter'd heart.
- 3 Let Isr'el, home returning,
Their lost Messiah see;
Give oil of joy for mourning,
And bind Thy church to Thee.

676

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HY works, not mine, O Christ,
Speak gladness to this heart;
They tell me all is done;
They bid my fear depart.
To whom, save Thee,
Who can alone
For sin atone,
Lord, shall I flee!
- 2 Thy pains, not mine, O Christ,
Upon the shameful tree,
Have paid the law's full price
And purchased peace for me.
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 3 Thy tears, not mine, O Christ,
Have wept my guilt away;
And turned this night of mine
Into a blessed day.
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 4 Thy bonds, not mine, O Christ,
Unbind me of my chain,
And break my prison-doors,
Ne'er to be barred again.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

677

TUESDAY MORNING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HY wounds, not mine, O Christ,
Can heal my bruised soul,
Thy stripes, not mine, contain
The balm that makes me whole,
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 2 Thy blood, not mine, O Christ,
Thy blood so freely spilt,
Can blanch my blackest stains,
And purge away my guilt.
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 3 Thy Cross, not mine, O Christ,
Has born the awful load
Of sins that none in heaven
Or earth could bear, but God
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 4 Thy righteousness, O Christ,
Alone can cover me;
No righteousness will do
Save that which is of Thee.
To whom, save Thee, &c.
- 5 Thy righteousness alone
Can clothe and beautify;
I wrap it round my soul;
In this I'll live and die.
To whom, save Thee, &c.

678

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**O Thee, my God and Saviour,
My soul exulting sings;
Rejoicing in Thy favour,
Almighty King of kings!
- 2 My voice in supplication,
Well pleased Thou shalt hear:
O grant me Thy salvation,
And to my soul draw near.

679

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, immortal King, arise!
Assume, assert, Thy sway;
Till earth subdued, its tribute brings,
And distant lands obey.
- 2 Ride, forth, victorious conqu'ror, ride,
Till all Thy foes submit;
And all the powers of hell resign
Their trophies at Thy feet.
- 3 Send forth Thy word, and let it fly
This spacious earth around;
Till ev'ry soul beneath the sun
Shall hear the joyful sound.
- 4 O may the great Redeemer's name
Through every clime be known!
And heathen gods, like Dagon, fall,
And Jesus reign alone.

680

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE praises of my tongue
I offer to the Lord,
That I was taught, and learnt while young,
'To read His holy word.
- 2 Oh Lord, this book of thine
Informs me where to go
For grace to pardon all my sin,
And make me holy too.
- 3 Oh! may the Spirit teach,
And make my heart receive,
Those truths which all thy servants preach,
And all Thy saints believe.
- 4 Then shall I praise the Lord,
In a more cheerful strain,
That I was taught to read his word,
And have not learnt in vain.

681

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**AR down the ages now,
Her journey well-nigh done,
The pilgrim Church pursues her way,
In haste to reach the crown.
- 2 The story of the past
Comes up before her view ;
How well it seems to suit her still,
Old, and yet ever new.
- 3 'Tis the same story still,
Of sin and weariness—
Of grace and love still flowing down
To pardon and to bless,
- 4 'Tis the old sorrow still,—
The brier and the thorn,—
And 'tis the same old solace yet,—
The hope of coming morn.

682

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **N**O wider is the gate,
No broader is the way,
No smother is the ancient path
That leads to light and day.
- 2 No lighter is the load
Beneath whose weight we cry,
No tamer grows the rebel flesh,
Nor less our enemy.
- 3 No sweeter is the cup,
Nor less our lot of ill ;
'Twas tribulation ages since,
'Tis tribulation still.
- 4 No greener are the rocks,
No fresher flow the rills,
No roses in the wilds appear,
No vines upon the hills.
- 5 Still dark the sky above,
And sharp the desert air ;
'Tis wide, bleak, desolation round,
And shadow everywhere.

683

FRIDAY MORNING—THIRD PART.

- 1 **D**AWN lingers on yon cliff ;
But, oh, how slow to spring !
Morning still nestles on yon wave
Afraid to try its wing.
- 2 No slacker grows the fight,
No feebler is the foe,
No less the need of armour tried,
Of shield, and spear, and bow.
- 3 Nor less we feel the blank
Of earth's still absent King ;
Whose presence is of all our bliss
The everlasting spring.
- 4 Thus onward still we press,
Through evil and through good,
Through pain, and poverty, and want,
Through peril and through blood.
- 5 Still faithful to our God,
And to our Captain true ;
We follow where he leads the way,
The kingdom in our view.

684

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HE daily favours of my God,
In number vast they be,
O let me ever feel the truth ;
That Thou still car'st for me.
- 2 Lord, in the day Thou art about
The paths wherein I tread,
And in the night when I lie down,
Thou art about my bed.
- 3 O! let my house a temple be,
That I and mine may sing
Hosannahs to Thy majesty,
And praise our heav'nly King.

685

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all His kindness shown?
My feet shall visit Thine abode,
My songs address Thy throne.
- 2 Among Thy people in Thy house
My off'rings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.
- 3 How happy all Thy servants are!
How great Thy grace to me!
My life, which Thou hast made Thy care,
Lord, I devote to Thee.
- 4 Let me be Thine, for ever Thine,
Let not my purpose move;
Thy hand hath loos'd my bands of pain,
Oh! bind me with Thy love.

686

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **S**HINE, mighty God, on Britain shine,
With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal Thy power through all our coasts,
And show Thy gracious face.
- 2 Amid our Isle, exalted high,
Do Thou our glory stand,
And, like a wall of guardian fire,
Surround our favour'd land.
- 3 May God our Saviour scatter round
His choicest favours here,
And let creation's utmost bound
Behold, adore, and fear.
- 4 So let Thy name, from shore to shore,
Sound all the earth abroad,
And distant nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God.

687

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **Y**E vain engrossing thoughts away ;
The Lord demands our hearts this day ;
From earthly trifles bids us fly,
And seek the glories of the sky ;
We come, O Lord ! at thy decree,
To yield our willing hearts to Thee.
- 2 Oft as these Sabbath hours return,
Fresh proofs of mercy we discern,
And long to see thy grace bestow'd
To light the darkness of our road :
Oh ! let that light direct our way
To regions of eternal day.
- 3 Now let our souls in Thee repose
The burden of their wants and woes.
And from thy word new power derive
To keep our feeble faith alive ;
'Thy blessing, Lord, we long to gain ;
Let us not seek thy face in vain.
- 4 While here we dwell, with cares oppress'd,
Few are the hours of perfect rest :
But heaven will all our loss repair,
Each day will be a Sabbath there :
Lord by the teaching of thy grace
Prepare us for that holy place.

688

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH Isr'el's God who can compare ?
— Or who like Isr'el happy are ?
A people saved by the Lord,
He is their shield and great reward !
- 2 Upheld by everlasting arms,
We are secur'd from foes and harms ;
In vain their plots, and false their boasts,
Our refuge is the Lord of hosts.

689

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** FOR one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of Righteousness arise!
Warm our hearts, and charm our eyes.
- 2 Distant from Thy blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God,
Now and then we breathe a sigh
Upwards to our native sky.
- 3 Melt our chains with heavenly fire;
Love, and joy, and peace inspire;
Make us feel Thy grace within;
Thou canst break the power of sin.
- 4 Give, O give us wings to rise
In affection to the skies!
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are Thine.

690

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**Y God, my King, Thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.
- 2 May ev'ry hour successive bear
Some thankful tribute to Thine ear;
And by Thy grace accepted be
My works of love perform'd for Thee.
- 3 Thy truth shall be my constant theme,
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;
Thy mercy swift, Thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.
- 4 But who can speak Thy wondrous deeds!
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds;
Vast and unsearchable Thy ways,
Vast and immortal be Thy praise.

691

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**IS sad to die, weak nature says:
Life's loves and labours done ;
To be cast out from living men,
To feel no more the sun.
- 2 Much loveliness is on the earth,
Much happiness in friends ;
And from the skies the starry host,
A grateful influence sends.
- 3 O, sad to part, when earth and sky
In primal beauty shine,
When kindred generations still
Around our heart entwine.
- 4 God's children die not, but do pass
To their own Father's home,
To be with all the good who were,
To wait all yet to come.
- 5 There friendships of a holier tie,
And scenes more glorious far,
Endure shall through eternity,
Without a sigh to mar.
- 6 Then, as thou wilt, Lord, be it done,
O bathe our souls in thee ;
In life, in death, in earth, and heaven,
We'll thy salvation see.

692

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **J**EHOVAH reigns, He dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its firm foundation stands.
- 2 But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundations laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.
- 3 For ever shall Thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure ;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwellings of Thy grace.

693

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ON of God ; Thy people shield !
Must we still Thine absence mourn ?
Let Thy promise be fulfill'd,
Thou hast said, " I will return."
- 2 Gracious Leader, now appear,
Shine upon us with Thy light !
Like the spring, when Thou art near,
Days and suns are doubly bright.
- 3 As a mother counts the days,
Till her absent son she see,
Longs and watches, weeps and prays,
So our spirits long for Thee.
- 4 Come and let us feel Thee nigh,
Then Thy sheep shall feed in peace ;
Plenty bless us from on high,
Evil from amongst us cease.
- 5 Thus each day for Thee we'll spend,
While our callings we pursue ;
And the thoughts of such a friend
Shall each night our joy renew.
- 6 Let Thy light be ne'er withdrawn,
Golden days afford us long !
Thus we pray at early dawn,
This shall be our ev'ning song.

694

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **M**AY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above.
- 2 Thus may we abide in union
With each other and the Lord ;
And possess, in sweet communion,
Joys which earth cannot afford.

695

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **N**OT till the summer glow is past,
The fields display their sheaves,
Not till the blasts of winter come,
The forests shed their leaves.
- 2 But O, how few, 'mong sons of men,
In mellowing age decay—
They tarry not for hoary years,
But swiftly pass away.
- 3 Death shakes the boughs ; and bud and flow'r,
The youth in life's gay bloom
Do quickly and unceasing fall,
Into untimely tomb,
- 4 Death reaps, while yet the blade is green,
Long ere the fields are white,
Harvests unsun'd he gathers in,
To shades of starless night,
- 5 God ! let each lisping tongue Thee praise,
Each youthful heart Thee love ;
Then early tomb is early bliss,
At Thy right hand above.

696

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HOU God of power and God of love !
Whose glory fills the realms above,
Thy praise the angels sing ;
And veil their faces while they cry,
Thrice holy to their God most High,
Thrice holy to their King.
- 2 Thee as our God we too would claim,
And bless th' Almighty Saviour's name,
Through whom all grace is given :
Who bore the curse to sinners due,
Who forms these ruin'd souls anew,
And makes us heirs of heaven.

697

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **B**EGIN, my soul, the lofty strain,
In solemn accents sing
A sacred hymn of grateful praise
To heaven's Almighty King.
- 2 Take the glad burden of His name,
Ye clouds, as ye arise,
Whether to deck the golden morn,
Or shade the evening skies.
- 3 Long let it warble round the spheres,
And echo through the sky;
Let ~~Angels~~ with immortal skill
Improve the harmony;
- 4 Whilst we with sacred rapture fired,
The great Creator sing,
And utter consecrated lays
To heaven's eternal King.

698

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**OOK up to yonder world,
See myriads round the throne !
Each bears a golden harp,
Each wears a glorious crown:
With zeal they strike the sacred lyre,
And strive to raise their praises higher.
- 2 Believing in His name,
They in His footsteps trod;
His righteousness their hope,
Their only plea His blood:
Lo! now they reign with Him above,
Behold His face, and sing His love.
- 3 And shall we not aspire,
Like them our course to run ?
The crown if we would wear,
The cross must first be borne :
Divinely taught, they show'd the way,
First to believe, and then obey.

699

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ET us love, and sing, and wonder,
Let us praise the Saviour's name ;
He has hush'd the law's loud thunder ;
He has quench'd mount Sinai's flame ;
He has wash'd us with His blood ;
He has brought us nigh to God.
- 2 Let us wonder, 'grace and justice
Join, and point to mercy's store ;
When through grace in Christ our trust is,
Justice smiles and asks no more :
He who wash'd us with His blood
Has secur'd our way to God.

700

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE in peace his dust is laid,
Jesus watches o'er his bed ;
There in certain hope to lie
Till the trumpet shakes the sky.
- 2 One more safe;—the race is run!
Bright and brighter was the sun,
Till the shining noon-day glow'd
O'er the pilgrim's heavenward road.
- 3 Yet a few more changing days,
Winter's cold, and sun's bright rays ;
Yet a few more flowers to dress
Earth's prolific wilderness ;
- 4 Then round the believer's tomb
Light from Heav'n shall cheer the gloom,
While the prison-house shall shake ;—
First the dead in Christ shall wake.
- 5 Glorious hour! though sons of men
Know not how and know not when,
Lord! 'tis Thine to choose the day,—
Theirs to watch, and wait, and pray.

701

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, thou source of light and love,
Shower down Thy blessings from above; **I**
Arise with healing on Thy wings,
And raise our hearts from earthly things.
- 2 Great Sun of Righteousness divine,
In every heart vouchsafe to shine;
The beauties of Thy face display,
And shine unto the perfect day.
- 3 When we assemble in Thy name,
Impart the pure seraphic flame;
Burn up our dross, our hearts refine,
And consecrate us ever Thine.
- 4 And when we've run our heavenly race,
May we, in glory, see Thy face;
'There may we in Thy bosom rest,
And share a lot among the blest.

702

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **W**ITH ardent longing, at Thy feet,
Heavenly Father, here we wait:
O lend a gracious ear!
We plead the name of Thy dear Son,
The grace, the glory He has won,
Deign, Lord our prayers to hear.
- 2 Grant a believing trusting heart;
A cheerful mind to us impart,
Free from guilt's galling load;
A sense of pardon'd sin afford;
And with Thy presence bless us Lord,
Our Saviour, and our God.
- 3 O Father! me with pleasure own,
The dear-bought purchase of Thy Son:
O Spirit dwell with me;
Guide and protect us as a child,
Whom Jesus blood has reconcil'd
And richest grace made free.

703

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OSANNAH to the Prince of Light,
That clothed Himself in clay,
Enter'd the iron gates of death,
And tore the bars away.
- 2 Death is no more the king of dread,
Since our Immanuel rose,
He took the tyrant's sting away,
And spoil'd our hellish foes.
- 3 See how the Conq'ror mounts aloft,
And to His Father flies,
With scars of honour in His flesh,
And triumph in His eyes.
- 4 There our exalted Saviour reigns,
And scatters blessings down;
Our Jesus fills the middle seat
Of the celestial throne.

704

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**N vain our fancy strives to paint
'The moment after death,
The glories that surround the saint,
When he resigns his breath.
- 2 One gentle sigh his fetters breaks;
We scarce can say, "He's gone,"
Before the willing spirit takes
A mansion near the throne.
- 3 Faith strives, but all its efforts fail,
'To trace her heavenward flight:
No eye can pierce within the veil
Which hides that world of light.
- 4 This much (and this is all) we know,
They are supremely bless'd,
Have done with sin, and care, and woe,
And with their Saviour rest.
- 5 On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise Him too.

705

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN the world my heart is rending
With its heaviest storm of care,
My glad thoughts to God ascending,
Find a refuge from despair.
- 2 There's a hand of mercy near me,
Though the waves of trouble roar;
There's an hour of rest to cheer me,
When the toils of life are o'er.
- 3 Happy hour! when saints are gaining
That bright crown they long'd to wear;
Not one spot of sin remaining,
Not one pang of earthly care.
- 4 Oh! to rest in peace for ever,
Join'd with happy souls above;
Where no foe my heart can sever
From the Saviour whom I love!
- 5 This the hope that shall sustain me
Till life's pilgrimage be past;
Fears may vex, and troubles pain me
I shall reach my home at last.

706

TUESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene
And the broad sun's retiring ray
Sheds a mild lustre o'er the scene!
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour,
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
And faith, rekindling all its power,
Lights up the languor of his breast.
- 3 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness?
- 4 O Lord! that we may thus depart,
Thy joys to share, Thy face to see,
Impress Thine image on our heart,
And teach us how to walk with Thee.

707

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **O** ZION, lift Thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.
- 2 " See, Mercy, from her golden urn,
Pours a rich stream to them that mourn—
Behold, she binds with tender care
The bleeding bosom of despair.
- 3 " He comes to cheer the trembling heart,
Bid Satan and his host depart;
Again the day-star gilds the gloom,
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!
- 4 O Zion lift Thy raptured eye,
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nature rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign"

708

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I** ASK'D the Lord that I might grow
In faith and love, and ev'ry grace,
Might more of His salvation know,
And seek more earnestly His face.
- 2 I hop'd that, in some favour'd hour,
At once He'd answer my request;
And, by His love's constraining power,
Subdue my sins, and give me rest.
- 3 Instead of this, He made me feel
The hidden evils of my heart;
And let the angry powers of hell
Assault my soul in ev'ry part.
- 4 " Lord, why is this?" I trembling cried;
" Wilt 'Thou pursue Thy worm to death?"
"'Tis in this way," the Lord replied,
" I answer prayer for grace and faith;"
- 5 " These inward trials I employ,
From self and pride to set thee free,
And break thy schemes of earthly joy,
That thou may'st seek Thy all in me."

709

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **F**ATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We pray for those who plead for Thee;
Successful servants may they be.
- 2 Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fears, inflame their zeal.
- 3 Teach them to sow the heavenly seed;
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And Thy pure gospel to maintain.
- 4 Let sinners break their cruel chains,
Distressed souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

710

THURSDAY EVENING.

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
Lo! Jesus is gone up on high:
The powers of hell are captive led,—
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There His triumphal chariot waits;
And angels chant the solemn lay:
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold the radiant scene;
He claims those mansions as his right:—
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 4 Lo, His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chant the solemn lay:
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates!
Ye everlasting doors, give way!”
- 5 “Who is the King of Glory who?”
The Lord of boundless power possess:
The King of saints, and angels, too;
God over all, for ever blest.

711

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **S**ING we now eternal love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave His Son.
- 2 Sing the Son's amazing love,
How He left the realms above,
'Took our nature and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.
- 3 Sing we too the Spirit's love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove,
Chas'd the mists of sin away,
Turn'd our night to glorious day.

712

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **L**ORD, pity the earth, long, long has man
wailed,
By evil-heart vex'd—by Satan assailed;
Thy leaves for th' nations, O scatter them, Lord.
That man may be healed, and Thou be adored.
- 2 Lord, pity th' nations; still foolish and blind;
For gain though they grope, no good thing they
find,
Anoint with Thy salve, O make them to see,
Then good when they seek, they'll find all in Thee.
- 3 Lord, pity the earth, for night still hangs o'er
Man wandering falls, lies bleeding and sore:
Light is on Zion, O shed forth its beam,
That the kingdoms rejoice, and own Thee supreme
- 4 Lord, pity th' nations, still naked and poor,
That wander forlorn—cold and hunger endure;
Thy raiment of white, and manna; O Lord,
Abundantly give, Thy stores can afford.
- 5 Lord, pity th' nations; prepare Thou the way,
That Thy servants' feet no longer delay;
Thy banner displayed on hill and on plain,
Then earth shall be glad—Jehovah shall reign.

713

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**E will praise Thee every day!
Now Thine anger's turned away,
Comfortable thoughts arise
From the bleeding sacrifice.
- 2 Jesus is become at length
Our salvation and our strength;
And His praises shall prolong,
While we live, our pleasant song.
- 3 Praise we then, His glorious name;
Publish His exalted fame;
Still His worth our praise exceeds;
Excellent are all His deeds.
- 4 Raise again the joyful sound,
Let the nations roll it round;
Zion shout, for this is He,
God the Saviour dwells in Thee.

714

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **W**HILE saints on earth look up and pray
For grace to guide the heavenly way;
The angels, who in strength excel,
Look down to learn Jehovah's will.
- 2 'The Seraphim awoke the morn
When Christ, the Saviour, was born;
And though all heav'ns their anthems know
'They minister to man below.
O, like these happy spirits we
Would feel a holy ecstasy,
And blend our voices in the praise,
Which day and night they ever raise.
- 4 In lengths and depths, redemption's scheme
Conspires to form angelic theme,
And though one-half can ne'er be told,
They learn God's goodness manifold.
- 5 With angels, Lord, we would explore,
And as we search, like them, adore
'That wisdom which the guilty saves,
And yet no claim of justice waives.

715

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**HOU all-benignant Jesus,
Now magnify Thy worth,
And let Thy name be precious,
As ointment poured forth.
- 2 Unfold the cross's banner
Before the eye of faith,
And get Thyself the honour,
Both in our life and death.

716

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **O**H! had I the wings of a dove,
I'd make my escape and be gone,
I'd mix with the spirits above,
Who encompass the heav'nly throne.
- 2 I'd fly from all labour and toil,
To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful home of the bless'd.
- 3 They're far from all danger and fear,
While mem'ry enhances their joys,
As the storm, when o'er, will endear
The retreat that the haven supplies.
- 4 Around that high glorious throne
Where the Lamb all His glory displays,
United for ever in one,
His people are singing His praise.
- 5 How holy, how happy are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for her heavenly flight.
- 6 But, Lord, what a rebel am I!
My hope is in mercy alone;
Forgive me, forgive me, I cry,
Still count me thro' grace for Thine own.

FIFTY-SECOND WEEK.

717

MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **L**ORD Jesus, Thy atonement
Be ever new to us,
Grant we may ev'ry moment
In spirit view Thy cross:
- 2 In times of dark temptation,
Oh! keep our garments pure!
From sin's infatuation
Preserve us by Thy power.

718

MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **I**'VE read the wondrous story,
How Jesus came to die,—
Though he was King of glory,—
For sinners such as I.
- 2 What mov'd Him with compassion
To leave His heavenly throne?
He came for our salvation,
'Twas love that brought Him down.
- 3 "He slumber'd in a manger ;"—
So lowly was His bed,
Poor, outcast, and a stranger,
Nowhere to lay His head,
- 4 When sinners mock'd and jeer'd Him,
He answer'd not again;
But meekly bore their scoffing,
'Mid sorrow, shame, and pain.
- 5 When mothers brought their infants,
He took them in His arms;
And blessing them so sweetly,
He hush'd their vain alarms.
- 6 Then, since He was so lowly,
So gentle and so mild,
I'll pray that He may make me
A meek and holy child.

TUESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **D**OWN from the willow bough
My slumb'ring harp I'll take,
And bid its silent strings
To heavenly themes awake:—
Peaceful let its breathings be,
Soft and soothing harmony,
- 2 Love, love divine. I sing:—
Oh, for a seraph's lyre!
Bathed in Siloa's stream,
And touched with living fire:—
Lofty, pure, the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.
- 3 Love, Love on earth appears!
The wretched throng His way;
He beareth all their griefs,
And wipes their tears away:—
Soft and sweet the strain should be,
Saviour, when, I sing of Thee,

TUESDAY EVENING.—SECOND PART.

- 1 **H**E saw me as He passed,
In hopeless sorrow lie,
Condemned and doomed to death,
And no salvation nigh:—
Long and loud the strain should be,
When I sing His love to me,
- 2 "I die for thee," He said—
Behold the cross arise;
And lo! He bows His head—
He bows His head, and dies!
Soft, my harp, thy breathings be,
Let me weep on Calvary,
- 3 He lives! again He lives!
I hear the voice of love—
He comes to soothe my fears,
And draw my soul above:—
Joyful now the strain should be,
When I sing of Calvary.

721

WEDNESDAY MORNING.

- 1 **H**OW glorious the Lamb is seen on the throne,
His labours are o'er, his conquests are won:
A kingdom is given into His strong hand,
In earth and in heaven for ever to stand.
- 2 Tho' sinners below we'll trust in the Lord:
Look up to His arm, His honour, His word:
Athirst for His favour, His Godhead adore;
We'll look to our Saviour; rejoice evermore.

722

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is a track of glory down
The dreary wastes of time,
Which broad'ning onwards, hastes to spread,
To every land and clime.
- 2 'Tis not the sun, whose beams have long
Shed day from pole to pole,
For never can its brightness break
The midnight of the soul.
- 3 It comes from the eternal depths,
Shines dim to Calvary;
Then with a more effulgent glow
Holds on its downward way.
- 4 Yet Kingdom's welter in the gloom,
Princes and peoples, all,
Bow down to gods of their own hands,
And never on Thee call.
- 5 We bless Thee, Lord, that we have felt
The glorious gospel ray:
O spread it till the world rejoice
In the millennial day.
- 6 O! happy time, when o'er each land
The light of life shall rise:
Sin's shadows flee, and earth reflect
The glory of the skies.

723

THURSDAY MORNING.

- 1 **T**HEE, Lord, our grateful accents praise,
We own and bless Thy wondrous ways;
To Thee, great Father, earth's whole frame
Proclaims aloud immortal fame.
- 2 Lord God of Hosts! for Thee Heav'n's powers
With anthems fill the vaulted towers;
The cherubim thrice holy cry,
And thrice the seraphim reply.
- 3 Thy praises fill th' apostles' choir,
The prophets in the song conspire,
The martyrs in the chorus shine,
And vocal blood with music join.
- 4 By these Thy Church, by heavenly art,
Through earth maintains a second part,
And tunes her sweetest notes to Thee,
Father of boundless majesty.

724

THURSDAY EVENING—SECOND PART.

- 1 **T**HOU, Saviour, Christ of the most High,
Thou co-eternal Deity,
Thou art to judge the quick and dead,
Then spare those souls for whom thou'st bled,
- 2 O place us 'mong saints blest above,
To share with them Thy ceaseless love;
Preserve Thy people, and enhance
Thy gifts on Thine inheritance.
- 3 Exalt their hearts, and rule their ways,
While daily we proclaim Thy praise;
Each age shall celebrate Thy name,
No hour neglect Thy endless fame.
- 4 Preserve our souls this day from ill;
Upon us, Lord, have mercy still:
As we have hop'd, relieve our pain,
Let not our hope in Thee be vain.

725

FRIDAY MORNING.

- 1 **J**ESUS, our Prophet, will reveal
To us His Father's holy will:
Show us the glorious gospel plan,
The means of saving fallen man.
- 2 Jesus, our Priest, an offering made,
For us His precious blood He shed,
For us He now in heaven appears.
And still our grief and sorrow shares.
- 3 Jesus, our King, within us reign,
And all our enemies restrain:
We will obey Thy heavenly voice,
And in Thy righteous laws rejoice.
- 4 Jesus, our Prophet, Priest, and King,
All grateful honours will we bring:
Our hearts instruct, our souls refine,
And mould us to Thy will divine.

726

FRIDAY EVENING.

- 1 **T**HERE is but One who ne'er rebell'd,
But One by passion unimpell'd,
By pleasure unentic'd;
He from Himself His brightness sent,
Grand object of His own content,
And saw the God in Christ.
- 2 Tell them, I AM, Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
Replied, O Lord, Thou Art.
- 3 Thou art—to give and to confirm
For each his talent and his term;
All flesh Thy bounties share;
Man shall not call his brother, fool;
The porches of the Christian school
Are meekness, peace, and prayer.

SATURDAY MORNING.

- 1 **W**HEN Isr'el, of the Lord belov'd,
 Out from the land of bondage came,
 Her father's God before her mov'd,
 An awful guide in cloud and flame,
- 2 By day, along th' astonished lands,
 The cloudy pillar glided slow;
 By night Arabia's crimson'd sands
 Return'd the fiery column's glow.
- 3 And present still, though now unseen!
 When brightly shines the prosp'rous day,
 Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
 To temper the deceitful ray.
- 4 And Oh, where falls upon our path
 In shade and storm the frequent night,
 Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
 A burning and a shining light!

SATURDAY EVENING.

- 1 **C**REATOR Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid!
 Come, visit ev'ry waiting mind;
 Come, pour Thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make us temples meet for Thee.
- 2 Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
 Rich in Thy sev'nfold energy!
 Thou strength of His almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r doth heav'n and earth command;
 Our frailties help, our vice control,
 Submit the senses to the soul.
- 3 Immortal honour, endless fame,
 Attend th' almighty Father's name:
 The Saviour-Son be glorified,
 Who for lost man's redemption died;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to Thee.

SABBATH MORNING.

- 1 **T**IS Sabbath morn: another week
Of busy toils and scenes is past;
This morning minds us of a rest—
A rest that shall for ever last.
- 2 If we pursue the path wherein
In every age the men of God,
Apostles, Patriarchs, Prophets—all,
Instructed by His counsel trod,
- 3 When worldly things pass from our view,
And death on us his cold hand lays,
In triumph we shall join the choir
Who sing to God eternal praise.
- 4 Neglecting this, and if we choose
The road where sinners onward go
When life recedes, and death draws nigh,
Our doom is sealed—eternal woe.

SABBATH EVENING.

- 1 **H**E dies! the friend of sinners dies!
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around:
A solemn darkness veils the skies,
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.
- 2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
The Lord of glory dies for men;
But lo! what sudden joys we see!
Jesus the dead revives again.
- 3 Our glorious Lord forsakes the tomb:
In vain His foes forbid his rise:
Angelic legions guard Him home,
And shout Him welcome to the skies.
- 4 Cease, cease our tears and let us tell
How high our great deliv'rer reigns;
Sing how He spoil'd the hosts of hell,
And led His captive, death, in chains.
- 5 Say, "Live for ever, wondrous king,
Born to redeem, and strong to save!"
Then ask of death, "Oh! where's thy sting?"
And where thy victory, boasting grave?

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MONDAY MORNING.

- 1 **C**OME, gracious Lord; descend and dwell,
By faith and love, in ev'ry breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.
- 2 Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls embrace
The depth and height, and breadth and length.
Of Thine immeasurable grace!
- 3 Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done,
By all the Church, through Christ his Son!

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MONDAY EVENING.

- 1 **G**OD of all! we bow before Thee.
And Thy praises humbly sing;
For Thy bounty we adore Thee,
At Thy footstool worshipping.
- 2 Day by day hath come and found us,
Kept by Thee on flood or field;
Night hath cast her mantle round us,
And Thou still hast been our shield.
- 3 When our souls by sorrow darken'd,
Poured their plaintive cries to Thee,
To our wailings Thou hast hearken'd,
And Thy hand hath set us free.
- 4 Oh! how sweet has been each token
Of Thy love amid our woes;
When our spirits crush'd and broken,
Found in Thee alone repose!
- 5 Long the path that lies before us,
Rough the road our feet must tread;
May thy banner still be o'er us,
And thy light around us spread.
- 6 Then shall we, by Thee defended,
Struggle on our arduous way;
Till we find our journey ended
In the realms of cloudless day.

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ERRATA.

- Hymn 157—First line—For “plaintiff wall” read “plaintive wailing.”
Hymn 274—in line 13 for “bounty” read “bounties.”
Hymn 416—Ninth line—for “Cease thou” read “Cease then.”
Hymn 489—Line 3—for “there” read “their.”
Hymn 493—First line—for “We cast” read “Cast.”
Hymn 716—in 6th line omit “have,” and in 14th omit “all.”

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<i>Psalm.</i>	<i>No. of Hymn.</i>	<i>Psalm.</i>	<i>No. of Hymn.</i>	<i>Psalm.</i>	<i>No. of Hymn.</i>	<i>Psalm.</i>	<i>No. of Hymn.</i>
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44	358	61	380
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48	319,320	63	291
50	298	64	324
51	334,335	65	299,300
52	340	66	344
53	325,326	67	292,293
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D I R E C T O R Y

TO APPROPRIATE TUNES FOR EACH OF THE HYMNS CONTAINED IN THIS WORK.

<i>No.</i>	<i>Metre.</i>	<i>Appropriate Tunes, with their Pages in the Music at the end</i>
1	Common	Peckham 20; St Stephens 66; Irish 30; Pembroke 28.
2	7 7 7 7	Ashburn 127; Plymouth 151; Harts 1 3.
3	Common	Sympathy 63; Artaxerxes 67; Eastgate 22.
4	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Irish 30; Sympathy 63.
5	Common	Irish 30; Eastgate 22; St Alban's 29; Bedford, 17.
6	Common	York 12; French 16; Peckham 20; Ballerma 14.
7	Common	Peckham 20; Affection 44; St David's 16; St Stephen's 66.
8	8 7 8 7	Littleton 146; Gladness 139; <i>St Cath rine's</i> 153.
9	Common	St David's 16; Huddersfield 11; Jackson's 48.
10	Common	Sheffield 19; New London 15; St Stephen's 66.
11	Common	<i>Dundee</i> 86; Ballerma 14; Bedford 17; Torwood 9.
12	Short	Watchman 95; Rothesay 96; Mount Ephraim 98.
13	Common	New Henley 53; Sympathy 63; Irish 30; N. Cambridge 37.
14	8 7 8 7	Littleton 146; Queensborough 150.
15	Common	St George's 30; Jackson's 48; St Paul's 20; Devizes 45.
16	Long	Old Hundred 104; Luther's Hymn 143; Duke Street 112.
17	Common	Torwood 9; Sheffield 19; Bedford 17; York 12.
18	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Inverness 49; St Paul's 20.
19	Common	Bedford 17; Martyrdom 14; Sympathy 63; N. St Ann's 55.
20	8 8 6 8 8 6	Garnethill 135; Praise 144.
21	Common	St Paul's 20; Sheffield 19; St Andrew's 18; St Thomas's 18.
22	Common	Artaxerxes 67; New St Ann's 55; Johnstone Chapel 49.
23	8 7 8 7	Gladness 139; Littleton 146; Alma 126.
24	8 7 8 7 4 7	Helmsley 145; Judgement 141.
25	Common	Sympathy 63; Jackson's 48; Fairlie 75; Arnold's 23.
26	Long	Darnley 115; Duke Street 112; Eaton 114.
27	Common	St Ann's 21; Newington 10; Warwick 34.
28	Common	<i>Crowle</i> 90; <i>Burford</i> 82; <i>Bangor</i> 90; <i>Walsal</i> 83.
29	Common	St Marnock's 26; Newington 10; Eastgate 22.
30	Common	Saxony 31; Martyrdom 14; Messiah 32; N. St Ann's 55.
31	Common	<i>Dundee</i> 86; Ballerma 14; Bedford 17; Torwood 9.
32	Common	St Stephen's 66; St James's 36; Huddersfield 11.
33	Common	New Cambridge 37; St George's 30; Peterborough 44.
34	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Inverness 49; New Lydia 42.
35	Common	Martyrdom 14; Ballerma 14; Eastgate 22; N. St Ann's 55.
36	Common	York 12; Saxony 31; Bedford 17; Jackson's 48.
37	Common	Saxony 31; St Paul's 20; Hadley 52; Eastgate 22.
38	7 7 7 7	Ashburn 127; Plymouth 151; New Greenock 146.
39	Common	Irish 30; Bedford 17; New St Ann's 55.
40	Common	Argyle 74; French 16; Paisley 24.

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41	Common	Low Church 43; Devizes 45; Scarborough 38.
42	Long	Duke Street 112; Eaton 114; Darnley 115.
43	Common	St Andrew's 18; Glasgow 10; Hamilton 38; Peckham 20.
44	Common	Hamilton 38; Dunkeld 72; Warwick 34; Paisley 24.
45	Common	Sympathy 63; Devizes 45; Pembroke 28; Oldham 34.
46	Common	Walmer 60; Sympathy 63; Devizes 45.
47	Common	St David's 16; New London 15; St Stephen's 66.
48	Common	Sweet Harmony 79; Wiltshire 56; Oldham 34.
49	Short	Rothesay 96; Mount Ephraim 98; Mornington 97.
50	Short	Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Simplicity 93.
51	Common	St Stephen's 66; Bridport 81; Martyrdom 14.
52	Common	St George's 30; Stroudwater 28; St David's 16.
53	Common	Paisley 24; Jackson's 48; Johnstone Chapel 49.
54	Common	St Paul's 20; Eastgate 22; New London 15.
55	Common	St Alban's 29; St Lawrence 25; Glasgow 10; St Stephen's 66.
56	7 7 7 7 7 7	Shinar 158; New Greenock 146;
57	Common	St Gregory's 12; St Thomas's 18; Huddersfield 11.
58	Long	Old Hundred 104; Sabbath 105.
59	Common	Camphill 69; Paisley 24; St Paul's 20.
60	8 7 8 7 4 7	Alma 126; Helmsley 145.
61	Common	Peckham 20; Nehemiah 41; Devizes 45; St Thomas's 18.
62	Short	Wirksworth 101; Watchman 95; Shirland 99.
63	Common	Eastgate 22; Devizes 45; St Alban's 29.
64	Common	Bedford 17; Martyrdom 14; St Stephen's 66.
65	Common	New London 15; St Paul's 20; Newington 10; Inverness 48.
66	Common	Saxony 31; St Stephen's 66; St Neof's 82.
67	Long	Duke Street, 112; Ramsgate 119; New Portugal 117.
68	Common	Gainsborough 33; Irish 30; Pembroke 20; St Thomas's 18.
69	Common	Sheffield 19; New Lydia 42; St Alban's 29.
70	Common	Inverness 48; St David's 16; St Ann's 21.
71	Long	Creation 110; Birmingham 107; Morning Prayer 106.
72	Common	Devizes 45; Jackson's 48; Arnold's 28; Glasgow 10.
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74	Common	Martyrdom 14; Saxony 31; Bedford 17.
75	Common	Newington 10; Jackson's 48; Ballerna 14.
76	Common	Pembroke 28; Saxony 31; St Gregory's 1
77	Long	Derby 111; Duke Street, 112; New Portugal 117.
78	Long	Tranquillity 116; Birmingham 107; Sabbath 105.
79	Short	Prescot 100; Watchman 95; Shirland 99.
80	Common	New London 15; St David's 16; Jackson's 48; Montrose 72.
81	Common	Gilcomston Chapel 92; Sheffield 19; St Lawrence 25.
82	Common	Artaxerxes 67; Saxony 31; Irish 30.
83	Common	Jackson's 48; Paisley 24; Fairlie 75.
84	Common	Sympathy 63; Pembroke 28; Suffolk 40.
85	Common	Scarborough 38; St Asaph's 46; New Cambridge 37.
86	Short	Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Simplicity 93.
87	Common	Eastgate 22; Saxony 31; Irish 30.
88	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Rothesay 96.
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90	Common	Stracathro 62; Remembrance 13; York 12.
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92	8 8 8 4	Sabbath 105 — (repeating last line of words.)

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- 94 Common Peckham 20; St Andrew's 18; St Mirren's 22.
- 95 [Common New St Ann's 55; Huddersfield 11; St Stephen's 66.
- 96 Long Sicily 118—(*slightly altered.*)
- 97 Common Remembrance 13; Arnold's 23; Saxony 31.
- 98 Common Argyle 74; Ballerma 14; Martyrdom 14.
- 99 Common Helghington 32; Johnstone Chapel 49; Eastgate 22.
- 100 Common Pembroke 28; Low Church 43; New Lydia 42.
- 101 Common St Asaph's 46; St George's 30; St Lawrence 25.
- 102 Common Scarborough 38; Irish 30; Low Church 43.
- 103 Common New Lydia 42; Peterborough 44; Devizes 45.
- 104 10-7s Saturday Evening Hymn 160.
- 105 Common Eastgate 22; St Lawrence 25; St David's 16.
- 106 Common Fairlie 75; Bedford 17; St Ann's 21; Martyrdom 14.
- 107 Common Hamilton 38; Peterborough 44; Newington 10.
- 108 Long Duke Street 112; Portugal 109; Sicily 113.
- 109 Long New Portugal 117; Tranquillity 116; Darnley 115.
- 110 Common Sympathy 63; New Lydia 42; Bethel 62.
- 111 Common Glasgow 10; Gainsborough 33; Fairlie 75.
- 112 8 8 8 8 8 8 Eaton 114; Darnley 115; Luther's Hymn 143.
- 113 Common Newington 10; St David's 16; St Paul's 20; Irish 30.
- 114 Common Suffolk 40; Camphill 69; Hamilton 38.
- 115 Common Hamilton 38; Peterborough 44; Newington 10.
- 116 Short Mount Ephraim 98; Watchman 95.
- 117 Common *Elgin* 86; *Caroline* 87; *Burford* 82; *Crowle* 90.
- 118 Common New St Ann's 55; *St Neot's* 82; St Lawrence 25.
- 119 Long Old Hundred 104; Eaton 114; Mount Sinai 112.
- 120 Long Mount Sinai 112; Old Hundred 104; Eaton 114.
- 121 Common York 12; New London 15; Huddersfield 11.
- 122 Common Ballerma 14; St Ann's 21; St Stephen's 66.
- 123 Common *Bethlehem* 88; *Caroline* 87; *St Neot's* 82.
- 124 Common Ballerma 14; York 12; *Bangor* 90.
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- 126 7 7 7 7 Plymouth 151; Harts 133; Ashburn 127.
- 127 Short Watchman 95; Simplicity 93; Shirland 99.
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- 129 Common St Stephen's 66; Stroudwater 28; Ballerma 14.
- 130 Common Newington 10; Sheffield 19; Gainsborough 33.
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- 135 Common Huddersfield 11; St Gregory's 12; Martyrdom 14.
- 136 Common Bedford 17; Jackson's 48; St David's 16.
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- 138 Common Artaxerxes 67; Glasgow 10; Smyrna 42.
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- 140 Common Jackson's 48; Remembrance 13; Artaxerxes 67.
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- 143 Common St George's 30; Pembroke 28; Hamilton 38.
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146	Common	Artaxerxes 67; Pembroke 28; Irish 30.
147	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Jackson's 48; Saxony 31.
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152	Common	Fairlie 75; Manchester 24; Bedford 17.
153	Common	St Stephen's 66; St Gregory's 12; New London 15.
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162	8 7 8 7 4 7	Helmsley 145; Judgment 141.
163	Common	Peckham 20; Eastgate 22; Torwood 9.
164	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Selma 94; Hampton 94.
165	Common	Arnold's 23; St Gregory's 12; Sheffield 19.
166	Common	St Thomas's 18; St Andrews 18; Glasgow 10.
167	Common	New St Ann's 55; Remembrance 13.
168	Common	Merksworth 47; Pembroke 28; Peterborough 44.
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186	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Artaxerxes 67; Pembroke 28.
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- 201 Common Artaxerxes 67; St Gregory's 12; Torwood 9.
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- 203 Common Inverness 48; Johnstone Chapel 49; Paisley 24.
- 204 Common St Paul's 20; Artaxerxes 67; St David's 16.
- 205 Common Martyrdom 14; Bedford 17; Ballerma 14.
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- 215 Common St Andrew's 18; Glasgow 10; Peckham 20.
- 216 Common Wiltshire 56; Devizes 45; Smyrna 42.
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- 239 Common Newington 10; Paisley 24; Hamilton 38.
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260	Common	Torwood 9; Paisley 24, Jackson's 48.
261	Common	St Thomas's 18; New London 15; Pembroke 28.
262	Common	Arnold's 23 Sheffield 19; St Andrew's 18.
263	Common	St Alban's 29; Devizes 45; Hamilton 38.
264	Common	French 16; Ballerma 14; St Stephen's 66.
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568	6 6 6 6 8 8	Burnham 123; Darnell's 136th Psalm 120
569	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Tiverton 36; St James's 36.
570	7 7 7 7	Salvation 156; German Hymn 175; Weber's Hymn 161.
571	8 7's	New Greenock 146; Saturday Evening Hymn 160.
572	8-7's	Saturday Evening Hymn 160; Easter Hymn 136.
573	Common	New Cambridge 37; Sympathy 63; Devizes 45.
574	7 7 7 7	Harts 133; Plymouth 151; New Greenock 146.
575	7676 7776	Dunkirk 132 (<i>omitting the word "All" in 6th line.</i>)
576	8-7's.	Easter Hymn 136; New Greenock 146.
577	7 7 7 7	Plymouth 151; Harts 133; New Greenock 146.
578	Short	Rothsay 96; Selma 94; <i>St Bride's</i> 103.
579	7 7 7 7	Weber's Hymn 161; German Hymn 175.
580	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Prescott 100.
581	Common	St David's 16; Sheffield 19; Eastgate 22.
582	Short	Egypt 102; Woodside 102; Wirksworth 101.
583	Long	Duke Street 112; New Portugal 117; Sabbath 105.
584	8 7 8 7 4 7	Helmsley 145; Judgment 141.
585	Common	Ballerna 14; French 16; Bedford 17.
586	Common	Axtaxerxes 67; Sympathy 63; Romaine 39.
587	Long	Sabbath 105; Old Hundred 104; Communion 104.
588	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
589	Common	Johnstone Chapel 49; Peterborough 44; Inverness 45.
590	6 6 6 6 8 8	Burnham 123; Amherst 126; Jubilee 165.
591	Short	Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Simplicity 93.
592	7 7 7 7	Harts 133; Plymouth 151; New Greenock 146.
593	7 7 7 7	Melita 171; Harts 133; Plymouth 151.
594	7 7 7 7	German Hymn 175; Weber's Hymn 161.
595	8 7 8 7	Alma 126; Littleton 146; Gladness 139.
596	Common	York 12; St David's 16; New London 15.
597	7 7 7 7	Weber's Hymn 161; German Hymn 175.
598	10 10 11 11	Geneva 138; Handel's 104th Psalm 140.
599	Long	New Portugal 117; Sabbath 105; Darnley 115.
600	8 8 8 8 8 8	Eaton 114; Luther's Hymn 143.
601	7 7 7 7 7 7	New Greenock 146; Feversham 134; Shinar 158.
602	7676 7676	Dunkirk 132.
603	6 10's	Handel's 104th Psalm 140; Old 124th Psalm 122.
604	Long	Duke Street 112; Tranquillity 116; Birmingham 107.
605	8 7 8 7	(<i>Peculiar Accent.</i>)
606	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
607	Long	Communion 104; Old Hundred 104.
608	Long	Sabbath 105; <i>Holyrood</i> 118; <i>Penitential</i> 118.
609	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Selma 94.
610	7 7 7 7	German Hymn 178; Weber's Hymn 161.
611	Short	Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Prescott 100.
612	Short	Selma 94; Mount Ephraim 98.

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- 613 8 8 8 8 8 8 Eaton 114; Luther's Hymn 143.
- 614 9 8 9 8 8
- 615 Long Duke Street 112; Tranquillity 116; Darnley 115.
- 616 8 7 8 7 Littleton 146; Gladness 139.
- 617 Long Sabbath 105; Old Hundred 104.
- 618 Common Smyrna 42; St Cyprian 35; Sympathy 63.
- 619 Common St Paul's 20; Jackson's 48; Bedford 17.
- 620 Common Ballerna 14; Martyrdom 14; York 12.
- 621 Common York 12; French 16; Eastgate 22.
- 622 8 7 8 7 7 7 New Emmanuel 149; Edom 131.
- 623 7 7 7 7 German Hymn 175; Weber Hymn 161.
- 624 Long Old Hundred 104; Sabbath 104; Communion 104.
- 625 Common Devizes 45; Sympathy 63; Artaxerxes 67.
- 626 Long Darnley 115; Duke Street 112; Tranquillity 116.
- 627 8-7's Easter Hymn 136; Saturday Evening Hymn 160.
- 628 7 7 7 7 German Hymn 175; New Greenock 146.
- 629 Short Mount Ephraim 96; *Merksworth* 101.
- 630 6464 6664 Harts 133; Plymouth 151; New Greenock 146.
- 631 7 7 7 7 German Hymn 175; Weber's Hymn 161.
- 632 7 6 7 6 Dunkirk 132.
- 633 8 8 8 7 Sielly 118.
- 634 8-7's Easter Hymn 136; New Greenock 146.
- 635 8 8 6 8 8 6 Garnethill 135; Praise 144; Piety 51.
- 636 8 8 6 8 8 6 Shrewsbury 27; Piety 51; Garnethill 135.
- 637 Long Old Hundred 104; Sabbath 104; Wells 106.
- 638 Short Mount Ephraim 98; Rothesay 96.
- 639 Short *Merksworth* 101; Selma 94—(omitting last line of words.)
- 640 Common Peckham 20; St Paul's 20; New London 15.
- 641 Common Bedford 17; New St Ann's 55; Ballerna 14.
- 642 Common York 12; Torwood 9; Sheffield 19.
- 643 7 6 7 6 Dunkirk 132.
- 644 7 6 7 6 Dunkirk 132.
- 645 7 6 7 6 Dunkirk 132;
- 646 8 7 8 7
- 647 7 7 7 7 7 7 Shinar 158; Feversham 134.
- 648 Short Mount Ephraim 98; Rothesay 96.
- 649 Common Johnstone Chapel 49; Sympathy 63; Jackson's 48.
- 650 Common St Paul's 20; Torwood 9; Argyle 74.
- 651 Short Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Prescott 100.
- 652 Common Sympathy 63; St Stephen's 66; New St Ann's 55.
- 653 Long Sabbath 105; Duke Street 112; Derby 111.
- 654 Common Torwood 9; York 12; Stroudwater 28.
- 655 7 7 7 7 Harts 133; Plymouth 151; German Hymn 175.
- 656 Common Fiverton 36; Camphill 69; Fairlie 75.
- 657 Long Old Hundred 104; Sabbath 105; Wells 106.
- 658 8 8 6 8 8 6 Praise 144; Piety 51; Shrewsbury 27.
- 659 6 6 6 6 8 8 Burnham 123; Helmsley 145; Darwell's 120.
- 660 Long Duke street 112; Sabbath 105; Old Hundred 104.
- 661 8 7 8 7 7 7 New Emmanuel 149; Edom 172.
- 662 6 6 6 6 8 8 Helmsley 145; Darwell's 120; Burnham 123.
- 663 Long Tranquillity 116; Duke Street 112; Darnley 115.
- 664 Common Paisley 24; Fairlie 75; Remembrance 13.

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<i>No.</i>	<i>Metre,</i>	<i>Appropriate Tunes, with their Pages in the Music at the end</i>
665	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Rothesay 96.
666	Long	Sabbath 105; Darnley 115; Old Hundred 104.
667	8 8 8 8 8 8	Luther's Hymn 143.
668	Short	Rothesay 96; Hampton 94; Selma 94.
669	7 7 7 7	Harts 133; Plymouth 151; New Greenock 146.
670	Common	New Lydia 42; Devizes 45; Peterborough 44.
671	8 4 8 4	
672	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Rothesay 96.
673	7 7 7 7	German Hymn 175; Weber's Hymn 161.
674	8 7 8 7	Easter Hymn 136; Littleton 146; Alma 126.
675	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
676	6 6 6 6 8 8	Benedicite 124; Burnham 123.
677	6 6 6 6 8 8	Burnham 123; Armherst 126.
678	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
679	Common	Smyrna 42; New Lydia 42; Devizes 45.
680	Short	Watchman 95; Shirland 99; Simplicity 93.
681	Short	Mount Ephraim 98; Selma 94.
682	Short	Selma 94; Rothesay 96; Mount Ephraim 98.
683	Short	Prescot 100; Shirland 99; Selma 94.
684	Common	Artaxerxes 67; Sheffield 19; Bedford 17.
685	Common	Torwood 9; Newington 10; Jackson's 48.
686	Common	Sympathy 63; Warwick 34; St Lawrence 25.
687	8 8 8 8 8 8	Luther's Hymn 143; Eaton 114.
688	Long	Sabbath 105; Old Hundred 104.
689	7 7 7 7	New Greenock 146; Harts 133; Plymouth 151.
690	Long	Duke Street 112; Darnley 115; Tranquillity 116.
691	Common	Paisley 24; Torwood 9; New St Ann's 55.
692	Long	Darnley 115; Duke Street 112; Sabbath 105.
693	7 7 7 7	German Hymn 175; Weber's Hymn 161.
694	8 7 8 7	Littleton 146; Gladness 139.
695	Common	Torwood 9; St Gregory's 12; York 12.
696	8 8 6 8 8 6	Piety 51; Garnethill 135; Praise 144.
697	Common	Irish 30; Devizes 45; St Alban's 29.
698	6 6 6 6 8 8	Burnham 123; Benedicite 124.
699	8 7 8 7 7 7	New Emmanuel 149.
700	7 7 7 7	Salvation 156; Weber's Hymn 161.
701	Long	Sabbath 105; Duke Street 112; Darnley 115.
702	8 8 6 8 8 6	Praise 144; Garnethill 135; Piety 51.
703	Common	Newington 10; Eastgate 22; St Mirrens 22.
704	Common	Paisley 24; Fairlie 75; St Stephen's 68.
705	8 7 8 7	Littleton 146; Gladness 134; Alma 126.
706	Long	Old Hundred 104; Communion 104; Sabbath 105.
707	Long	Tranquillity 116; Duke Street 112; Birmingham 107.
708	Long	Sabbath 105; Tranquillity 116; Derby 111.
709	Long	Communion 104; Old Hundred 104; Sabbath 105.
710	Long	Darnley 115; Sabbath 105.
711	7 7 7 7	Harts 133; New Greenock 146; Plymouth 151.
712	10 10 10 10	Handel's 104th Psalm 140.
713	7 7 7 7	German Hymn ; Plymouth 151.
714	Long	Sabbath 105; Duke Street 112; Darnley 115.
715	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
716	Long	<i>Peculiar Accent.</i>

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718	7 6 7 6	Dunkirk 132.
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721	10 10 11 11	Handel's 104th Psalm 140; Geneva 138.
722	Common	Sympathy 68; Irish 30; Jackson's 48.
723	Long	Duke Street 112; Darnley 115; Sabbath 105.
724	Long	Old Hundred 104; Morning Prayer 106; Darnley 115.
725	7 7 7 7	Weber's Hymn 161; German Hymn 175.
726	8 8 6 8 8 6	Garnethill 135; Praise 144.
727	Long	Darnley 115; Duke Street 112; Portugal 109.
728	8 8 8 8 8 8	Eaton 114; Luther's Hymn 143.
729	Long	Sabbath 105; Portugal 109.
730	Long	Old Hundred 104; Communion 104; Sabbath 105.
731	Long	New Portugal 117; Duke Street 112.
732	8 7 8 7	Littleton 146; Gladness 139.

A
SELECTION OF TUNES,

ADAPTED TO THE
HYMNS IN THE PRECEDING PAGES,

WITH
Initiatory Lessons in Singing.

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[The Names of the MIRROR TUNES are printed in Italics.]

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Chesham, . . .	127	Leigh, . . .	137	St. Peter, . . .	137	St. Peter, . . .	145
Chesham, . . .	128	Leigh, . . .	138	St. Peter, . . .	138	St. Peter, . . .	146
Chesham, . . .	129	Leigh, . . .	139	St. Peter, . . .	139	St. Peter, . . .	147
Chesham, . . .	130	Leigh, . . .	140	St. Peter, . . .	140	St. Peter, . . .	148
Chesham, . . .	131	Leigh, . . .	141	St. Peter, . . .	141	St. Peter, . . .	149
Chesham, . . .	132	Leigh, . . .	142	St. Peter, . . .	142	St. Peter, . . .	150
Chesham, . . .	133	Leigh, . . .	143	St. Peter, . . .	143	St. Peter, . . .	151
Chesham, . . .	134	Leigh, . . .	144	St. Peter, . . .	144	St. Peter, . . .	152
Chesham, . . .	135	Leigh, . . .	145	St. Peter, . . .	145	St. Peter, . . .	153
Chesham, . . .	136	Leigh, . . .	146	St. Peter, . . .	146	St. Peter, . . .	154
Chesham, . . .	137	Leigh, . . .	147	St. Peter, . . .	147	St. Peter, . . .	155
Chesham, . . .	138	Leigh, . . .	148	St. Peter, . . .	148	St. Peter, . . .	156
Chesham, . . .	139	Leigh, . . .	149	St. Peter, . . .	149	St. Peter, . . .	157
Chesham, . . .	140	Leigh, . . .	150	St. Peter, . . .	150	St. Peter, . . .	158
Chesham, . . .	141	Leigh, . . .	151	St. Peter, . . .	151	St. Peter, . . .	159
Chesham, . . .	142	Leigh, . . .	152	St. Peter, . . .	152	St. Peter, . . .	160
Chesham, . . .	143	Leigh, . . .	153	St. Peter, . . .	153	St. Peter, . . .	161
Chesham, . . .	144	Leigh, . . .	154	St. Peter, . . .	154	St. Peter, . . .	162
Chesham, . . .	145	Leigh, . . .	155	St. Peter, . . .	155	St. Peter, . . .	163
Chesham, . . .	146	Leigh, . . .	156	St. Peter, . . .	156	St. Peter, . . .	164
Chesham, . . .	147	Leigh, . . .	157	St. Peter, . . .	157	St. Peter, . . .	165
Chesham, . . .	148	Leigh, . . .	158	St. Peter, . . .	158	St. Peter, . . .	166
Chesham, . . .	149	Leigh, . . .	159	St. Peter, . . .	159	St. Peter, . . .	167
Chesham, . . .	150	Leigh, . . .	160	St. Peter, . . .	160	St. Peter, . . .	168
Chesham, . . .	151	Leigh, . . .	161	St. Peter, . . .	161	St. Peter, . . .	169
Chesham, . . .	152	Leigh, . . .	162	St. Peter, . . .	162	St. Peter, . . .	170
Chesham, . . .	153	Leigh, . . .	163	St. Peter, . . .	163	St. Peter, . . .	171
Chesham, . . .	154	Leigh, . . .	164	St. Peter, . . .	164	St. Peter, . . .	172
Chesham, . . .	155	Leigh, . . .	165	St. Peter, . . .	165	St. Peter, . . .	173
Chesham, . . .	156	Leigh, . . .	166	St. Peter, . . .	166	St. Peter, . . .	174
Chesham, . . .							

INITIATORY LESSONS

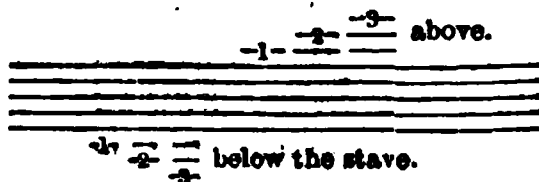
IN

THE ART OF SINGING.

THE STAVE.—Musical sounds are represented by Notes placed on and between five parallel lines, called the *Stave*. These lines and spaces are always counted upwards; and, with the space below and the space above, they exhibit a progression of eleven sounds.



THE LEDGER LINES.—When the notes extend higher or lower than the above, short additional lines are used, called *Ledger Lines*, which are counted from the stave downward and upward.

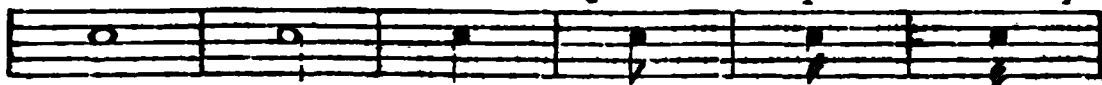


THE CLEFS.—A *Clef* is a mark placed at the beginning of every stave, to show the name and pitch of the notes. There are two kinds, viz., the Bass or F Clef, and the Treble or G Clef. The *Bass Clef*, showing the stave which contains the lowest sounds, is placed on the fourth line, and gives to every note on that line the name of F. The *Treble Clef*, which is prefixed to the stave containing the higher sounds, is placed on the second line, giving the name of G to all notes on that line. The other notes are named accordingly. The first seven letters of the alphabet are used as names to the seven different sounds of music; beyond these the same letters are repeated.



THE NOTES.—There are six kinds of Notes, viz.:

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiquaver. Demisemiquaver.

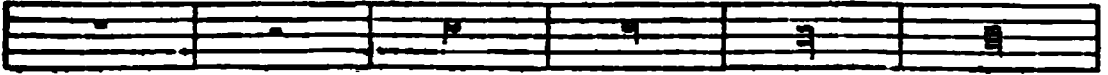


The *Semibreve* is sounded as long as you take to count four, or give four beats; the *Minim* as long as you count two, and so on, as follows:—



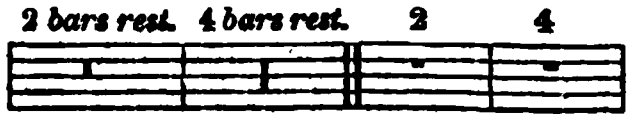
THE RESTS.—Each kind of note has its corresponding *Rest*, a character signifying that silence must be kept as long as its note would be sounding.

Semibreve rest. *Minim rest.* *Crotchet rest.* *Quaver rest.* *Semiquaver rest.* *Demisemiquaver rest.*



The following are Rests which express longer periods of silence—

The semibreve rest, with the requisite figures over it, as in the latter part of the example, is more generally used.



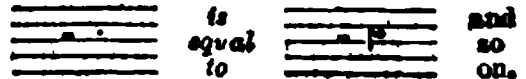
THE DOTS.—A *Dot* after a note makes it one-half longer; therefore—



and so on. Two dots after any note add three-fourths to its duration, the second being half the value of the first. For example—

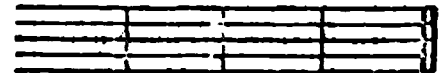


The dots affect the rests in the same way,—one dot adding a half, and two dots three-fourths, to the silence required by the rest itself. Thus—



MISCELLANEOUS CHARACTERS.—A *Sharp* \sharp placed before a note raises it a semitone, and a *Flat* \flat lowers it a semitone. Sharps or flats placed at the beginning of a tune are called the *Signature*, and affect all the notes of the same name throughout. A *Natural* \natural occurring before any note does away with the effect of either flat or sharp, and restores the note to its original sound. *Single Bars* divide music into equal portions called bars or measures, according to the time marked at the beginning of the piece—see *TIME*. *Double Bars* mark the end of a strain. *Marks of Repeat* are two or four dots placed on one or both sides of a bar, as in the example, showing that such parts are to be sung twice. The mark $::/:$ shows where the words are to be sung over again. A *Slur* is a curved drawn over or under two or more notes of different pitch, signifying that they are to be sung to one syllable, and in one breath. A *Slur with figure 8* denotes that the three notes are to be sung in the time of two; with *figure 6*, that the six are to be performed in the time of four. A *Hold* \circ shows that the note, rest, or bar over which it is placed, is to be held rather longer than its usual time.

THE SCALE.—The seven notes of music arranged in regular progression, form what is called the *Scale*; but the eighth is usually added to give it a proper termination. The last note is a replicate or repetition of the first, and being the eighth from it, is called



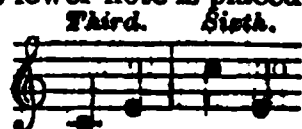
its *octave*. Proceeding beyond this scale, we find that the eighth note of it forms the first of a second scale, exactly the same, but an *octave higher*. The concluding note of the second forms the first of a third, and so on throughout the whole extent of musical sounds. The *Diatonic*, or *Natural Scale*, is composed of five tones and two semitones—the semitones always lying between E and F, and B and C, the notes connected thus—The *Chromatic Scale* consists of twelve semitones—the five tones of the Diatonic Scale being here divided into half tones. This scale ascends by sharps, and descends by flats, thus—



INTERVALS.—The distance between any two sounds of different pitch is called an *Interval*, and is named from the number of degrees contained in it, the first and last being always included. The annexed is a table of the intervals from the 2d to the 9th, beyond which they are not reckoned—the 9th, 10th, &c., being but replicates or repetitions of the 2d, 3d, &c.



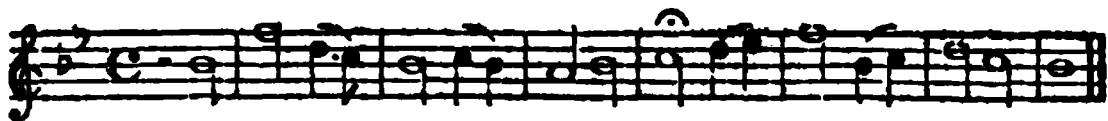
Intervals, however, are further described by the number of semitones they contain, as *minor third*, *major third*, &c., the former containing 3, the latter 4 semitones. An *Inverted Interval* is one whose lower note is placed an octave higher, or its higher note an octave lower. For instance, a 3d inverted is changed to a 6th, a 5th to a 4th, and so on. Inversion changes a major interval to a minor, and a minor to a major.



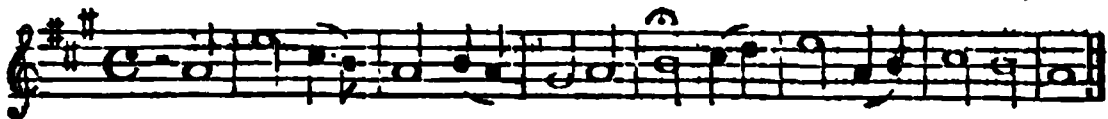
MAJOR AND MINOR KEYS.—The *Tonic*, or *Key Note*, of a piece of music, is a particular note upon which it is constructed. It is always the last note of the bass, generally of the treble also, but not always. In the *Major Key*, the semitones are situated between the 3d and 4th, and 7th and 8th notes above the key note, giving two full notes between the key note and the 3d above, thus:



The *Natural Major Key* is C, but any note of the Chromatic Scale may be made the key note of a composition, provided the proper number of sharps or flats be placed at the signature to bring the semitones in at their proper places, as shown above. The following are the *signatures of the 12 major keys* :—



Here we have to employ two flats: B is flattened that there may be only a semitone between the 7th and 8th, and E is flattened to produce the same interval between the 3d and 4th. But suppose that the tune is still set too high, and we wish it transposed into A.



For this key three sharps are required: F is sharpened to make a full tone between the 5th and 6th; C and G are sharpened to throw the semitones in at their proper places, between the 3d and 4th, and 7th and 8th.

A composition in a major key cannot be transposed into a minor, nor one in a minor into a major.

TIME.—All musical compositions are divided into equal portions by means of *single bars*, and each of these portions is called a *bar* or *measure*. The quantity in each bar is indicated by a *character* or *figures* placed at the beginning of each piece, showing the time in which it is to be performed.

There are two kinds of time, viz., *common* and *triple*. Each of these is again subdivided into *simple* and *compound*, thus—

COMMON TIME, *Simple*.



Compound.



TRIPLE TIME, *Simple*.



Compound.



Where *characters* are used, each bar contains a semibreve, or its equivalent in notes of less value; where *figures* are employed, the lower figure shows the parts into which the semibreve is divided, and the upper one how many of such parts are in a bar, $\frac{2}{4}$ signifying two-fourths of a semibreve, or two crotchets in a bar; $\frac{3}{4}$ three crotchets; $\frac{6}{8}$ six quavers, and so on.

In *Common Time*, the bar is divided into *two* equal parts; consequently, where figures are used to express the time, the upper figure is always an *even* number. In beating common time, the hand or foot goes down at the beginning (marked D), and up at the middle of the bar (marked U); the former being the *accented*, and the latter the *unaccented* part. In *Triple Time*, the bar is divisible into *three* equal parts, and the upper figure is always an *odd* number, 3 or 9. Here the hand or foot goes down at the first, to the right at the second, and rises at the third part of the bar, as will be seen by the letters D, R, U, in the example. When a tune begins with an odd note, or portion of a bar, the last bar will be found deficient to the same extent—both together making only one bar, so that the time is kept full.

THE GRACES.—The *Appoggiatura* is a small note placed before a larger one, from which its duration must be deducted. It has always half of the time of a plain note, and two-thirds the time of a dotted note. The *Turn* is made with the note over which it is written, the tone above, and the semitone below. The *Shake* is a quick alternate repetition of the note above and the note over which it is placed. The *Swell* indicates that the note or passage over which it is placed must be begun soft, and gradually increase to loudness. The *Diminish* signifies the reverse—begin loud, and gradually decrease the strength to soft. The *Swell* and *Diminish* used together, mean that the note or part is to be begun soft, increased in strength to the middle, and then become gradually softer towards the end. *Staccato Points*, or *Strokes*, placed over any number of notes, signify that they are to be played short and distinct, with a slight pause between each.

Written. Performed. Written. Performed.

Written. Performed. Written. Performed.

Written. Performed.

Swell. Diminish. Swell and Diminish.

Written. Played.

Written. Played.

SCALES FOR EXERCISES.—In practising the following scale, begin each note softly, gradually increase the sound towards the middle, then gradually diminish towards the end, using either the syllable *Ah*, or the Italian syllables given.

Scale in the Key of C.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Do re mi fa sol la si do. Do si la sol fa mi re do.

For higher voices a scale may be formed on any note of the preceding scale; for instance, if we take the 5th as a key note, we have a scale ascending four notes higher.

Scale in the Key of G.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Do re mi fa sol la si do. Do si la sol fa mi re do.

Scale in the Key of E Minor.

1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1

Do re mi fa sol la si do. Do si la sol fa mi re do.

A

SELECTION OF TUNES.

TORWOOD. C.M.

John Turnbull

TENOR.

No longer hosts encount'ring hosts Shall crowds of slain deplore;

COUNTER TENOR

TREBLE OF AIR.

No longer hosts encount'ring hosts Shall crowds of slain deplore;

BASS.

They hang the trum-pet in the hall, And stu - dy war no more.

They hang the trum-pet in the hall, And stu - dy war no more.

NEWINGTON. C.M.

Rev. Wm. Jones.

Be hold th' a - max - ing gift of love The Fa - ther hath be - stow'd

On us the sin - ful sons of men, To call us sons of God.

GLASGOW. C.M.

John Holden.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song, Thy won - ders I'll pro - claim.

GLASGOW—*Continued.*

Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong, I'll praise thy glo-rious name.

Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong, I'll praise thy glo-rious name.

This musical score for 'GLASGOW' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Thou sov'reign Judge of right and wrong, I'll praise thy glo-rious name.'

HUDDERSFIELD. C.M.

Rev. M. Madan.

O for a shout of sa-cred joy, To thee, the Sov'-reign King;

O for a shout of sa-cred joy, To thee, the Sov'-reign King;

This musical score for 'HUDDERSFIELD' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'O for a shout of sa-cred joy, To thee, the Sov'-reign King;'

Let ev'-ry land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

Let ev'-ry land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.

This musical score for 'HUDDERSFIELD' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the bass line. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: 'Let ev'-ry land their tongues em-ploy, And hymns of tri-umph sing.'

YORK. C.M.

Old Scottish Melody.

O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

O God our help in a - ges past, Our hope for years to come;

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

Our shel - ter from the stor - my blast, And our e - ter - nal home.

ST. GREGORY'S. C.M.

Dr. Wainwright.

O give to me a thank - ful heart, From ev' - ry mur-mur free;

O give to me a thank - ful heart, From ev' - ry mur-mur free;

ST. GREGORY'S—*Continued.*

The bless-ings of thy grace im-part, And make me live to thee.

REMEMBRANCE. C.M.

Handel.

In mer-cy with thy ser-vant deal, Thy laws me teach and show;

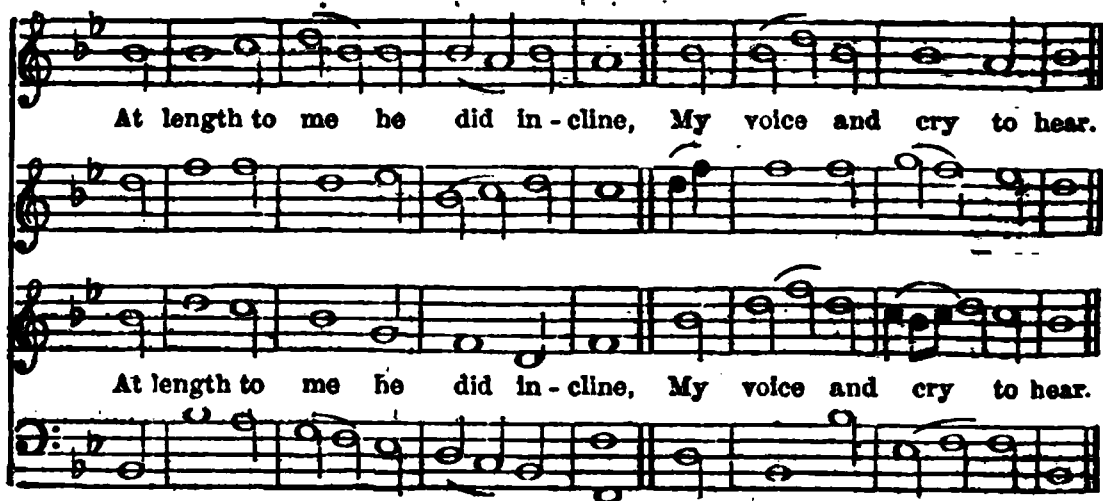
I am thy ser-vant, wis-dom give, That I thy laws may know.

BALLERMA. C.M.

F. H. Barthelemon.


I wait-ed for the Lord my God, And pa-tient-ly did bear,

I wait-ed for the Lord my God, And pa-tient-ly did bear,



At length to me he did in-cline, My voice and cry to hear.

At length to me he did in-cline, My voice and cry to hear.

MARTYRDOM. C.M.

Hugh Wilson.


Be mer-ci-ful to me, O God; Thy mer-cy un-to me

Be mer-ci-ful to me, O God; Thy mer-cy an-to me

MARTYRDOM—*Continued.*

Do thou ex-tend, be-cause my soul Doth put her trust in thee.

Do thou ex-tend, be-cause my soul Doth put her trust in thee.

NEW LONDON. C.M. *Old Scottish Melody.*

All praise to thee in high-est strains, In high-est worlds be paid;

All praise to thee in high-est strains, In high-est worlds be paid;

Thy glo-ry by our lips pro-claim'd, And by our lives dis-play'd.

Thy glo-ry by our lips pro-claim'd, And by our lives dis-play'd.

ST. DAVID'S. C.M.

Welsh Melody.

To Him in whom they move and live, Let ev'-ry crea-ture sing,

All glo-ry to their Ma-ker give, And hom-age to their King.

FRENCH. C.M.

Guillaume Franc.

With rev'rence let the saints ap-pear, And bow be-fore their King,

FRENCH—*Continued.*

His high com-mands with rev'rence hear, And to him praises sing.

His high com-mands with rev'rence hear, And to him praises sing.

BEDFORD. C.M.

Dr. Wm. Wheall.

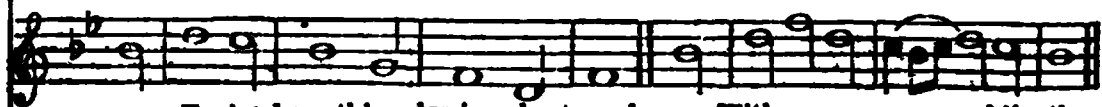
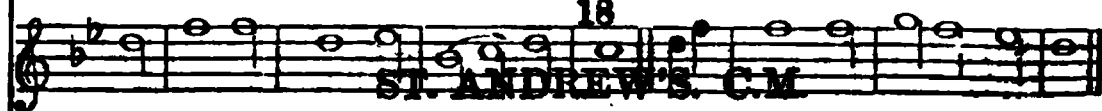
Come let us join the hosts a-bove, And high our voi - ces raise;

Come let us join the hosts a-bove, And high our voi - ces raise;

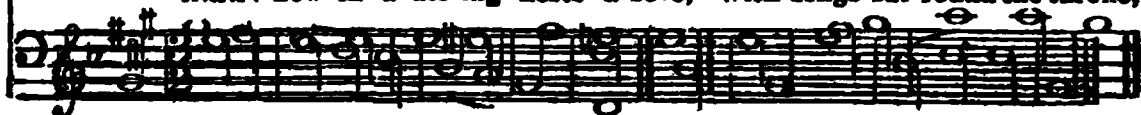
Re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And loud pro - claim his praise.

Re-mem-ber our Cre - a - tor's love, And loud pro - claim his praise.

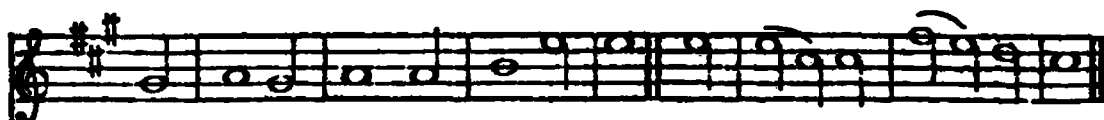
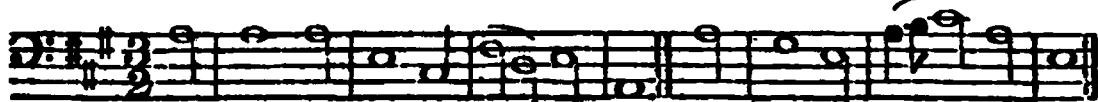
ST. ANDREW'S. C.M.



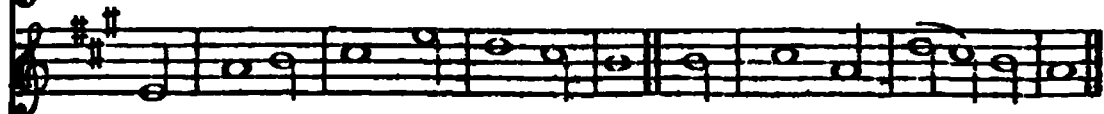
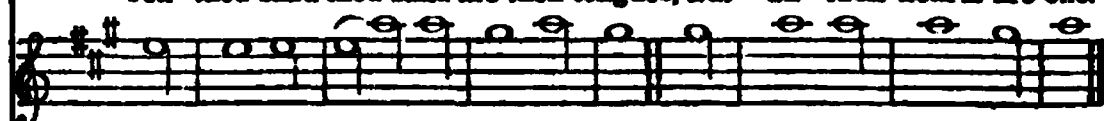
Hark! how th' a-dor-ing hosts a-bove, With songs sur-round the throne;



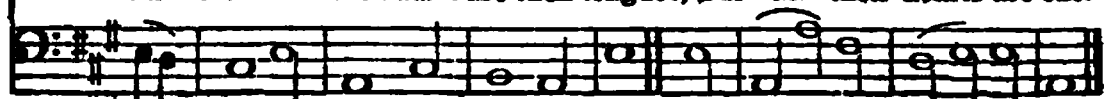
Hark! how th' a-dor-ing hosts a-bove, With songs sur-round the throne;



Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their hearts are one.

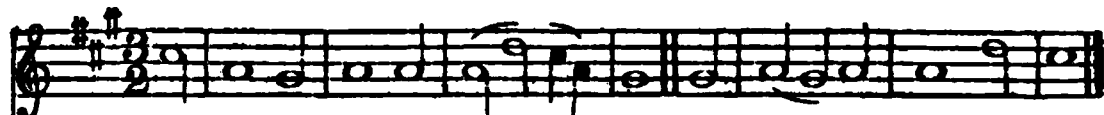


Ten thou-sand thou-sand are their tongues, But all their hearts are one.

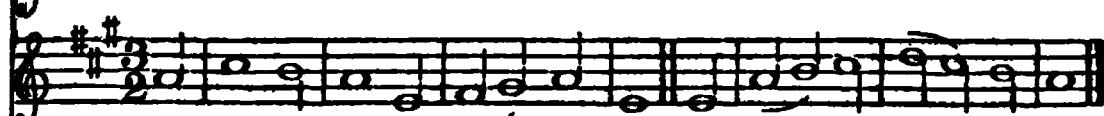
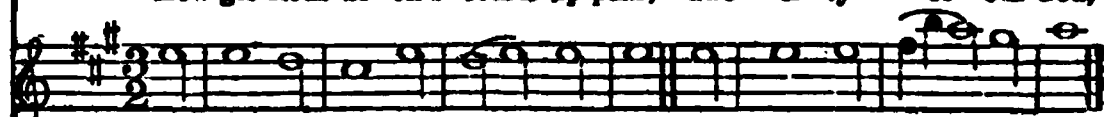


ST. THOMAS'S. C.M.

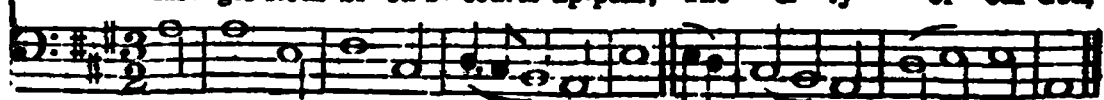
Henry Purcell



How glo-rious Si-on's courts ap-pear, The ci-ty of our God;



How glo-rious Si-on's courts ap-pear, The ci-ty of our God;



ST. THOMAS'S—*Continued.*

His throne he hath es-ta-blish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

His throne he hath es-ta-blish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

SHEFFIELD. C.M.

W. Mather.

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys;

When all thy mer-cies, O my God, My ris-ing soul sur-veys;

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

Trans-port-ed with the view, I'm lost In wonder, love, and praise.

ST. PAUL'S. C.M.

W. Tate.

Come let us all u-nite to praise The friend of all man-kind;

Come let us all u-nite to praise The friend of all man-kind;

Our thankful hearts in so-lemn lays Be with our voi-ces join'd.

Our thankful hearts in so-lemn lays Be with our voi-ces join'd.

PECKHAM. C.M.

Isaac Smith.

O God of Be-thel! by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;

O God of Be-thel! by whose hand Thy peo-ple still are fed;

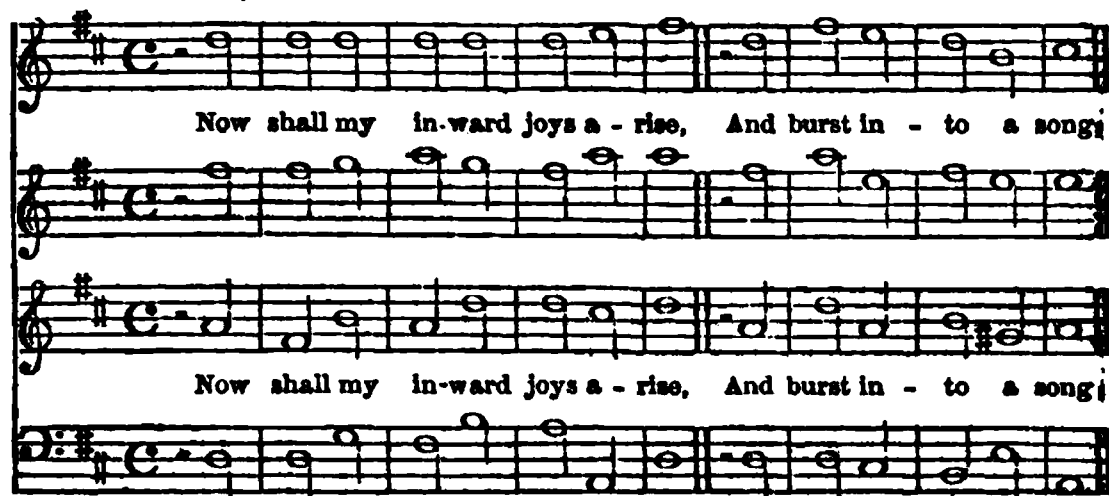
PECKHAM—Continued.



Who through this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led.

Who through this wea - ry pil - grim-age Hast all our fa - thers led.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

Dr. Croft.


Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song;

Now shall my in - ward joys a - rise, And burst in - to a song;



For love di - vine in - spires my heart, And pleasures tune my tongue.

For love di - vine in - spires my heart, And pleasures tune my tongue.

EASTGATE. C.M.

J. Bennett.

Be - hold, how good a thing it is, And how be - com-ing well,

Be - hold, how good a thing it is, And how be - com-ing well,

Together such as brethren are In u - ni - ty to dwell! In u-ni-ty to dwell!

Together such as brethren are In u - ni - ty to dwell! In u-ni ty to dwell!

ST. MIRREN'S. C.M.

R. A. Smith.

The Lord of us hath mindful been, And he will bless us still;

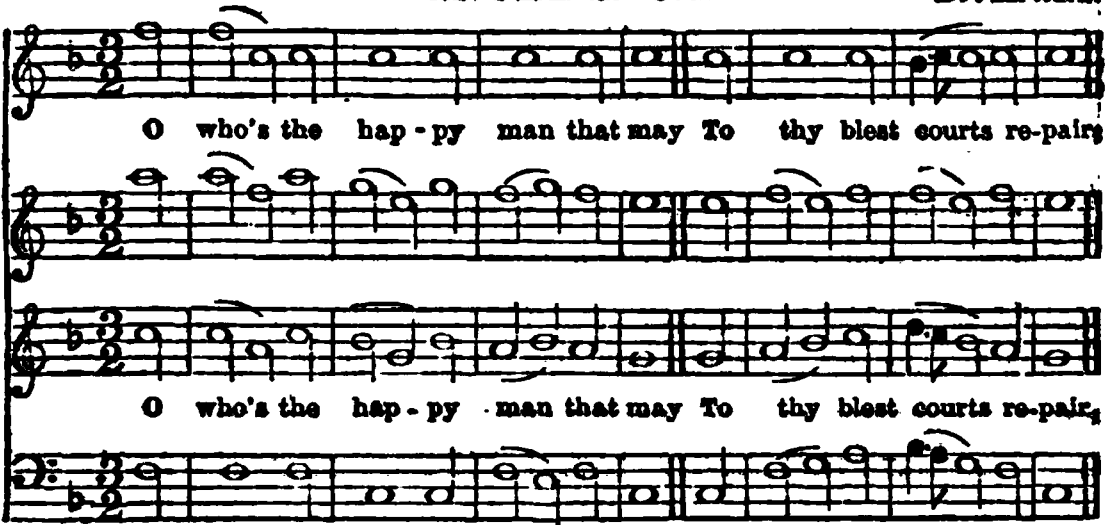
The Lord of us hath mindful been, And he will bless us still:

ST. MIRREN'S—*Continued.*


He will the house of Is-r'el bless, Bless Aaron's house he will.

He will the house of Is-r'el bless, Bless Aaron's house he will.

ARNOLD'S. C.M.

Dr. Arnold.


O who's the hap-py man that may To thy blest courts re-pairs

O who's the hap-py man that may To thy blest courts re-pairs



Not stran-ger - like to vis - it them, But to in - ha - bit there.

Not stran-ger - like to vis - it them, But to in - ha - bit there.

MANCHESTER. C.M.

Dr. Wainwright.

O that men to the Lord would give Praise for his good-ness then,

And for his works of won-der done Un-to the sons of men.

PAISLEY. C.M.

Ludovick Nicolson.

A few short years of e-vil past, We reach the hap-py shore

PAISLEY—Continued.

Where death-divided friends at last Shall meet to part no more.

Where death-divided friends at last Shall meet to part no more.

ST. LAWRENCE. C.M.

R. A. Smith.

Ye heav'ns, send forth your song of praise! Earth, raise your voice below!

Ye heav'ns, send forth your song of praise! Earth, raise your voice below!

Let hills and mountains join the hymn, And joy through nature flow.

Let hills and mountains join the hymn, And joy through nature flow.

ST. MARNOCK'S. C.M.

J. Anderson.

His gra-cious hand shall wipe the tears From ev'-ry weep-ing eye:

And pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death itself, shall die. And

pains and groans, and griefs and fears, And death it-self, shall die.

SHREWSBURY. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

Hark! how the saints in lof-ty strains, With songs the throne surround: With

p
songs the throne sur-round, Hark! how they charm the star-ry plains,

mf Hark! how they charm the star-ry plains With an im - mor-tal sound.
mf
mf Hark! how they charm the star-ry plains With an im - mor-tal sound.
f

PEMBROKE. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

My soul would rise and sweetly sing With yonder hap-py throng, Who ev - er

My soul would rise and sweetly sing With yonder hap-py throng, Who ev - er

praise their heav'nly King In one triumphant song. In one tri - umphant song.

praise their heav'nly King In one tri-um-phant song. In one tri - umphant song.

STROUDWATER. C.M.

Henry Purcell.

Great King on high, ac - cept the praise Of these our humble songs;

Great King on high, ac - cept the praise Of these our humble songs;

STROUDWATER—*Continued.*

Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our immortal tongues.

Till tunes of nobler sound we raise With our immortal tongues.

ST. ALBAN'S. C.M.

James Leach.

Come, happy souls, approach your King, With new melodious songs;

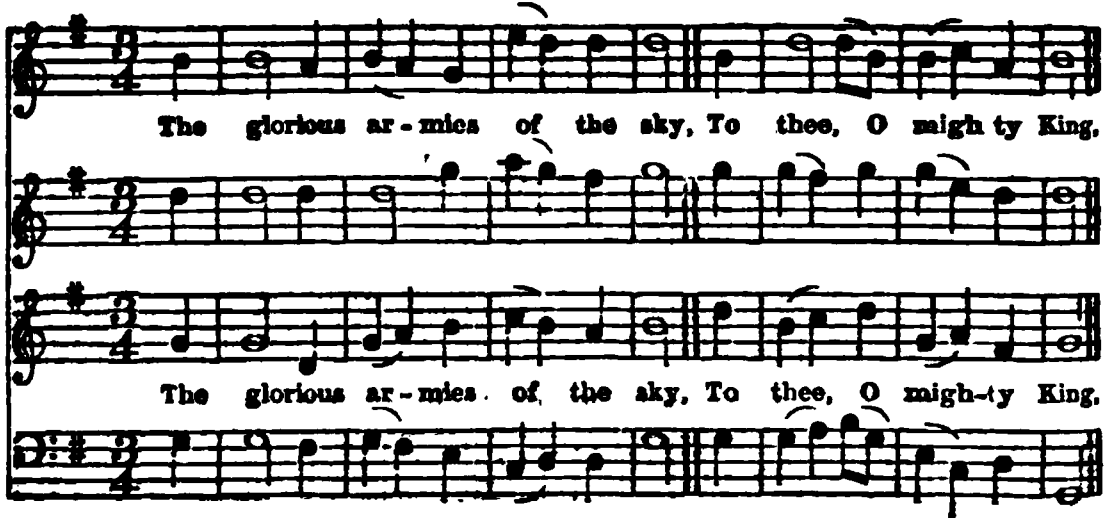
Come, happy souls, approach your King, With new melodious songs;

Come render to his gracious name The tribute of your tongues.

The tribute of your tongues.

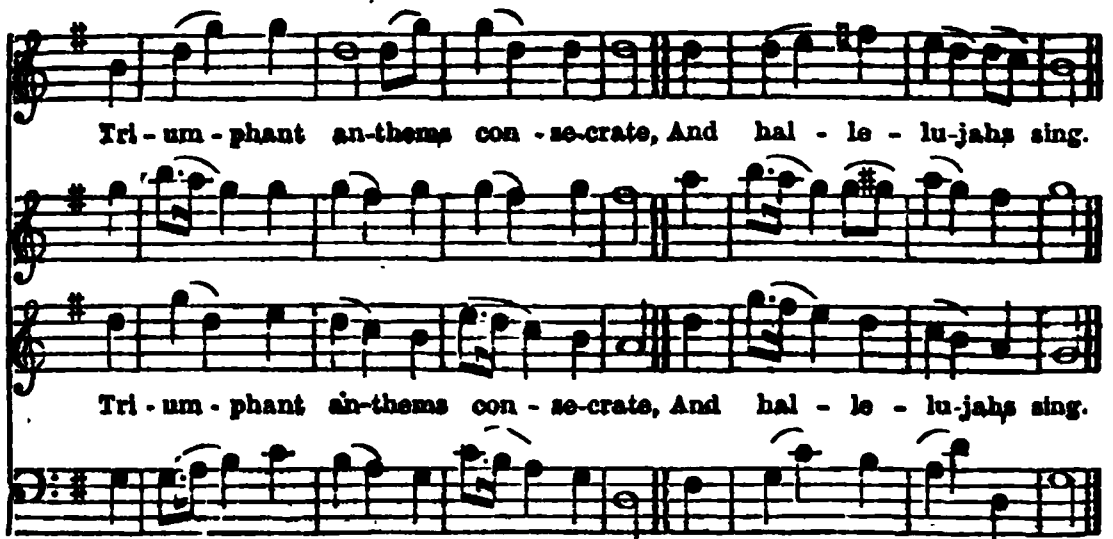
Come render to his gracious name The tribute of your tongues.

IRISH. C.M.

B. Milgrove.


The glorious ar-mies of the sky, To thee, O might-y King.

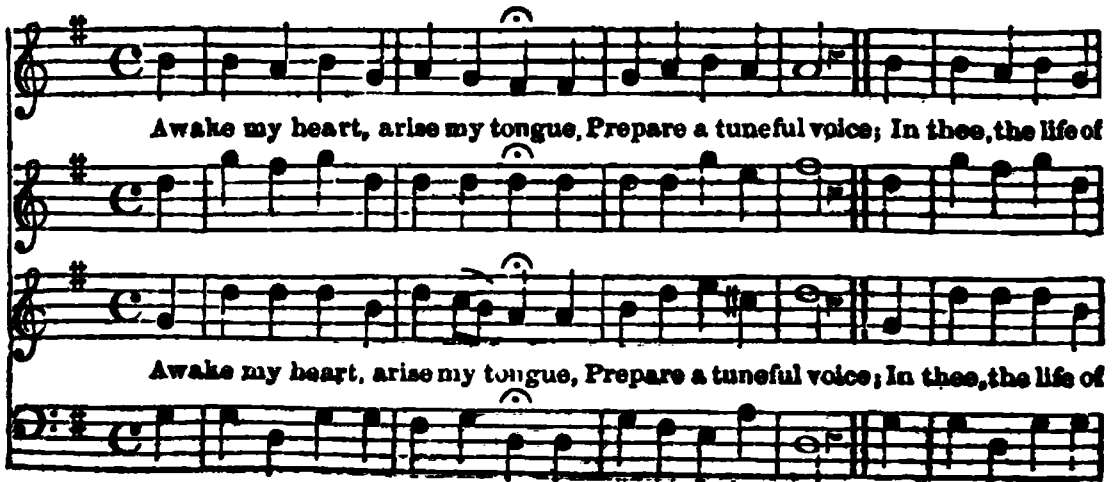
The glorious ar-mies of the sky, To thee, O might-y King.



Tri-um-phant an-thems con-se-crate, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

Tri-um-phant an-thems con-se-crate, And hal-le-lu-jahs sing.

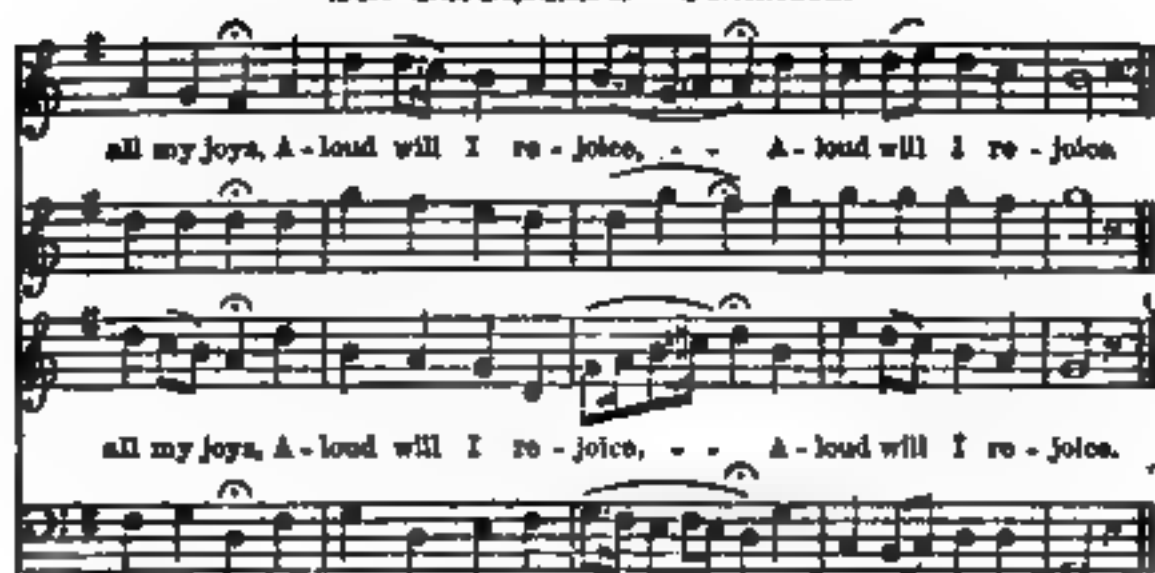
ST. GEORGE'S. C.M.

Hermana.


Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In thee, the life of

Awake my heart, arise my tongue, Prepare a tuneful voice; In thee, the life of

ST. GEORGE'S—Continued.

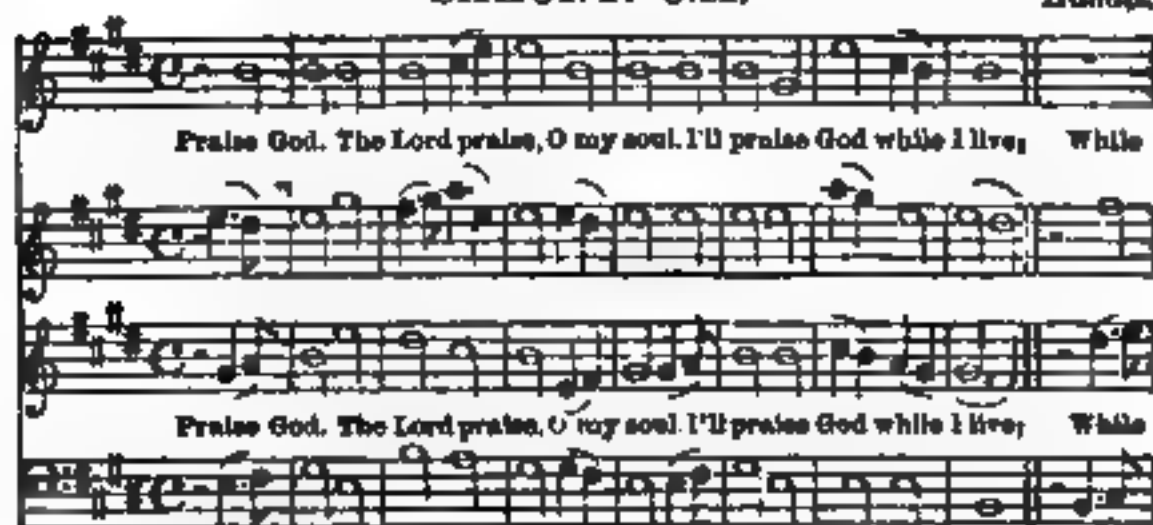


all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice, - - A-loud will I re-joice

all my joys, A-loud will I re-joice, - - A-loud will I re-joice.

SAXONY. C.M.

Handel



Praise God. The Lord praises, O my soul. I'll praise God while I live; While

Praise God. The Lord praises, O my soul. I'll praise God while I live; While



I have be-ing to my God in songs I'll praises give. In songs I'll praises give

In songs - - - - -

I have be-ing to my God in songs I'll praises give. In songs I'll praises give.

In songs - - - - -

MESSIAH. C.M.

Handel

To him that lov'd the souls of men, And wash'd us in his blood,

To roy - al honours rais'd our head, And made us priests to God.

HEIGHINGTON. C.M.

Dr. Heighington

When join'd to that har - mo-nious throng That fills the choirs a - bove,

HEIGHINGTON—Continued.



Sal - va - tion then shall be our song, And ev' - ry note be love.

Sal - va - tion then shall be our song, And ev' - ry note be love.

GAINSBOROUGH. C.M.

Isaac Smith.



I will be glad and much re-joice In thee, thou Most High,

I will be glad and much re-joice In thee, O thou Most High,

And make my song ex - tol thy name A - bove the star - ry sky

And make my song ex - tol thy name A - bove the star - ry sky.

OLDHAM. C.M.

James Leach.

O for a thousand tongues to sing The praise of love di-vine; In songs un-

O for a thousand tongues to sing The praise of love di-vine; In songs un-

to my heav'nly King With saints above to join. With saints above to join.

to my heav'nly King With saints above to join. With saints above to join.

WARWICK. C.M.

John Stanley.

Our souls, we know, when he appears, Shall bear his im-age bright;

Our souls, we know, when he appears, Shall bear his im-age bright

WARWICK—Continued.

For all his glo - ry, full dis - closed, Shall o - pen to our sight.
p *f*

For all his glo - ry, full dis - closed, Shall o - pen to our sight.
p *f*

ST. CYPRIAN. C.M.

F. J. Beaumont.

To thee let ev' - ry tongue be praise, And ev'ry heart be love; Be - low sweet

To thee let ev' - ry tongue be praise, And ev'ry heart be love; Be - low sweet

hal - le - lu - jahs raise, And no - bler songs a - bove, And no - bler songs above.
p *f*

hal - le - lu - jahs raise, And no - bler songs a - bove, And no - bler songs above.
p *f*

ST. JAMES'S. C.M.

R. Courtville.

O Lord, un - to my pray'r give ear, My cry let come to thee;

O Lord, un - to my pray'r give ear, My cry let come to thee;

And in the day of my dis-tress Hide not thy face from me.

And in the day of my dis-tress Hide not thy face from me.

TIVERTON. C.M.

T. Grigg.

All gra-cious King, with songs of praise I'll in thy strength re-joice;

All gra-cious King, with songs of praise I'll in thy strength re-joice;

TIVERTON—*Continued.*


And, blest with thy sal - va - tion, raise To thee a cheer - ful voice.

And, blest with thy sal - va - tion, raise To thee a cheer - ful voice.

NEW CAMBRIDGE. C.M.

Dr. Randall.


I'll thee ex - tol, my God, O King. I'll bless thy name always; Thee will I

I'll thee ex - tol, my God, O King. I'll bless thy name always; Thee will I



I'll bless thy name for ever and ever. Thy name, O Lord, is praise

I'll bless thy name for ever and ever. Thy name, O Lord, is praise

SCARBOROUGH. C.M.

W. Shrubsole.

Let high born ser-aphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall

Let high born ser-aphs tune the lyre, And as they tune it, fall

Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him King of all.

Be - fore his face who tunes their choir, And crown him King of all.

* Either the higher or the lower notes, but not both.

HAMILTON. C.M.

R. A. Smith.

How love - ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me; The

How love - ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me; The

HAMILTON—*Continued.*

ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace How pleasant, Lord, they be. How pleasant, &c.

ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace How pleasant, Lord, they be, How pleasant, &c.

ROMAINE. C.M.

Dr. Miller.

O hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce-

O hap-py is the man who hears Instruction's warning voice, And who ce-

les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice. His ear - ly, only choice.

les - tial wis-dom makes His ear - ly, on - ly choice. His ear - ly, only choice.

SUFFOLK. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

All lands to God, in joy-ful sounds A-loud your voi - ces raise,

All lands to God, in joy-ful sounds A-loud your voi - ces raise,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the lyrics 'All lands to God, in joy-ful sounds A-loud your voi - ces raise,'.

In sweet-est har - mo - ny com - bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.

In sweet-est har - mo - ny com - bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the lyrics 'In sweet-est har - mo - ny com - bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.'.

In sweet-est har-mo-ny com-bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.

In sweet-est har-mo-ny com-bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the lyrics 'In sweet-est har-mo-ny com-bine To sing Je - ho - vah's praise.'.

NEHEMIAH. C.M.

W. Arnola.

O let me join yon happy throng, Who praise their glorious King; Who

O let me join yon happy throng, Who praise their glorious King; Who

Detailed description: This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the first two lines of the hymn, with lyrics printed below each staff.

praise their glo-rious King; O let me mount and swell the song Which

praise their glo-rious King; O let me mount and swell the song Which

Detailed description: This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one flat (Bb) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the next two lines of the hymn, with lyrics printed below each staff. The second staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking.

they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing.

they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing. Which they so sweetly sing.

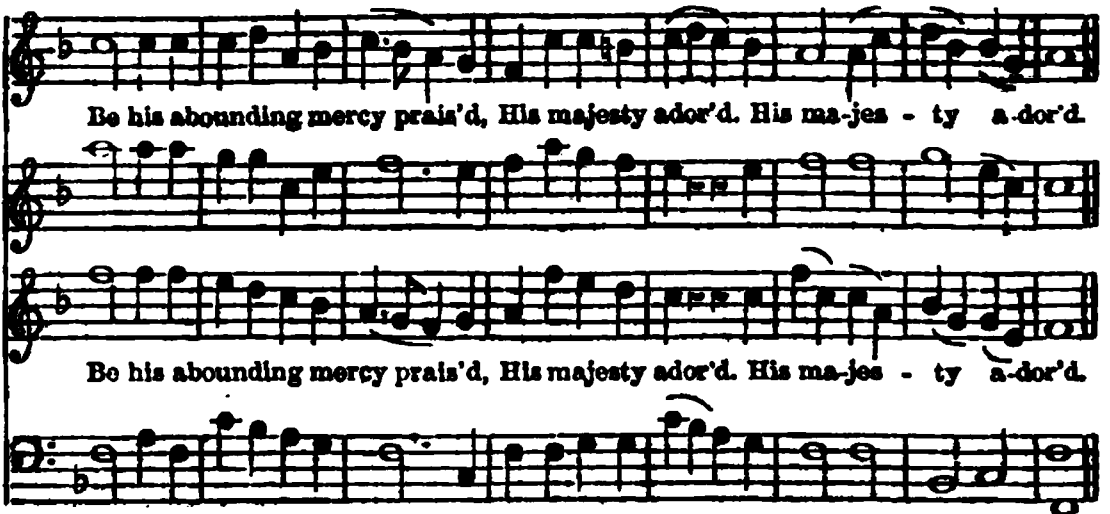
Detailed description: This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain musical notation for the final two lines of the hymn, with lyrics printed below each staff. The first staff begins with a piano (p) dynamic marking, and the second staff begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic marking.

NEW LYDIA. C.M.

Dr. Arnold.


Bless'd be the ev - er - last-ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;

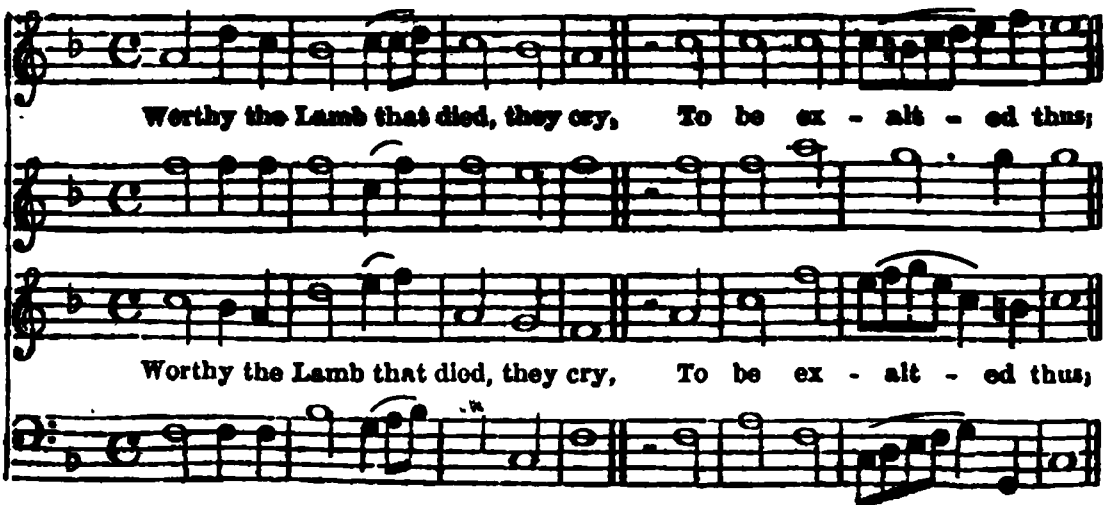
Bless'd be the ev - er - last-ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord;



Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His majesty ador'd. His ma-jes - ty a-dor'd.

Be his abounding mercy prais'd, His majesty ador'd. His ma-jes - ty a-dor'd.

SMYRNA. C.M.

James Leach.


Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus;

Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry, To be ex - alt - ed thus;

SMYRNA—*Continued.*

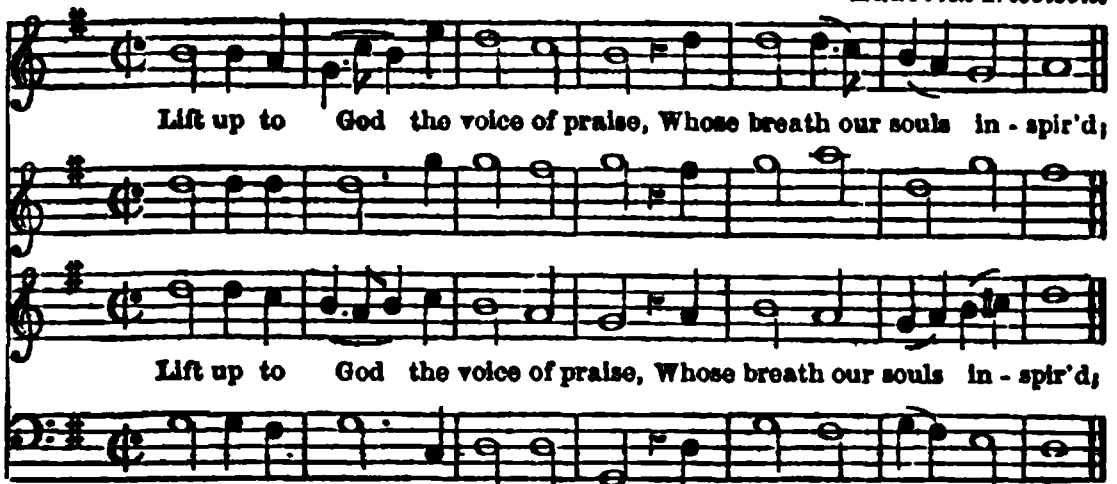

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply, For he was slain for us.

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply,

Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply, For he was slain for us.

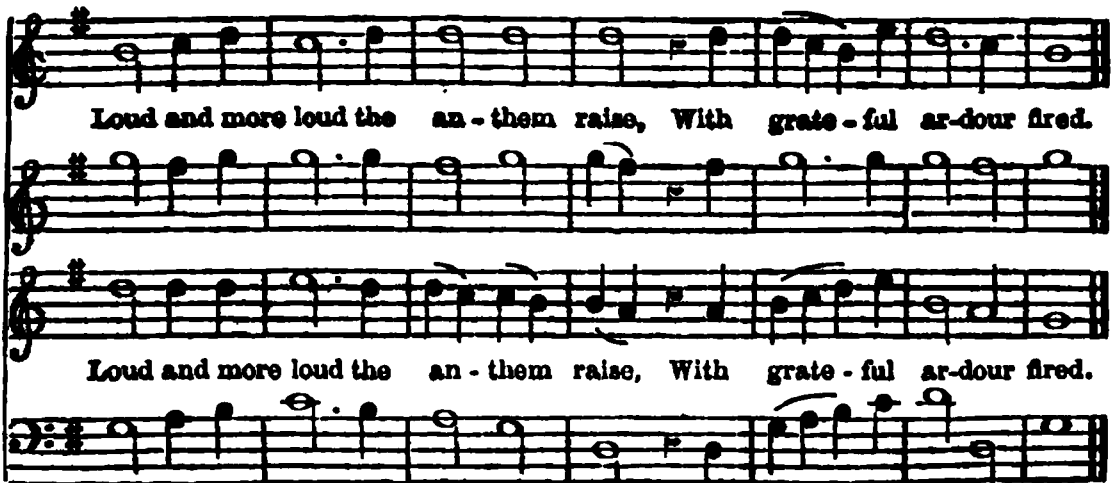
Worthy the Lamb, let us re-ply,

LOW CHURCH. C.M.

Ludovick Nicolson.


Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spir'd,

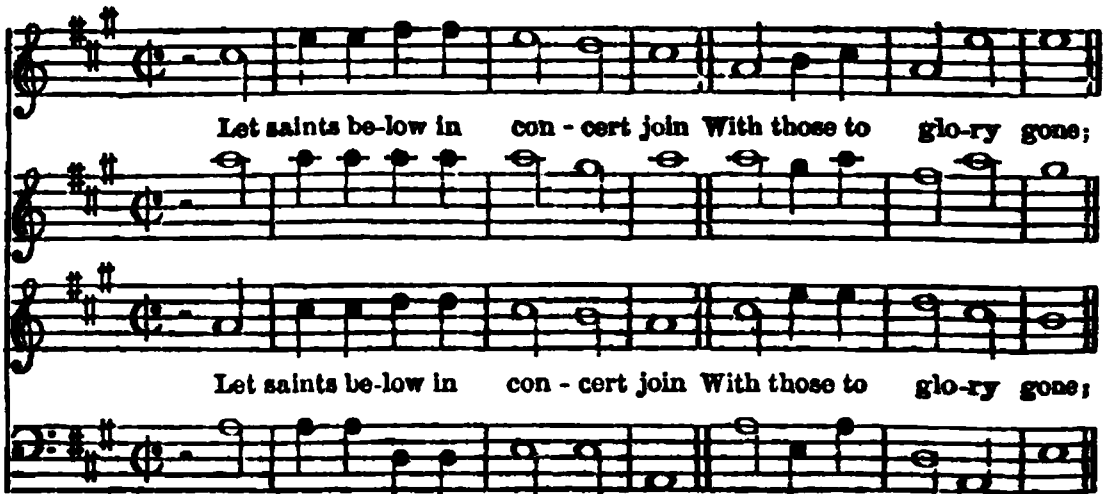
Lift up to God the voice of praise, Whose breath our souls in-spir'd,



Loud and more loud the an-them raise, With grate-ful ar-dour fired.

Loud and more loud the an-them raise, With grate-ful ar-dour fired.

PETERBOROUGH. C.M.



Let saints be-low in con - cert join With those to glo-ry gone;

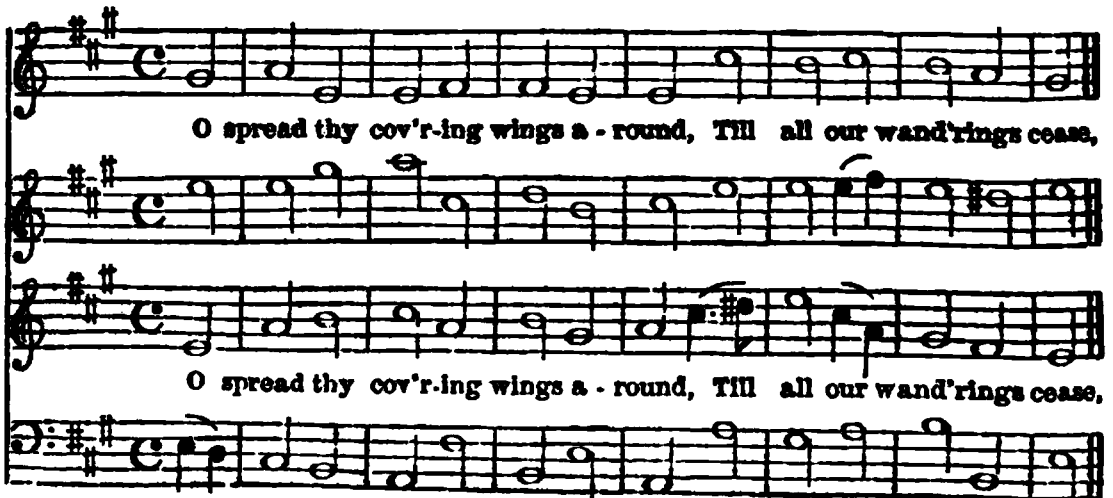
Let saints be-low in con - cert join With those to glo-ry gone;



For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

For all the ser-vants of our King In heav'n and earth are one.

AFFECTION. C.M.

Wm. Shield.


O spread thy cov'r-ing wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,

O spread thy cov'r-ing wings a - round, Till all our wand'rings cease,

AFFECTION—*Continued.*

And at our Fa-ther's lov'd a bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.

And at our Fa-ther's lov'd a - bode Our souls ar - rive in peace.

DEVIZES. C.M.

James Tucker.

Praise ye his name, for it is good Praise to our King to sing; For it is

Praise ye his name, for it is good Praise to our King to sing; For it is

pleasant, and to praise - - - It is a comely thing. It is a comely thing.

pleasant, and to praise - - - It is a comely thing. It is a comely thing.

ST. ASAPH'S. C.M.D.

Giornivichi

How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array? How

How bright these glorious spirits shine! Whence all their white array? How

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

came they to the blissful realms Of everlasting day? Lo! these are they from sufferings
[great, Who

came they to the blissful realms Of everlasting day? Lo! these are they from sufferings
[great, Who

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which
[shine so bright.

came to realms of light, And in the blood of Christ have wash'd Those robes which
[shine so bright.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of two sharps (F# and C#) and a common time signature (C). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

MERKSWORTH. C.M.

J. R. M'Furlane.


Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my



Be - gin, my tongue, the heav'n - ly theme, A - wake, my



heart, and sing The gra - cious work and sav - ing name Of



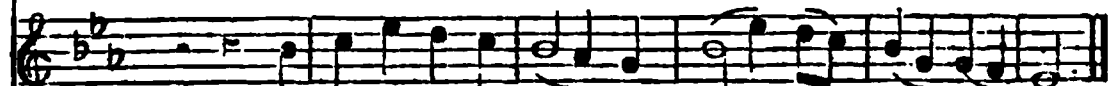
heart, and sing The gra - cious - work and sav - ing name Of



our E - ter - nal King. Of our E - ter - nal King.



Of our E - ter - nal King.



Of our E - ter - nal King. Of our E - ter - nal King.



our E - ter - ne' King.

JACKSON'S. C.M.

Thomas Jackson.

To him that lov'd the souls of men, And wash'd us in his blood;

To roy-al hon-ours rais'd our head, And made us priests to God.

INVERNESS. C.M.

George Cameron.

Lord, thee I'll praise with my whole heart, Thy won-ders I'll pro-claim;

INVERNESS—*Continued.*

In thee, Most High, I'll great - ly joy, And sing un - to thy name.

 In thee, Most High, I'll great - ly joy, And sing un - to thy name.

JOHNSTONE CHAPEL. C.M.

Robt. Boyle.

Praise waits for thee in Zi - on, Lord: To thee vows paid shall be.

 Praise waits for thee in Zi - on, Lord: To thee vows paid shall be.

O thou that hear - er art of pray'r, All flesh shall come to thee.

 O thou that hear - er art of pray'r, All flesh shall come to thee.

LAIGH COMMON. C.M.

J. R. M'Farlane.

Lord of the Sab-bath, thee we praise, In con - cert

Lord of the Sab-bath, thee we praise, In con - cert

with the blest; Who, joy - ful, in har - mon-i-ous lays,

with the blest; Who, joy - ful, in har - mon-i-ous lays,

p

Employ an endless rest. Em ploy an end-less rest.

Em - ploy an end-less rest. - - - Em - ploy an end-less rest.

p

PIETY. C.M.

Stately.

O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We

O that with yon - der sa - cred throng, We at his feet may fall; We

at his feet may fall; To join the ev - er - last - ing song, To

at his feet may fall; To join the ev - er - last - ing song, To

join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him King of all.

join the ev - er - last - ing song, And crown him King of all.

To join the everlasting song,

HADLEY. C.M.

In life's gay morn, when spright - ly youth With vi - tal
 In life's gay morn, when spright - ly youth With vi - tal

ar - dour glows, And shines in all the fair - est charms Which
 ar - dour glows, And shines in all the fair - est charms Which

beau - ty can dis - close Which beau - ty can dis - close
 beau - ty can dis - close. Which beau - ty can dis - close.

NEW HENLEY. C.M.

Thomas Clark.

When we shall leave these drea-ry plains,

And all our sor-rows

When we shall leave these drea-ry plains,

And all our sor-rows cease, Then shall we

cease, Then

And all our sor-rows cease. Then shall we

Then shall we sing in joy-ful strains, Then

sing - - in joy-ful strains, In yon sweet realms of peace.

shall we sing

sing - - in joy-ful strains, In yon sweet realms of peace.

shall we sing

AYR. C.M.

Schoeniman.

Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear is o - pen to your call;

Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear . Is o - pen to your call;

While of - fer'd mer - cy still is near, Be - fore his footstool fall.

While of - fer'd mer - cy still is near, Be - fore his footstool fall.

KELBURN. C.M.

R. A. Smith.

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye That his attendants are; Ev'n you that in God's

Behold, bless ye the Lord, all ye That his attendants are; Ev'n you that in God's

KELBURN—Continued.

tem-ple be, Ev'n you that in God's temple be, And praise him nightly there.

Cres.

tem-ple be, Ev'n you that in God's temple be, And praise him nightly there.

Cres.

This musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef melody with the lyrics 'tem-ple be, Ev'n you that in God's temple be, And praise him nightly there.' The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef melody with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. Dynamics include 'Cres.' (Crescendo) and 'f' (forte).

NEW ST. ANN'S. C.M. Sir George Smart.

I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray-ers he did hear;

I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray-ers he did hear;

This musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef melody with the lyrics 'I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray-ers he did hear;'. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef melody with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2.

I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

This musical score consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef melody with the lyrics 'I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.'. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a treble clef melody with the same lyrics. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 2/2.

WILTSHIRE C.M.

Through all the changing scenes of life, In troubles and in joy,

Through all the changing scenes of life, In troubles and in joy,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. Both staves show a melodic line with various intervals and rests, set against a simple harmonic background.

The praises of my King shall still The praises of my King shall still

The praises of my King shall still The praises of my King shall still

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The melody continues with a similar pattern of eighth and sixteenth notes.

My heart - - - and tongue employ. My heart and tongue employ.

My heart - - - and tongue employ. My heart and tongue employ.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The melody concludes with a final cadence.

AUBURN. C.M.

Rev. J. Lawson.

First system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The first staff has the lyrics "Come, heav'nly love, in - spire my song" and ends with "With". The second staff has the lyrics "With thy im-mor-tal flame," and includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*.

Second system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The first staff has the lyrics "thy im mor-tal flame, And teach my heart, and tune my tongue,". The second staff has the lyrics "thy im-mor-tal flame, And teach my heart, and tune my tongue, To" and includes a dynamic marking *p*.

Third system of the musical score. It consists of two staves. The first staff has the lyrics "To sing thy glorious fame." and includes dynamic markings *p* and *f*. The second staff has the lyrics "sing thy glorious fame." and "To sing thy glorious fame." with a dynamic marking *f*.

WALKER'S DOXOLOGY. C.M.

T. Walker.

To Fa-ther, Son, and Ho-ly Ghost, The God whom we a-dore,

Be glo-ry e-ver-more, Be glo-ry as it,
Be glo-ry e-ver-more.

was, is now, Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.
Be glo-ry now And ev-er-more.
was, is now, Be glo-ry as it was, is now, And shall be ev-er-more.

NEW JERUSALEM. C.M.

David Imrie.

O ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni -

O ci - ty of the Lord, be - gin The u - ni - ver - sal song, The u - ni -

ver - sal song, And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges

The cheerful notes pro -

ver - sal song, And let the scatter'd vil - la - ges

The cheerful notes pro - long. The

The cheer - - - ful notes pro - long.

long. The cheerful notes pro - long The cheer - ful notes pro - long.

cheerful notes pro - long. The cheer - - - ful notes pro - long.

WALMER. C.M.

Clark.

He moves in a mys - te - rious way, His won - ders to per - form,

He plants his foot-steps in the sea,

He plants his foot - steps in the sea, And rides up on the

He plants his foot-steps in the sea, And

And rides up-on the storm. And rides upon the storm.

And rides upon the storm. And rides up - on the storm.

storm.

rides up - on the storm. And rides up-on the storm. And rides upon the storm.

VIOLET GROVE. C.M.

A. Douglas.

How sweet to tread the vio - let grove, When all is

How sweet to tread the vio - let grove, When all is

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a C-clef, and the second staff is a bass clef with a C-clef. Both are in common time (C). The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

fair and gay, When morn has wak'd the war - blers' song,

fair and gay, When morn has wak'd the war - blers' song,

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a C-clef, and the second staff is a bass clef with a C-clef. Both are in common time (C). The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

And chas'd the dew a - way. And chas'd the dew a - way.

And chas'd the dew a - way. - - - And chas'd the dew a - way.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a treble clef with a C-clef, and the second staff is a bass clef with a C-clef. Both are in common time (C). The melody is in G major, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics are written below the staves.

BETHEL. C.M.

James Leach.

When we ap - pear in yon-der cloud With all thy favour'd throng, Then

When we ap - pear in yon-der cloud With all thy favour'd throng, Then

we will sing more sweet, more loud, And thou shalt be our song.

we will sing more sweet, more loud, And thou shalt be our song.

STRACATHRO. C.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

O for a clos - er walk with God, A pure and ho-ly frame;

O for a clos - er walk with God, A pure and ho-ly frame;

STRACATHRO—*Continued.*

A light to shine up - on the road That guides me to the Lamb.

A light to shine up - on the road That guides me to the Lamb.

SYMPATHY. C.M.

John Turnbull.

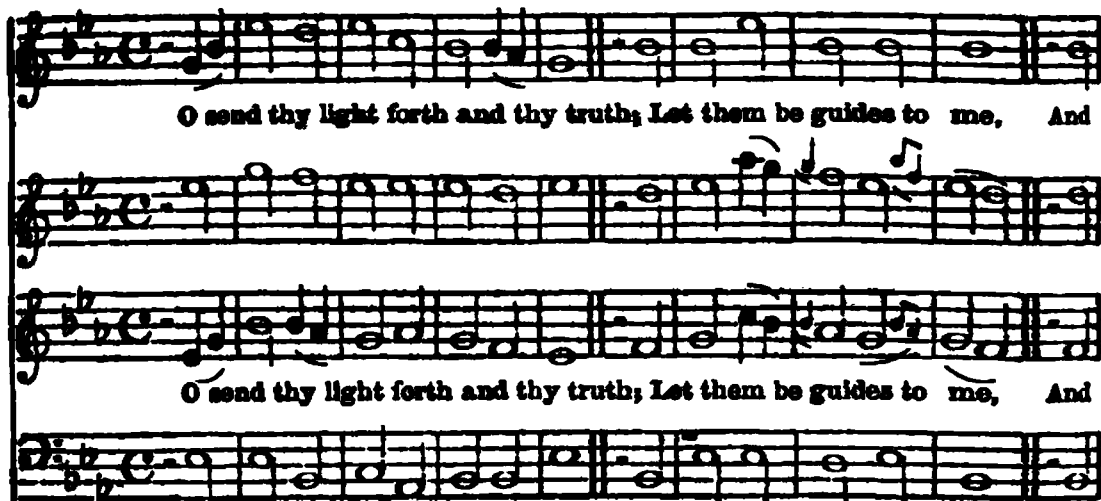
Jesus, the Son of God, who once For us his life re - sign'd,

Jesus, the Son of God, who once For us his life re - sign'd,

Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest, And nev - er - dy - ing friend.

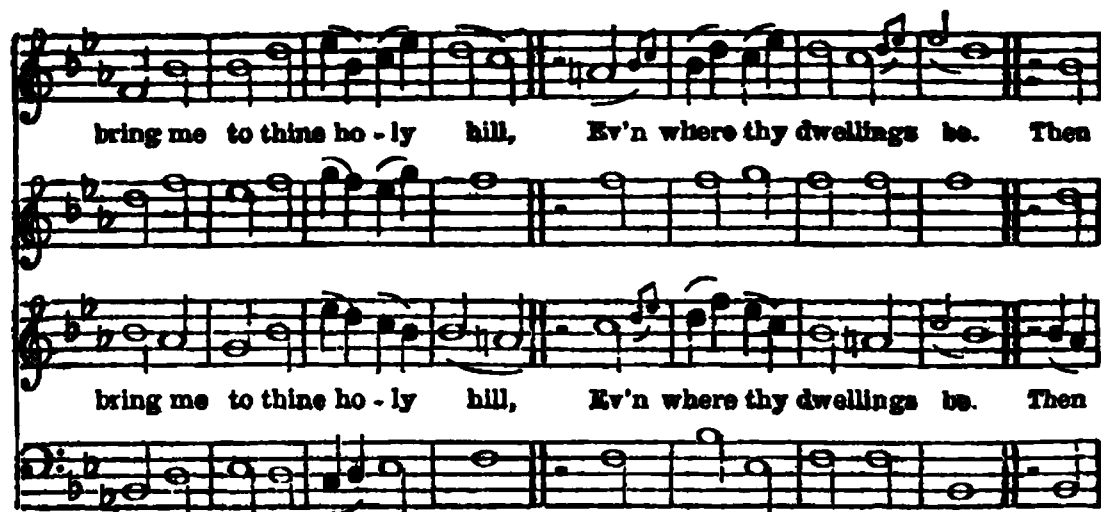
Now lives in heav'n, our great High Priest, And nov - er - dy - ing friend.

INVOCATION. C.M.D.

R. A. Smith


O send thy light forth and thy truth; Let them be guides to me, And

O send thy light forth and thy truth; Let them be guides to me, And



bring me to thine ho - ly hill, Ev'n where thy dwellings be. Then

bring me to thine ho - ly hill, Ev'n where thy dwellings be. Then



will I to God's al-tar go, To God my chief-est joy: Yea, God, my God, thy

will I to God's al-tar go, To God my chief-est joy: Yea, God, my God, thy

INVOCATION—*Continued.*

name to praise, My harp, my harp, my harp I will employ. I will em - ploy.

name to praise, My harp, my harp I will em-ploy. I will em - ploy.

My harp,

BROOKSBY. C.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring Where liv-ing wa - ters flow;

Ho! ye that thirst, approach the spring Where liv-ing wa - ters flow;

Free to that sa-cred foun-tain all With - out a price may go.

Free to that sa-cred foun-tain all With - out a price may go.

LEVEN. C.M.

Dr. Barnes.

And shall we then go on to sin, That grace may more abound? fr-

And shall we then go on to sin, That grace may more abound? Great God, for-

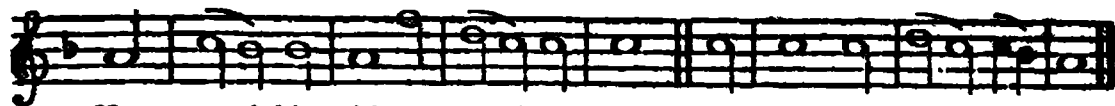
bid that such a thought Should in our breast be found. Should in our breast be found.

bid that such a thought Should in our breast be found. Should in our breast be found.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M. *Jonathan Battishill.*

Rehearse his praise with awe pro-found, Let knowledge lead the song;

Rehearse his praise with awe pro-found, Let knowledge lead the song;

ST. STEPHEN'S—*Continued.*

Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.



Nor mock him with a so - lemn sound Up - on a thoughtless tongue.

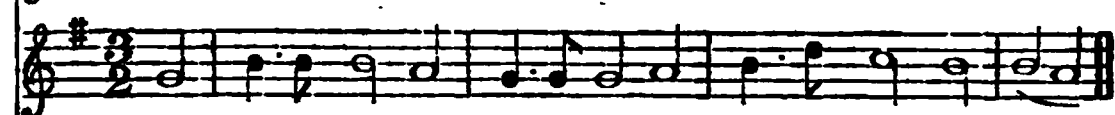
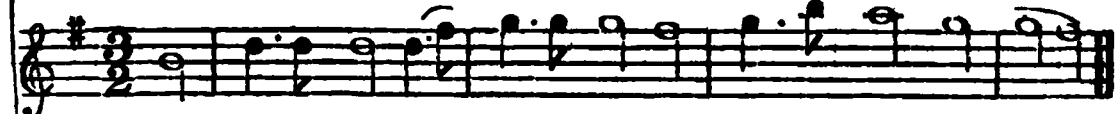


ARTAXERXES. C.M.

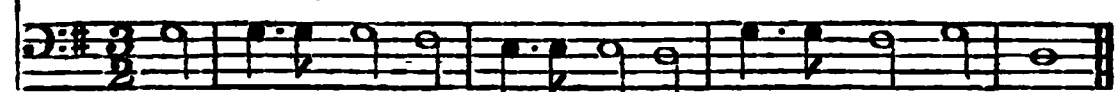
Dr. Arne.



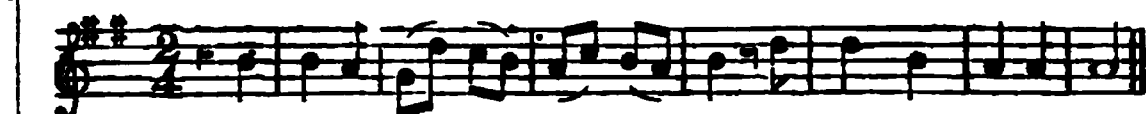
I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray - ers he did hear;



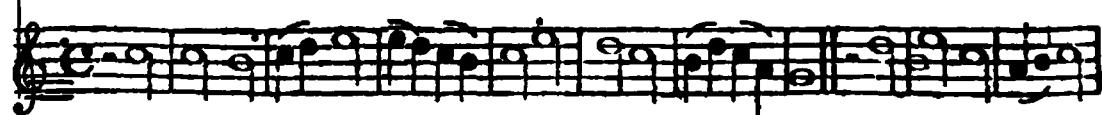
I love the Lord, be-cause my voice And pray - ers he did hear;



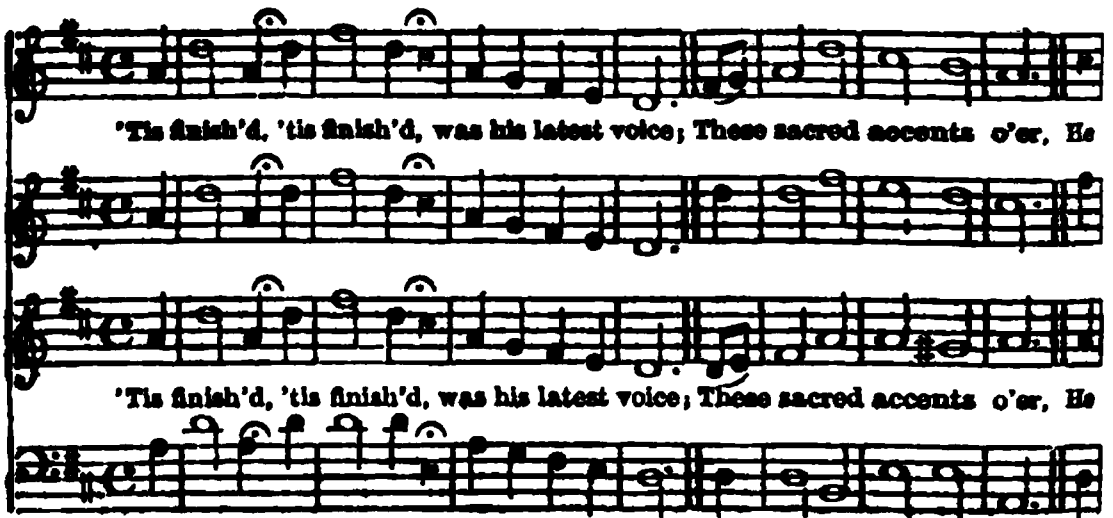
I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.



I, while I live, will call on him Who bow'd to me his ear.

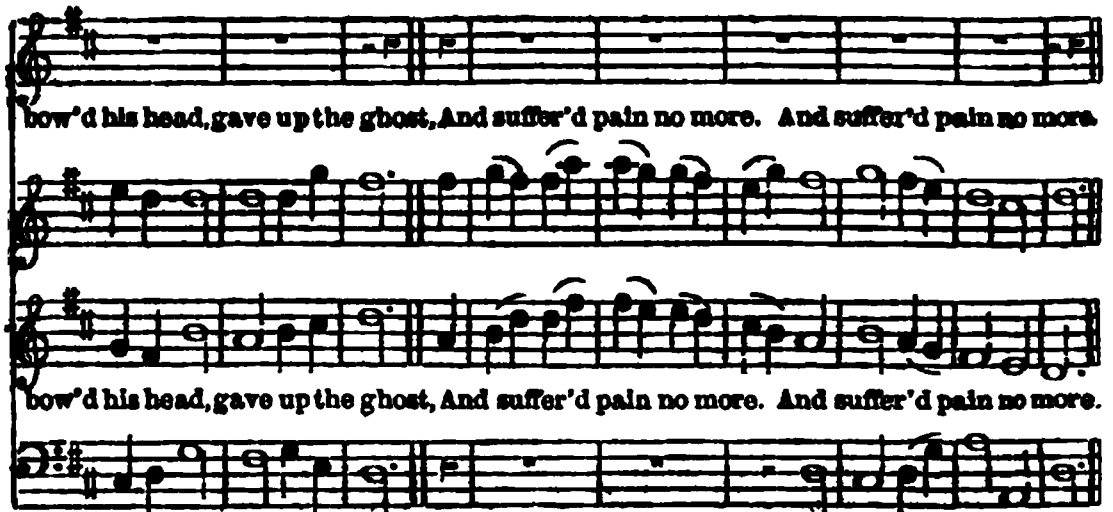


REDEMPTION. C.M.D. *Rev. Dr. Thomson.*



'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, was his latest voice; These sacred accents o'er, He

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, was his latest voice; These sacred accents o'er, He



bow'd his head, gave up the ghost, And suffer'd pain no more. And suffer'd pain no more.

bow'd his head, gave up the ghost, And suffer'd pain no more. And suffer'd pain no more.



'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, the Messiah dies For sins, but not his own; The

'Tis finish'd, 'tis finish'd, the Messiah dies For sins, but not his own; The

REDEMPTION—*Continued.*


great redemption is complete, And Sa-tan's pow'r o'erthrown. And Sa-tan's pow'r o'er-thrown.

CAMPBILL. C.M.

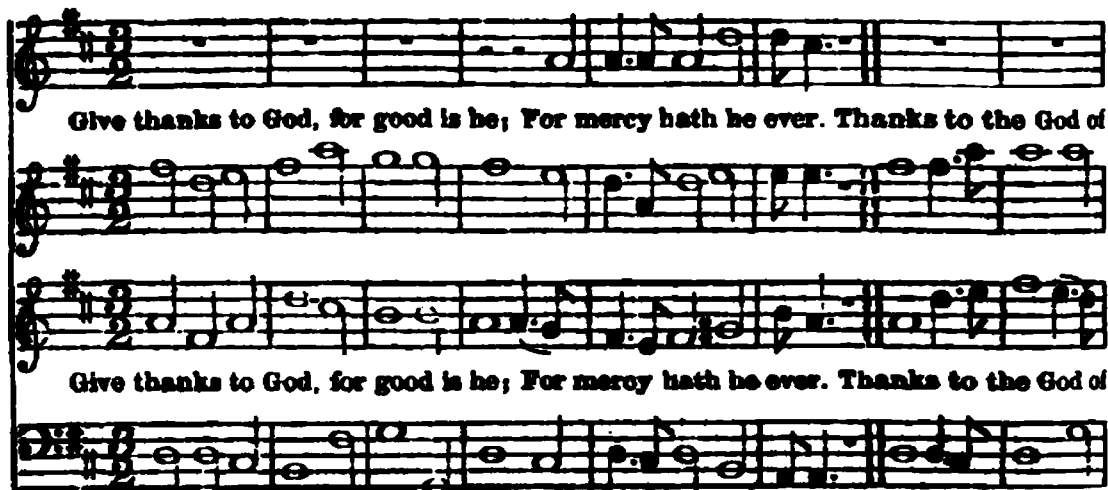
Charles Hutcheson.


She may for-get: na-ture may fall A pa-rent's heart to move;

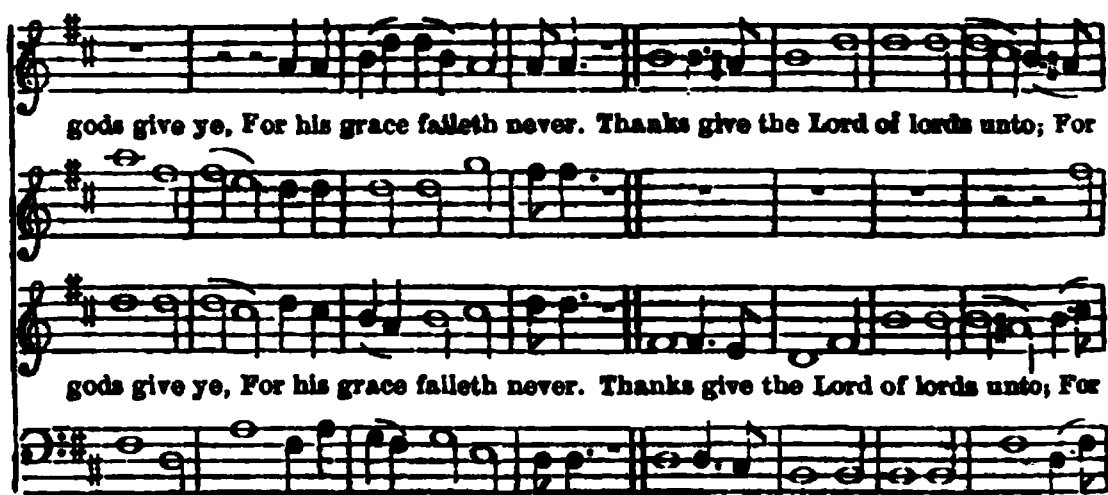


But Si-on on my heart shall dwell In ev-er-last-ing love.

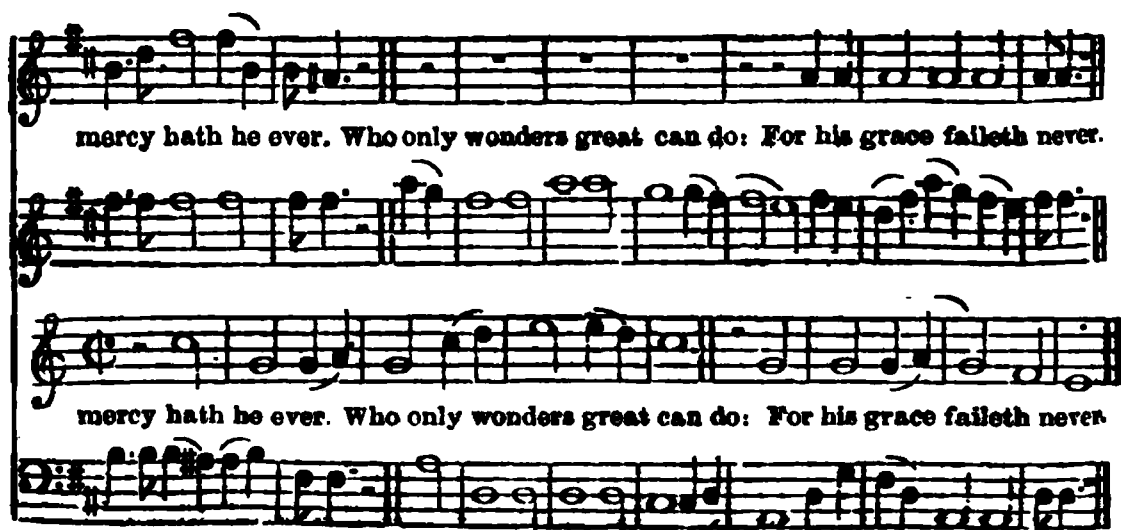
GRATTITUDE. C.M.D.

Rev. Dr. Thomson.


Give thanks to God, for good is he; For mercy hath he ever. Thanks to the God of



gods give ye, For his grace falleth never. Thanks give the Lord of lords unto; For



mercy hath he ever. Who only wonders great can do: For his grace falleth never.

NEW WOODSIDE. C.M. *J. R. M'Farlane.*

Bless'd be the ev - er - last - ing God, The Fa - ther of our Lord,

Be his a - bound-ing mer - cy prais'd, His ma - jes-ty a - dor'd. His

His ma-jes-ty a -

ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.

dor'd. His ma-jes - ty a - dor'd.

ma - jes - ty a - dor'd. His ma - jes - ty a - dor'd.

- dor'd. His ma-jes - ty a - dor'd.

DUNKELD. C.M.

AIR—Old 84th Psalm.
 BASS—Melody of Montrose.

How love-ly is thy dwell-ing place, O Lord of hosts, to me;

The ta-ber-na-cles of thy grace, How pleasant, Lord, they be.

MONTROSE. C.M.

Air—Bass of Dunkeld.

Night un-to night his name re-peats, The day re-news the sound;

MONTROSE—*Continued.*

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

Wide as the heav'n on which he sits, To turn the seasons round.

FREE CHURCH. C.M.

A. D. Thomson.

I joy'd when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me;

I joy'd when to the house of God, Go up, they said to me;

Je - ru - sa - lem, with in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

Je - ru - sa - lem, with-in thy gates, Our feet shall standing be.

ARGYLE. C.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid,

My safe - ty com-eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My safe - ty com-eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My Lord.

STAUGHTON. C.M.

How few re-ceive with cor - dial faith The tid-ings which we bring?

How few re-ceive with cor - dial faith The tid-ings which we bring?

STAUGHTON—*Continued.*

How few have seen the arm re-veal'd Of heav'n's e - ter-nal King!

How few have seen the arm re-veal'd Of heav'n's e - ter-nal King!

FAIRLIE. C.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

To Thee our grate-ful song we raise, Thou who didst calm our grief,

To Thee our grate-ful song we raise, Thou who didst calm our grief,

With thankful voice we sing thy praise, And tell the kind re - lief.

With thankful voice we sing thy praise, And tell the kind re - lief.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH. C.M.D.

Rev. Dr. Thomson.

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye, Be

Ye gates, lift up your heads on high; Ye doors that last for aye, Be

lift-ed up, that so the King Of glo-ry en-ter may. But who of glory is the King?

lift-ed up, that so the King Of glo-ry en-ter may. But who of glory is the King?

The mighty Lord is this; Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is

The mighty Lord is this; Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH—*Continued.*

Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is. Ye gates, lift up your

Ev'n that same Lord that great in might And strong in battle is. Ye gates, lift up your

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

heads; ye doors, Doors that do last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of

heads; ye doors, Doors that do last for aye, Be lifted up, that so the King Of

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

glo-ry enter may. But who is he that is the King, The King of glory? who is thist

glo-ry enter may. But who is he that is the King, The King of glory? who is thist

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line.

ST. GEORGE'S, EDINBURGH—*Continued.*

The Lord of hosts, and none but he, The King of glory is. The Lord of hosts, and

none but he, The King of glo-ry is. Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! A-men. A-men. A-men.

SWEET HARMONY. C.M.

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts return; With

Come, let us to the Lord our God With con - trite hearts return; With

contrite hearts re-turn; Our God is gra-cious, nor will leave

contrite hearts re-turn; Our God is gra-cious, nor will leave

The

The de-so-late to mourn. - - - The de-so-late to mourn.

The de-so-late to mourn.

The de-so-late to mourn. - - - The de-so-late to mourn.

de-so-late to mourn. - - The de-so-late

SHELDON. C.M.

Dr. Blow.

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid ;

I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid ;

The musical score for 'SHELDON. C.M.' consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is 2/2. The lyrics are 'I to the hills will lift mine eyes, From whence doth come mine aid ;'.

My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.

The musical score for 'SHELDON. C.M.' continues with two more staves. The key signature and time signature remain the same. The lyrics are 'My safe - ty com - eth from the Lord, Who heav'n and earth hath made.'

NEW CLYDESDALE. C.M.

A. M'Gowan.

How still and peace-ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu-mults past.

How still and peace-ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu-mults past.

The musical score for 'NEW CLYDESDALE. C.M.' consists of four staves. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is C (common time). The lyrics are 'How still and peace-ful is the grave! Where, life's vain tu-mults past.'

NEW CLYDESDALE—*Continued.*

Th' ap-poin-ted house, by heav'n's de-cree, Re - ceives us all at last.

Th' ap-poin-ted house, by heav'n's de-cree, Re - ceives us all at last.

de cree,

This block contains the musical notation for the song 'NEW CLYDESDALE'. It features three systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The third system has a bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

BRIDPORT. C.M.

How glorious Si-on's courts appear, The city of our God! His throne he

How glorious Si-on's courts appear, The city of our God! His throne he

bath establish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

bath establish'd here, Here fix'd his lov'd abode. Here fix'd his lov'd a-bode.

This block contains the musical notation for the song 'BRIDPORT. C.M.'. It features four systems of staves. The first system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The second system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The third system has a treble staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The fourth system has a bass staff with a key signature of one flat and a common time signature. The lyrics are written below the staves.

ST. NEOTS. C.M.

I'll hope in him, whose mighty hand Can all my woes re-move;

For I shall yet be-fore him stand, And sing re-stor-ing love.

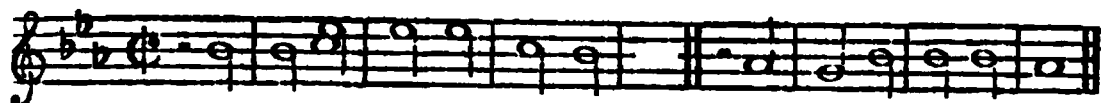
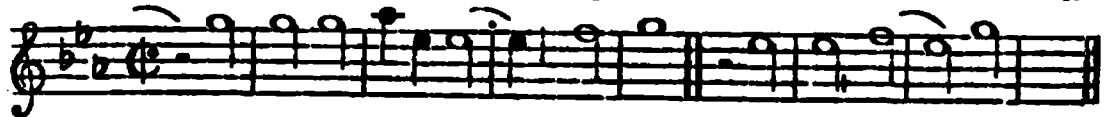
BURFORD. C.M.

Henry Purcell

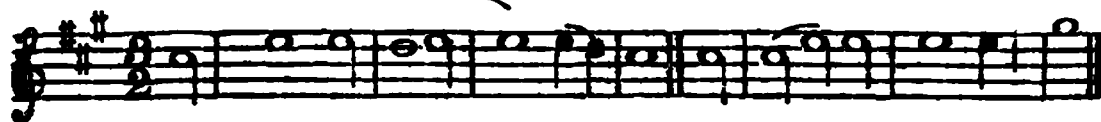
Lord, hear my pray'r, hide not thy-self From my en-treat-ing voice;

BURFORD—*Continued.*

At - tend and hear me, in my plaint I mourn and make a noise.

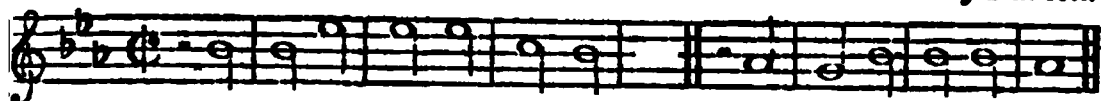


At - tend and hear me, in my plaint I mourn and make a noise.

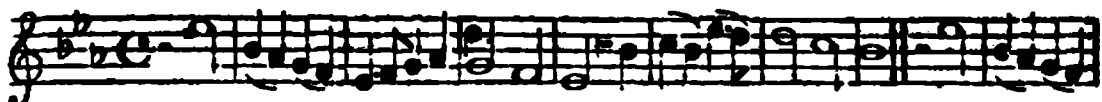


WALSAL. C.M.

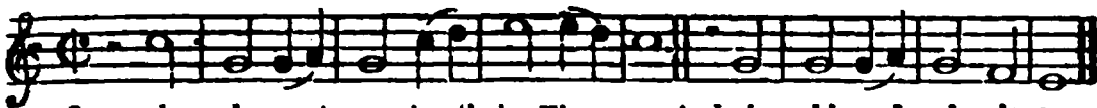
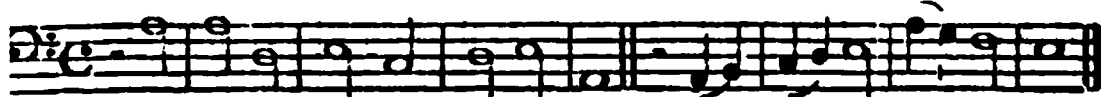
Henry Purcell.



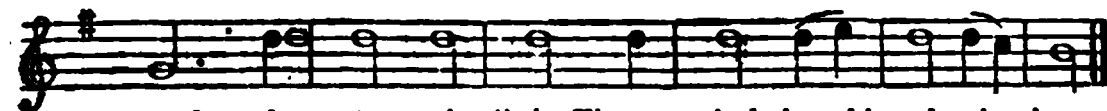
Let saints be - low, with sweet ac-cord, U - nite with those a - bove



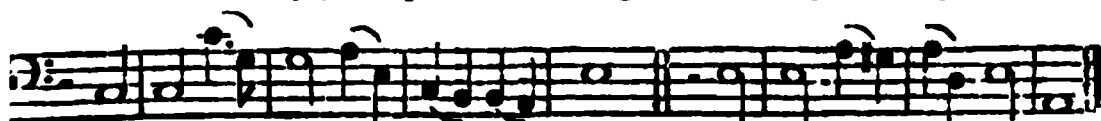
Let saints be - low, with sweet ac-cord, U - nite with those a - bove



In so-lemn lays, to praise their King, And sing his dy - ing love.



In so-lemn lays, to praise their King, And sing his dy - ing love.



LEBANON. C.M.

Wm. Billings.

Lord, what is man! poor fee - ble man; Born of the earth at first;

His life a sha - dow, fleet and vain, Still hast' - ning to the dust.

MARTYR'S. C.M.

Very old.

By Ba - bel's streams we sat and wept, When Zi - on we thought on.

MARTYR'S—*Continued.*

In midst there - of we hang'd our harps The wil - low trees up - on.

ST. MARY'S. C.M.

Rathiel

My life, thou know'st, is but a span, A ci - pher sums my years,

And ev' - ry man, in best es - tate, But va - ni - ty ap - pears.

DUNDEE. C.M.

Old Scottish Melody.

Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;

Teach me the mea - sure of my days, Thou Mak - er of my frame;

I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

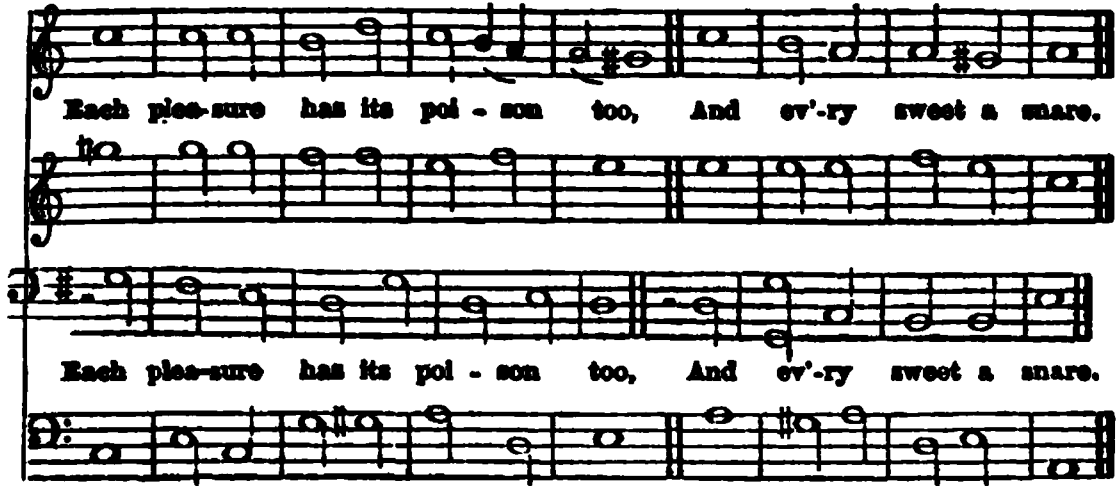
I would sur - vey life's nar - row space, And learn how frail I am.

ELGIN. C.M.

Scottish Melody.

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair;

How vain are all things here be - low, How false and yet how fair;

ELGIN—*Continued.*


Each plea-sure has its poi-son too, And ev'-ry sweet a snare.

Each plea-sure has its poi-son too, And ev'-ry sweet a snare.

CAROLINE. C.M.

Wilson.


Our life contains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone, Strange that a

Our life con-tains a thousand springs, And dies if one be gone; Strange that a

harp of thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long. Should keep in tune so long.

harp of thousand strings, Should keep in tune so long, Should keep in tune so long.

BETHLEHEM. C.M.

When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we

When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score for 'Bethlehem. C.M.'. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are vocal parts, and the last two are piano accompaniment. The lyrics 'When shall we join you heav'n-ly band In sweet ser-aph-ic lays; When shall we' are written below the first two staves.

reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.

To sing sweet songs of praise.

reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.

To sing sweet songs of praise.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score for 'Bethlehem. C.M.'. It consists of four staves. The lyrics 'reach their happy land, To sing sweet songs of praise.' are written below the first two staves, and 'To sing sweet songs of praise.' is written below the last two staves.

COLESHILL. C.M.

Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.

Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.

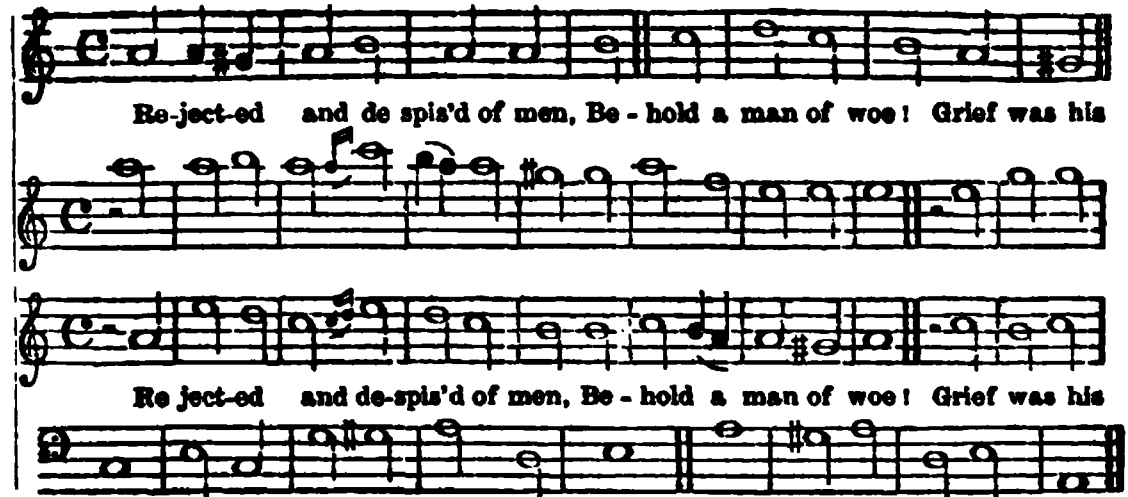
Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score for 'Coleshill. C.M.'. It consists of four staves. The lyrics 'Now for thine own name's sake, O Lord, I hum-bly thee en-treat.' are written below the first two staves.

COLESHILL—*Continued.*


To par-don mine i - ni - qui - ty, For it is ve - ry great.

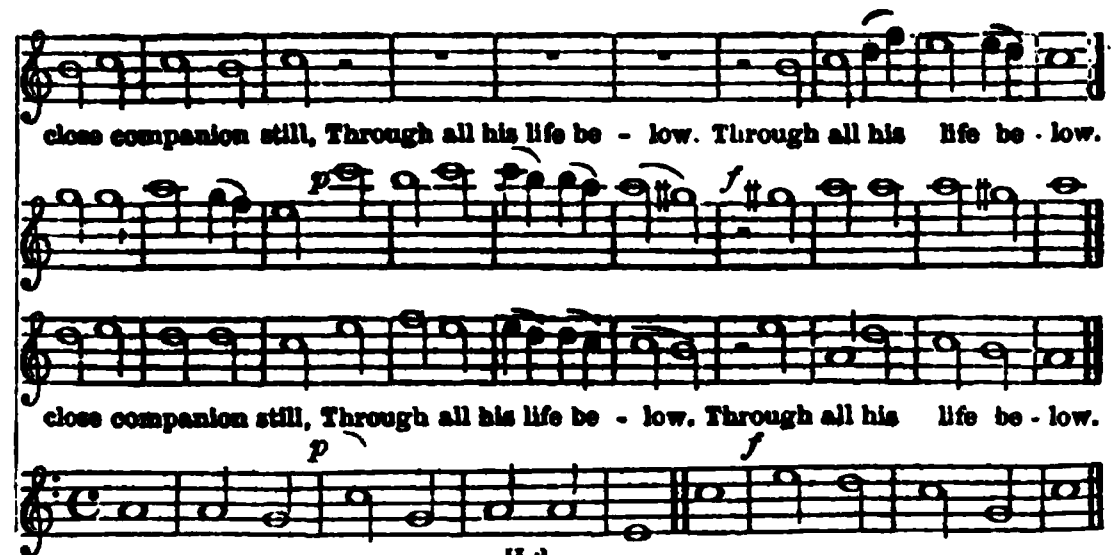
To par-don mine i - ni - qui - ty, For it is ve - ry great.

PAISLEY ABBEY, C.M.

R. A. Smith.


Re-ject-ed and de spis'd of men, Be - hold a man of woe! Grief was his

Re-ject-ed and de-spis'd of men, Be - hold a man of woe! Grief was his



close companion still, Through all his life be - low. Through all his life be - low.

close companion still, Through all his life be - low. Through all his life be - low.

BANGOR. C.M.*Welsh Melody.*

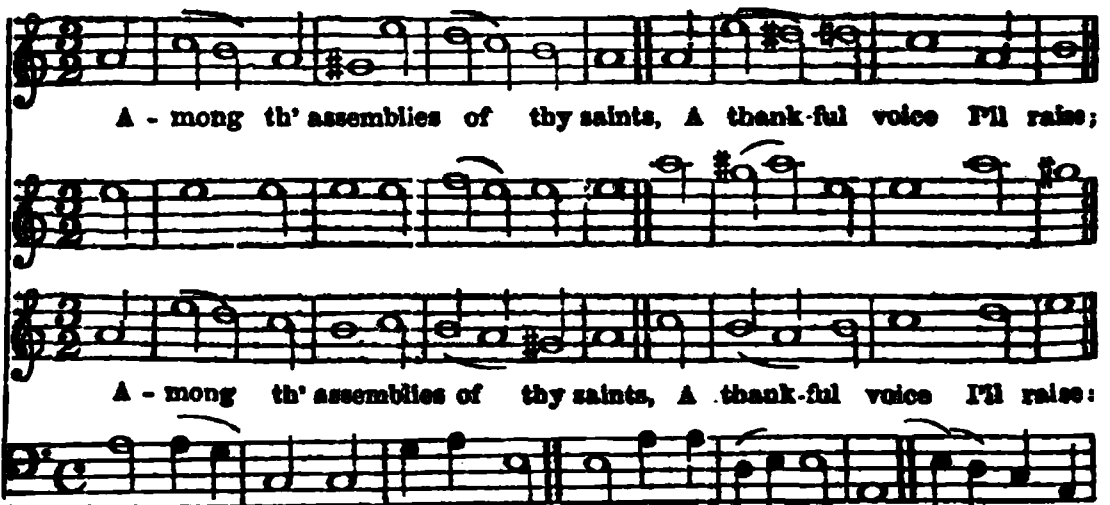

As sparks in close suc - ces - sion rise, So man, the child of woe,

As sparks in close suc - ces - sion rise, So man, the child of woe,



Is doom'd to end-less cares and toils, Through all his life be - low.

Is doom'd to end-less cares and toils, Through all his life be - low.

CROWLE. C.M.*Dr. Greene.*


A - mong th' assemblies of thy saints, A thank-ful voice I'll raise;

A - mong th' assemblies of thy saints, A thank-ful voice I'll raise:

CROWLE—*Continued.*

There I will tell my sad com-plaints, And there I'll sing thy praise.

There I will tell my sad com-plaints, And there I'll sing thy praise.

This musical score for 'CROWLE' consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

ST. MARK'S. C.M.

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-

Hark! from the tombs a dole-ful sound, Mine ears at-

This musical score for 'ST. MARK'S. C.M.' consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

tend the cry; Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

tend the cry; Ye living men come view the ground Where you must shortly lie.

This musical score for 'ST. MARK'S. C.M.' continues from the previous system, consisting of two systems of three staves each. The first system includes a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The second system continues the melody and accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal line of each system.

GILCOMSTON CHAPEL. C.M.



Lord, thee my God I'll ear - ly seek; My soul doth thirst for thee;

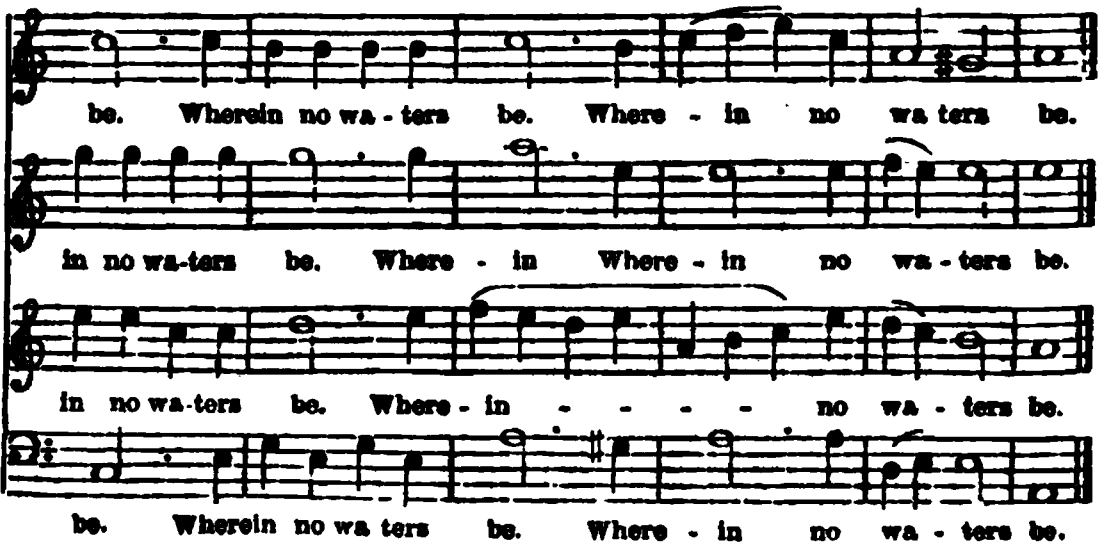


My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land Wherein no waters

Where-

My flesh longs in a dry parch'd land Where-in no waters be. Where-

Wherein no waters be. Wherein no waters



be. Wherein no wa - ters be. Where - in no wa ters be.

in no wa - ters be. Where - in Where - in no wa - ters be.

in no wa - ters be. Where - in - - - no wa - ters be.

be. Wherein no wa ters be. Where - in no wa - ters be.

SIMPLICITY. S.M.

Summers Hunter.

To thee I lift my soul, O Lord I trust in thee; My God let me not

To thee I lift my soul, O Lord I trust in thee; My God let me not

be asham'd, My God let me not be asham'd, Nor

be asham'd, My God let me not be asham'd, Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor

Nor foes triumph o'er

foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes - - - triumph o'er me.

Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes triumph o'er me.

foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes - - - triumph o'er me.

me. Nor foes triumph o'er me. Nor foes triumph o'er me.

SELMA. S.M.

Old Scottish Air.

Lord bless and pi - ty us, Shine on us with thy face;

Lord bless and pi - ty us, Shine on us with thy face;

That th' earth thy way, and na-tions all May know thy sav - ing grace.

That th' earth thy way, and na-tions all May know thy sav - ing grace.

HAMPTON. S.M.

Thy roy - al seat, O Lord, For e - ver shall re - main;

Thy roy - al seat, O Lord, For e - ver shall re - main:

HAMPTON—*Continued.*

The sceptre of thy kingdom doth All righteousness maintain.

The sceptre of thy kingdom doth All righteousness maintain.

WATCHMAN. S.M.

James Leach.

To thy Almighty love What honours shall we raise;

To thy Almighty love What honours shall we raise;

Not all the raptur'd songs above, Can render equal praise.

Not all the raptur'd songs above, Can render equal praise.

ROTHSAY. S.M.

Z. Wyeill.

Thou art our heav'nly King, Thy name is all divine: Thy glories round the earth are spread, And

p

Thou art our heav'nly King, Thy name is all divine: Thy glories round the earth are spread, And

o'er the heav'ns they shine. Thy glories round the earth are spread, and o'er the heav'ns they shine.

f

o'er the heav'ns they shine. Thy glories round the earth are spread, And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

WESTMINSTER. S.M.

Dr. Boyce.

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

f

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

WESTMINSTER—Continued.

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

MORNINGTON. S.M.

Lord Mornington.

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

To thee I lift my soul; O Lord, I trust in thee;

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

My God, let me not be a-sham'd, Nor foes tri-umph o'er me.

MOUNT EPHRAIM. S.M. *Allegretto*

What man is he that fears The Lord, and doth him serve?

What man is he that fears The Lord, and doth him serve?

Him shall he teach the way that he Shall choose and still observe.

Him shall he teach the way that he Shall choose and still observe.

FERNEYSIDE. S.M.

Dr. Barnes.

To God, all good, all wise; To God, e - ter - nal King;

To God, all good, all wise; To God, e - ter - nal King;

FERNEYSIDE—Continued.

We'll raise the song with cheer-ful voice, And thanks and prais-es bring.

p We'll raise the song with cheerful voice, And thanks and prais-es bring.

SHIRLAND. S.M.

Samuel Stanely.

Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise;

Far as thy name is known, The world de-clares thy praise;

Thy saints, O Lord, be-fore thy throne Their songs of honour raise.

Thy saints, O Lord, be fore thy throne Their songs of honour raise.

PRESCOT. S.M.

Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sinners sing; Sing on re-

Sing on your heav'nly way, Ye ransom'd sinners sing; Sing on re-

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score for 'PRESCOT. S.M.'. The first staff is a vocal melody in treble clef, and the second staff is a bass accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

joicing ev'-ry day, In your Al-migh-ty King. In your Almigh-ty King.

joicing ev'-ry day, In your Al-migh ty King. In your Almigh-ty King.

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff continues the vocal melody, and the second staff continues the bass accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

WHITEFIELD. S.M.


Dr. Miller.

Come all ye trem-bling saints, Your harps do ye up take;

Come all ye trem-bling saints, Your harps do ye up take;

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score for 'WHITEFIELD. S.M.'. The first staff is a vocal melody in treble clef, and the second staff is a bass accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and 2/4 time. The lyrics are printed below each staff.

WHITEFIELD—Continued.



Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev'-ry string a-wake.

Loud to the praise of love di-vine, Bid ev'-ry string a-wake.

WIRKSWORTH. S.M.

Dr. Greene.


Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r;

Our days are as the grass, Or like the morn-ing flow'r;



If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

If one sharp blast sweeps o'er the field, It with-ers in an hour.

EGYPT. S.M.

James Leach.

And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down!

And am I born to die? To lay this bo - dy down!

And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world unknown!

And must my trembling spi - rit fly In - to a world unknown!

WOODSIDE. S.M.

Turn un - to me thy face, And to me mer - cy show;

Turn un - to me thy face, And to me mer - cy show;

WOODSIDE—Continued.

Be-cause that I am de - so - late, And am brought ve - ry low.

Be-cause that I am de - so - late, And am brought ve - ry low.

ST. BRIDE'S. S.M.

Dr. S. Howard.

From low-est depths of woe, To God I send my cry;

From low-est depths of woe, To God I send my cry;

Lord hear my sup - pli - cat - ing voice, And gra - clous - ly re - ply.

Lord hear my sup - pli - cat - ing voice, And gra - clous - ly re - ply.

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

C. Le Jeune.

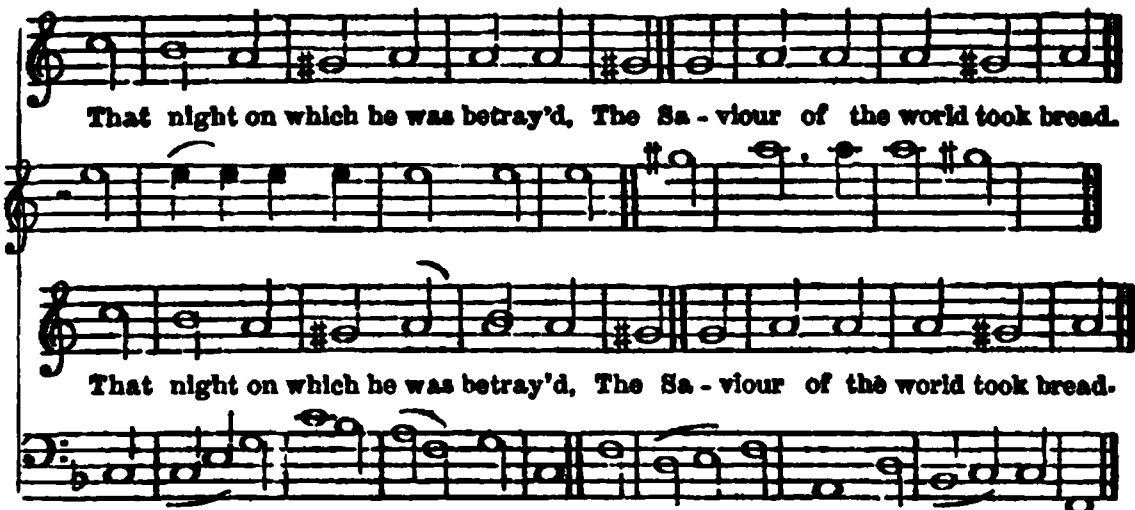
All peo-ple that on earth do dwell, Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice.

Him serve with mirth, his praise forth tell, Come ye be-fore him and re-joice.

COMMUNION. L.M.

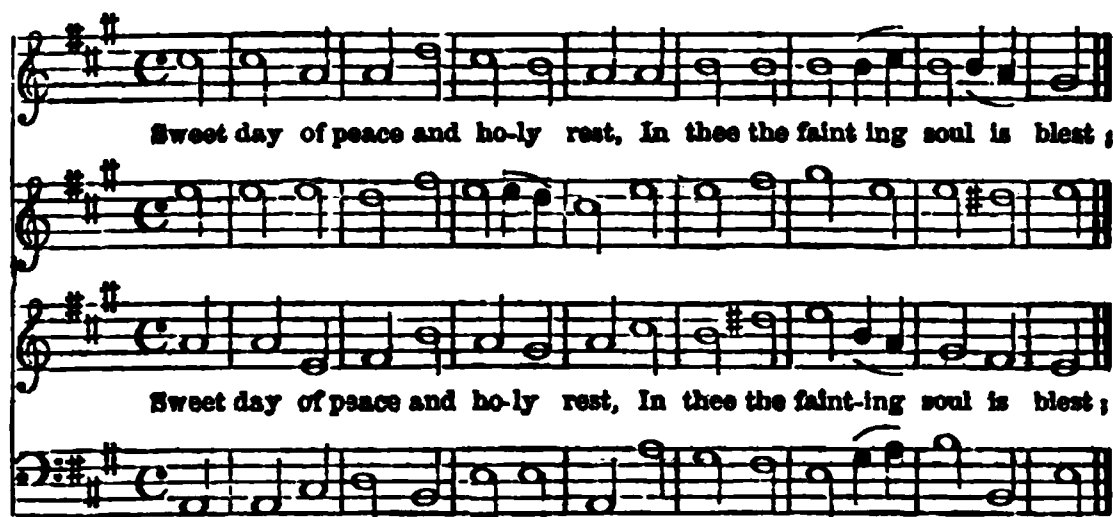
Dr. Miller.

'Twas on that night, when doom'd to know The ea-ger rage of ev'-ry foe,


COMMUNION—*Continued.*


That night on which he was betray'd, The Sa - viour of the world took bread.

SABBATH. L.M.

Charles Hutcheson.


Sweet day of peace and ho - ly rest, In thee the faint ing soul is blest,



With praise and pray'r a - gain 'tis mine, O Lord, to wor - ship at thy shrine.

WELLS. L.M.

Israel Holdroyd.

O let not man neglect to sing The praise of his ex-alt-ed King;

When earth and seas and heav'n combine To speak his pow'r and love di-vine.

MORNING PRAYER. L.M.

Prince Albert.

Awake my soul, and with the sun, Thy dai - ly course of du - ty run;

MORNING PRAYER—*Continued.*

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.

Shake off dull sloth, and ear-ly rise To pay thy morning sa-cri-fice.

BIRMINGHAM. L.M.

J. Hall.

When shall I mount and soar a-way To the bright realms of end-less day;

When shall I mount and soar a-way To the bright realms of end-less day;

And sing with rapture and surprise Thy lov-ing kind-ness in the skies.

And sing with rapture and surprise Thy lov-ing kind-ness in the skies.

BRENTWOOD. L.M. *Thomas Tallis, 1520.*

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Glo-ry to thee, my God, this night, For all the blessings of the light;

Keep me, O! keep me, King of Kings, Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

Keep me, O! keep me, King of Kings, Beneath thine own Almighty wings.

JOB. L.M.

W. Arnold.

With patient Job, who can compare, When tried by friend and tempter's snare!

With patient Job, who can compare, When tried by friend and tempter's snare!

JOB—Continued.

He his in-tegrity held fast, And prosper'd fairest, And prosper'd fairest at the last.

He his in-tegrity held fast, And prosper'd fairest, And prosper'd fairest at the last.

PORTUGAL. L.M.

T. Thorley.

O thou in whom the Gen - tles trust, Thou only ho - ly, on - ly just;

O thou in whom the Gen tles trust, Thou only ho - ly, on - ly just;

O tune our souls to praise thy name, Thou who art e-ver-more the same.

O tune our souls to praise thy name, Thou who art e-ver-more the same.

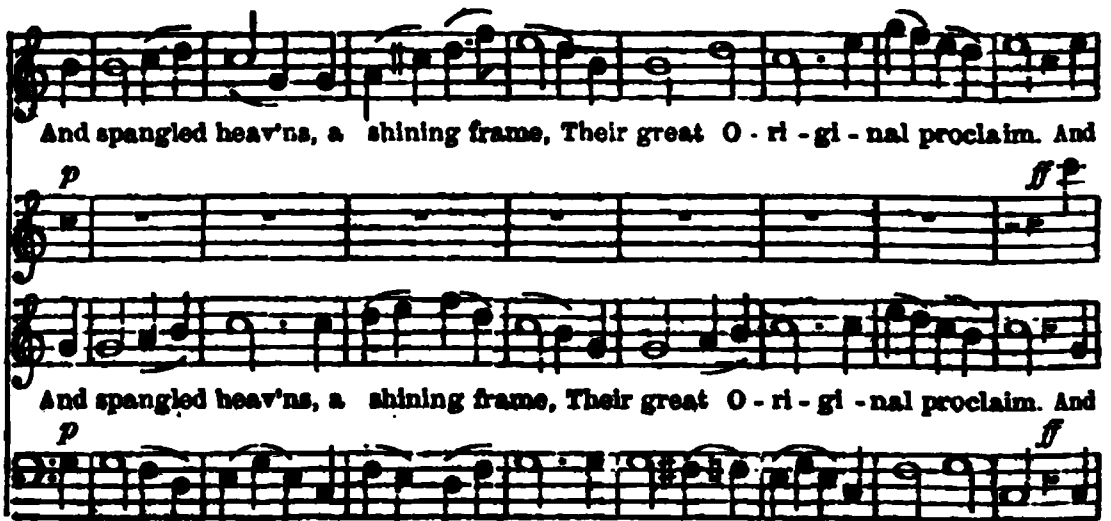
CREATION. L.M.

Haydn.



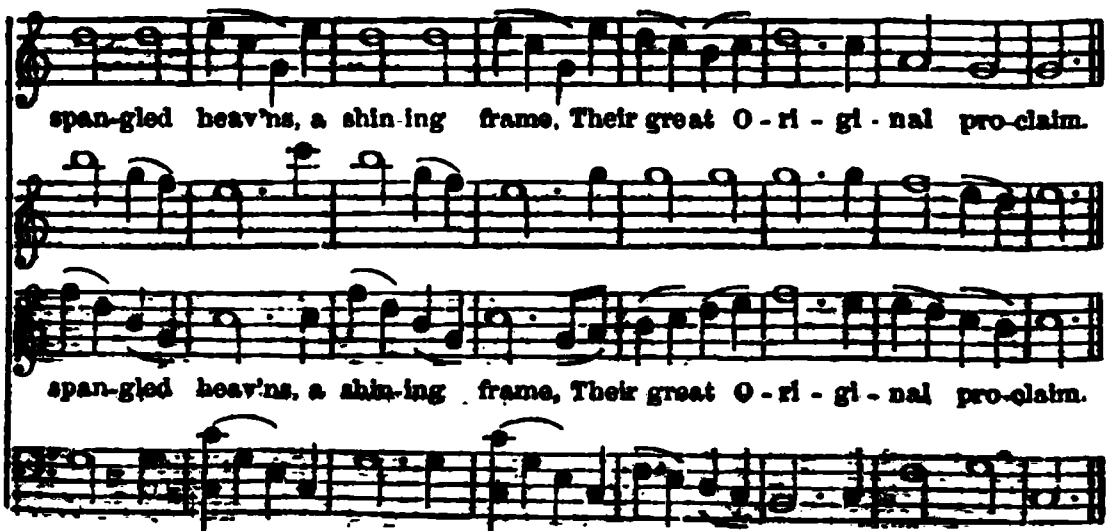
The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,

The spacious fir - ma - ment on high, With all the blue e - the - real sky,



And span - gled heav'n's, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim. And

And span - gled heav'n's, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim. And



span - gled heav'n's, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.

span - gled heav'n's, a shi - ning frame, Their great O - ri - gi - nal pro - claim.

DERBY. L.M.

Henry Symonds.

Come, sing the won-ders of that love Which an-gels play on

Come, sing the won-ders of that love Which an-gels play on

ev - ry chord; Let all below and all a - bove

ev - ry chord; Let all below and all a - bove

With hal - le - lu - jahs

With hal - le - lu - jahs praise the Lord. With hal - le - lu - jahs praise the Lord.

With hal - le - lu - jahs praise the Lord. With hal - le - lu - jahs praise the Lord.

praise the Lord.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

John Hatten

O happy they who reach the place, Where Christ doth show his lovely face,

O happy they who reach the place, Where Christ doth show his lovely face,

Where all his beauties they be - hold, And praise his name with harps of gold.

Where all his beauties they be - hold, And praise his name with harps of gold.

MOUNT SINAI. L.M.

Mozart.

The Lord is just in his ways all, And ho - ly in his works each one ;

The Lord is just in his ways all, And ho - ly in his works each one ;

MOUNT SINAI—Continued.

He's near to all that on him call, Who call in truth on him a-lone.

He's near to all that on him call, Who call in truth on him a-lone.

SICILY. L.M.

Sicilian Air.

O Lord, thou art my God and King, Thee will I mag-ni-fy and praise,

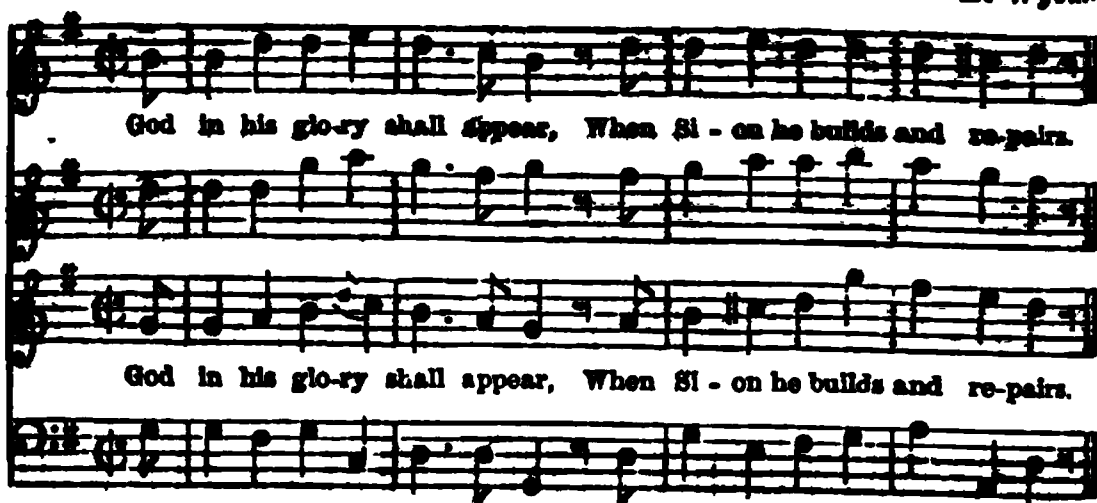
O Lord, thou art my God and King, Thee will I mag-ni-fy and praise,

I will thee bless, and gladly sing Un-to thy he-ly name al-ways.

I will thee bless, and gladly sing Un-to thy he-ly name al-ways.

BATON. L.M.

E. Wyll.



God in his glo-ry shall appear, When Si - on he builds and re-pairs.

God in his glo-ry shall appear, When Si - on he builds and re-pairs.



He shall regard and lend his ear Un-to the needy's hum-ble pray'ra He

He shall regard and lend his ear Un-to the needy's hum-ble pray'ra He



shall re-gard and lend his ear Un - to the needy's humble pray'ra.

shall re-gard and lend his ear Un - to the needy's humble pray'ra.

DARNLEY. L.M.

Z. Wyvill.

O hap - py they who reach the place Where Christ doth show his

O hap - py they who reach the place Where Christ doth show his

love - ly face; Where all his beauties they behold, And praise his name with

love - ly face; Where all his beauties they behold, And praise his name with

harps of gold. And praise his name with harps of gold.

harps of gold. And praise his name with harps of gold.

TRANQUILLITY. L.M.

Marson.

Where high the heav'n-ly tem-ple stands, The house of God not made with

hands, A great high Priest our na-ture wears, The guar-dian

of man-kind ap-pears. The guar-dian of man-kind ap-pears.

NEW PORTUGAL. L.M.

Mazurka

Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, For love and truth are

Give to our God im - mor - tal praise, For love and truth are

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain a melody line with lyrics underneath.

all his ways; Won - ders of grace to him be - long, Re - peat his

all his ways; Won - ders of grace to him be - long, Re - peat his

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain a melody line with lyrics underneath.

mer - cies in your song. Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.

mer - cies in your song. Re - peat his mer - cies in your song.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 2/4 time signature. The second staff is a bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. Both staves contain a melody line with lyrics underneath.

HOLYROOD. L.M.*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

As long as life its term ex - tends, Hope's blest dominion ne - ver ends;

As long as life its term ex - tends, Hope's blest dominion ne - ver ends;

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sin - ner may re - turn.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sin - ner may re - turn.

PENITENTIAL. L.M.*Smith*

Lord, hear my pray'r, and let my cry. Have speedy ac - cess un-to thee;

Lord, hear my pray'r, and let my cry Have speedy ac - cess un-to thee;

PENITENTIAL—*Continued.*

In day of my ca - la - mi - ty, O hide not thou thy face from me.

In day of my ca - la - mi - ty, O hide not thou thy face from me.

RAMSGATE. L.M.

Thomas Clark.

Hail, hail once more, auspicious morn, On which our heav'nly King was born; Let all on earth their

Hail, hail once more, auspicious morn, On which our heav'nly King was born; Let all on earth their

voices raise, And sing loud an-thems to his praise. And sing loud an-thems to his praise.

voices raise, And sing loud an-thems to his praise. And sing loud an-thems to his praise.

LEMNOS. L.M.

As long as life its term ex-tends, Hope's blest do-min-ion no-ver ends;

As long as life its term ex-tends, Hope's blest do-min-ion no-ver ends;

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sinner may return. The greatest sinner may return.

For while the lamp holds on to burn, The greatest sinner may return. The greatest sinner may return.

DARWELL'S. P.M.

Rev. J. Darwell

Praise God, for he is kind; His mercy lasts for aye. Give thanks with heart and mind, To God of

Praise God, for he is kind; His mercy lasts for aye. Give thanks with heart and mind, To God of

DARWELL'S—*Continued.*

gods al - way; For cer-tain - ly his mer-cies dure Most firm and sure e-ter-nal - ly.

gods al - way; For cer-tain - ly his mer-cies dure Most firm and sure e-ter-nal - ly.

WATCHFULNESS. P.M.

Where'er thy steps are bent, Death ho - vers by thy side;

Where'er thy steps are bent, Death ho - vers by thy side;

Thou know'st not what an hour May to thy fate be - tide.

Thou know'st not what an hour May to thy fate be - tide.

OLD 124TH PSALM. P.M. *Guil Franc, 1543.*



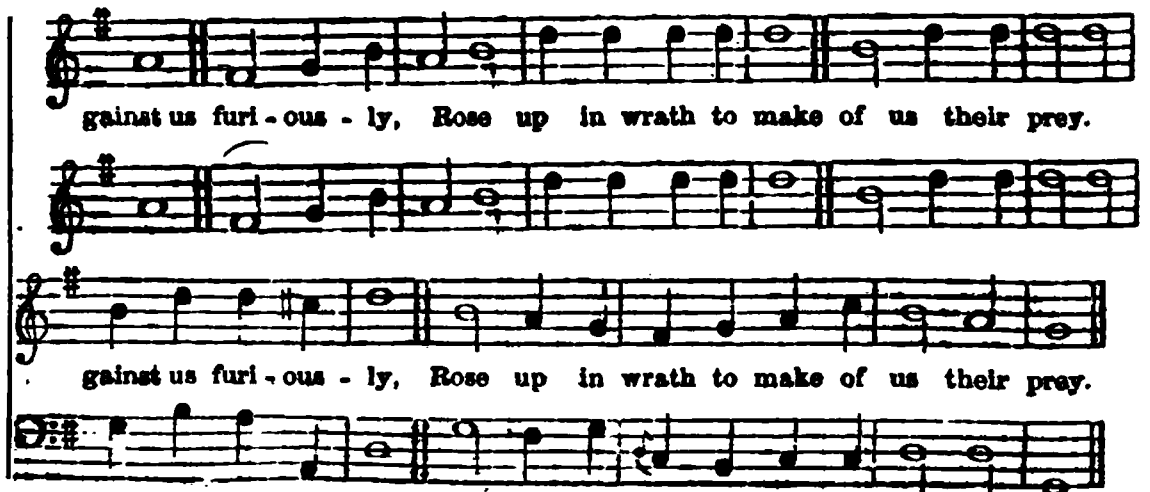
Now Israel may say, and that truly, If that the Lord had not our cause main-

Now Israel may say, and that truly, If that the Lord had not our cause main-



tain'd; If that the Lord had not our right sustain'd, When cru-el men a-

tain'd: If that the Lord had not our right sustain'd, When cru-el men a-



gainst us furi-ous - ly, Rose up in wrath to make of us their prey.

gainst us furi-ous - ly, Rose up in wrath to make of us their prey.

BURNHAM. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Sing of our Sov'reign's love, Sing of his mighty pow'r; See how he pleads a-

Sing of our Sov'reign's love, Sing of his mighty pow'r; See how he pleads a-

dove, For those whose sins he bore; Let all to him their

dove, For those whose sins he bore; Let all to him their voi - ces raise,

Let all to him their

voices raise, their voices raise, And sing, And sing aloud his glorious praise.

Let all to him their voices raise,

And sing, And sing aloud his glorious praise.

voices raise, their voices raise.

BENEDICTE. P.M.

R. A. Smith

The Lord of heav'n con-fess, On high his glo-ry raise, Him

The Lord of heav'n con-fess, On high his glo-ry raise, Him

let all an-gels bless, Him let all ar-mies praise. Him glo-ri-

let all an-gels bless, Him let all ar-mies praise. Him glo-ri-

fy, sun, moon, and stars, and clou-dy sky.

fy, sun, moon, and stars, and clou-dy sky.

Ye high-er spheres,

BERMONDSEY. P.M.

B. Milgrove.

Glo-ry to God on high, Let heav'n and earth reply, Praise ye his name! An-gels his

Glo-ry to God on high, Let heav'n and earth reply, Praise ye his name! An-gels his

This system contains the first two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both are in 2/4 time with a key signature of one sharp (F#).

love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing for evermore, Worthy the Lamb. Worthy the

love adore, Who all our sorrows bore, Saints sing for evermore, Worthy the Lamb. Worthy the

This system contains the next two staves of music, continuing the vocal and piano parts from the first system.

Lamb. Worthy the Lamb. Saints sing for ev-er-more, Worthy the Lamb.

Lamb. Worthy the Lamb. Saints sing for ev-er-more, Worthy the Lamb.

This system contains the final two staves of music. The lyrics are repeated across the staves, with some words like 'Lamb' and 'Saints' appearing on multiple lines.

ALMA. P.M.

Samuel Webb.

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho-vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;

Guide me, O thou great Je - ho vah, Pilgrim thro' this bar-ren land;

I am weak, but thou art migh-ty, Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand;
Strong de-liv'r-er, strong de - liv'r-er, Be thou still my strength and shield.

I am weak, but thou art migh-ty, Hold me with thy pow'r-ful hand;
Strong de-liv'r-er, strong de - liv'r-er, Be thou still my strength and shield.

AMHERST. P.M.

William Billings.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise our songs employ.

Ye boundless realms of joy, Exalt your Maker's fame; His praise our songs employ.

AMHERST—Continued.

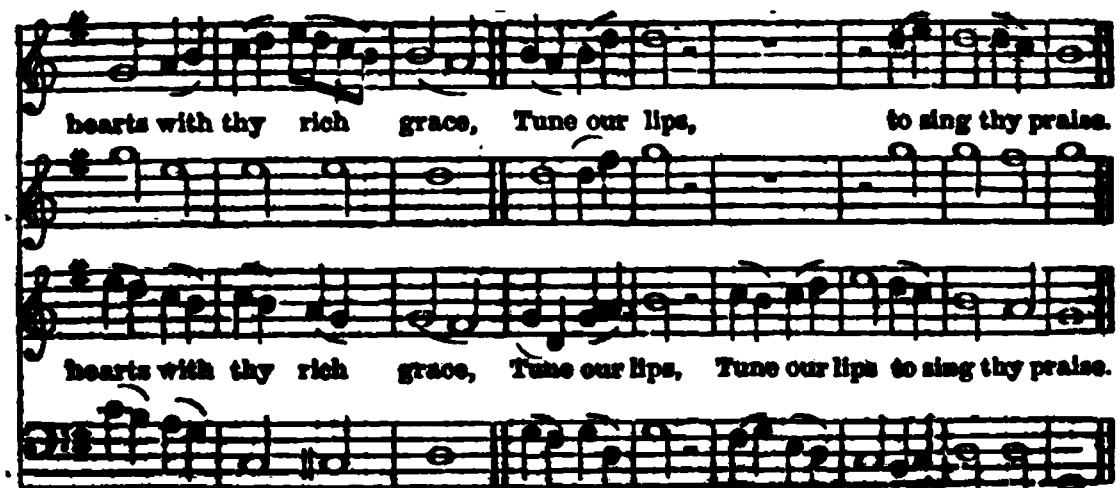

O earth and starry frame; Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

O earth and starry frame; Ye holy throng of angels bright, In worlds of light begin the song.

ASHBURN. P.M.*James Leach.*


Now on thee our souls depend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our

Now on thee our souls depend, In com-pas-sion now de-scend; Fill our



hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips, to sing thy praise.

hearts with thy rich grace, Tune our lips, Tune our lips to sing thy praise.

CALVARY. P.M.

Stanley.

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'Hark! the voice of love and mer-cy, Sounds a - loud from Cal - va - ry;'.

See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics 'See! it rends the rocks a - sun-der, Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!'.

"It is fin-ish'd," "It is fin-ish'd," Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.

"It is fin-ish'd," "It is fin-ish'd," Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics '"It is fin-ish'd," "It is fin-ish'd," Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line with lyrics '"It is fin-ish'd," "It is fin-ish'd," Hear the dy-ing Sa-viour cry.'.

CORINTH. P.M.

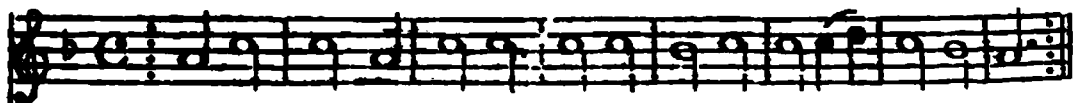
Greek Melody.

Let the saints all re-joice and ex-ult in their King, To Je-sus with

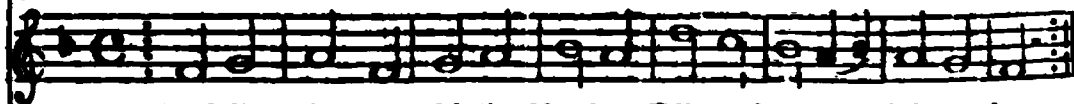
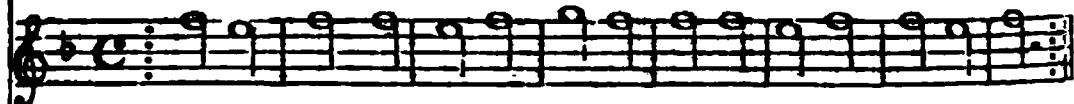
rapture and me-lo-dy sing; For sin-ners' re-demp-tion his

life-blood he gave, And the "faithful true Witness" will ne-ver de-ceive.

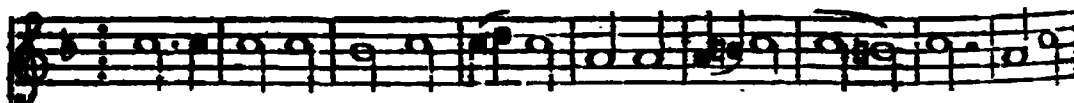
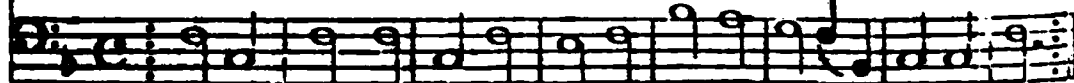
DISMISSION HYMN. P.M.



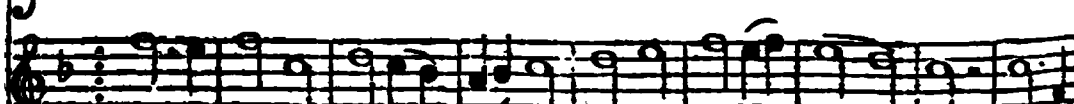
Lord dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all thy love pos-ses-sing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.



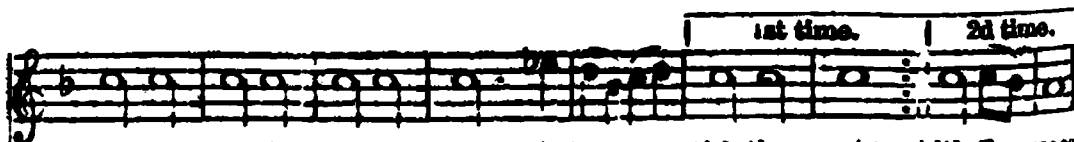
Lord dis - miss us with thy blessing, Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us all, thy love pos-ses-sing, Triumph in re-deem-ing grace.



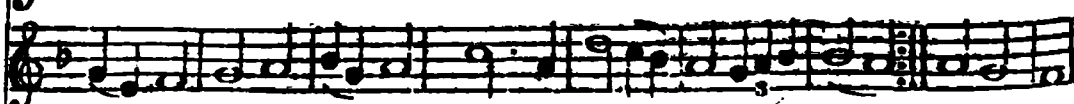
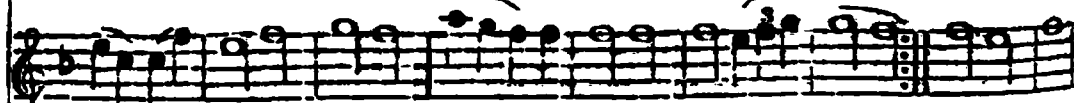
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men; O re



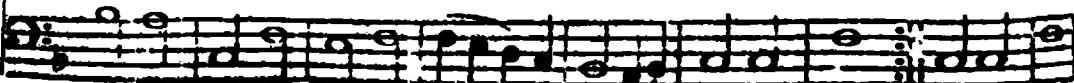
Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, Hal-le - lu-jah, A - men; O re



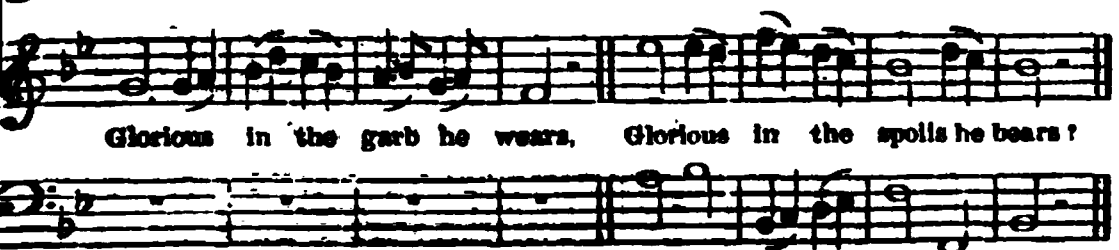
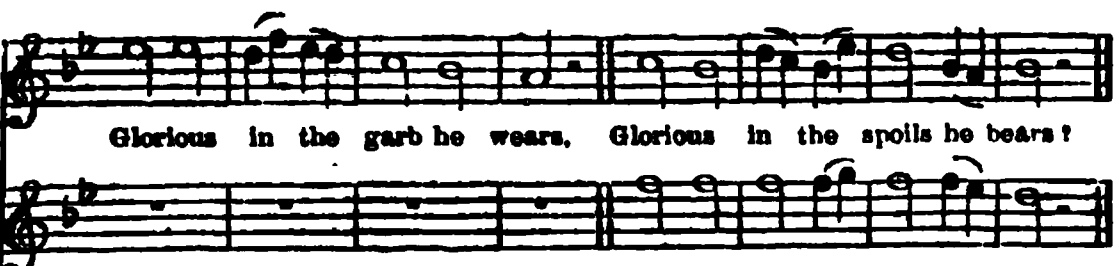
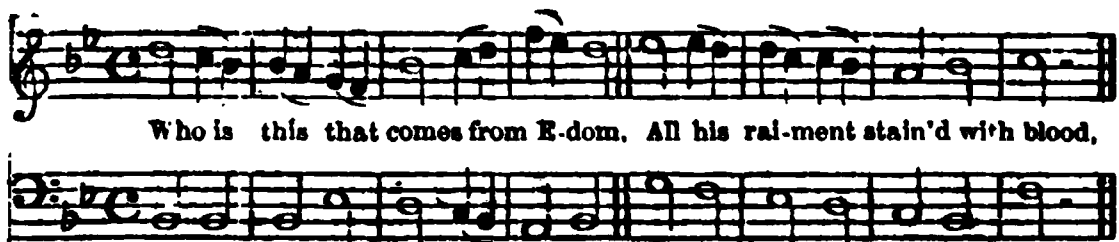
fresh us with thy blessing, O delight us with thy grace. with thy grace.



fresh us with thy blessing, O delight us with thy grace. with thy grace.



EDOM. P.M.

Ludurner.

DUNKIRK. P.M.

Banister.

The time when I shall en-ter Up - on a world un-known, My helpless soul I'll

The time when I shall en-ter Up - on a world un-known, My helpless soul I'll

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

ven-ture Up - on his name a - lone; Then with the saints in glo-ry, The

ven-ture Up - on his name a - lone; Then with the saints in glo-ry, The

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C).

grateful song I'll raise, *p* And chant my blissful

grateful song I'll raise, *p* And chant my blissful sto-ry, And chant my blissful

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of three staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment line. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The word 'p' (piano) is written above the second staff.

DUNKIRK—Continued.

sto-ry, And chant my blissful sto-ry In high ser-a-phic lays.

sto-ry, And chant my blissful sto-ry In high ser-a-phic lays.

HART'S. P.M.*B. Milgrove.*

Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;

Praise to God, im-mor-tal praise, For the love that crowns our days ;

Bounteous source of ev'-ry joy ! Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

Bounteous source of ev'-ry joy ! Let thy praise our tongues em-ploy.

FEVERSHAM. P.M.

Let us each for o-ther care, Each the o-ther's bur - den bear,

Let us each for o-ther care, Each the o-ther's bur - den bear,

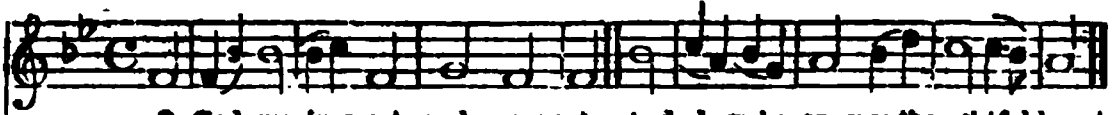
Each the o - ther's bur-den bear; To thy church a pat-tern give,

Each the o - ther's bur-den bear; To thy church a pat-tern give,

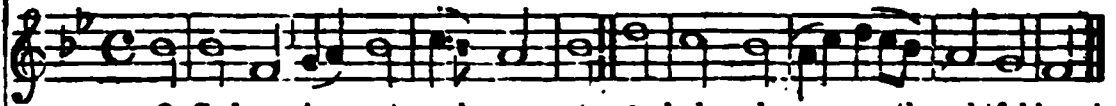
Show how true be - liev-ers live. Show how true be - liev - ers live.

Show how true be - liev-ers live. Show how true be - liev - ers live.

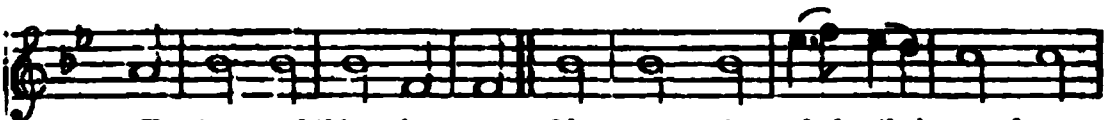
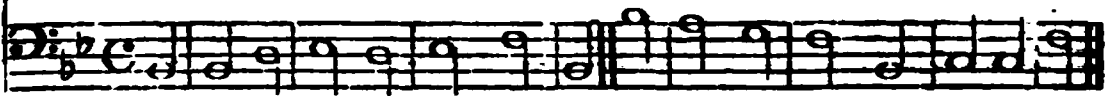
GARNETHILL. P.M.

Harwood

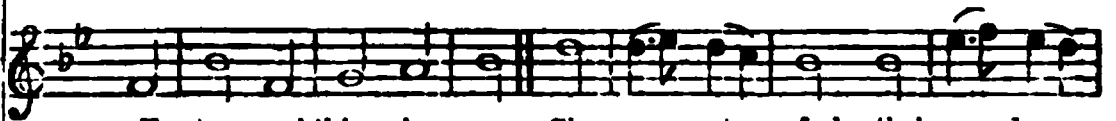
O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart



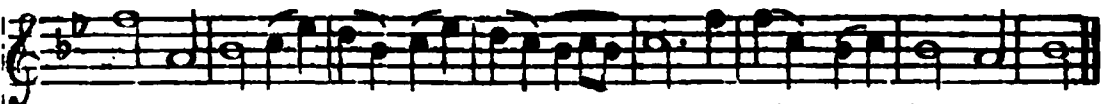
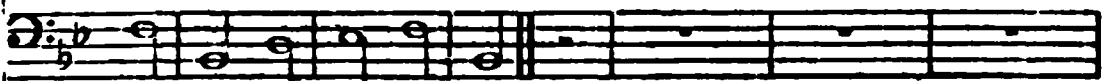
O God, my in-most soul con-vert, And deep-ly on my thoughtful heart



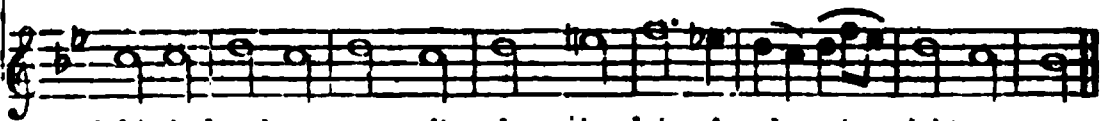
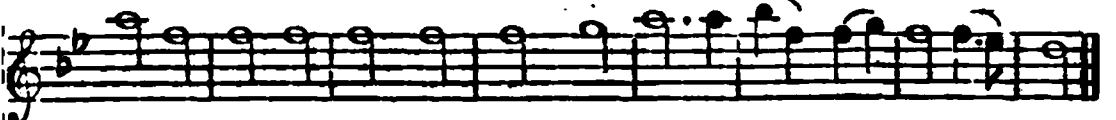
E - ter - nal things im-press; Give me to feel their so - lemn



E - ter - nal things im-press; Give me to feel their so - lemn



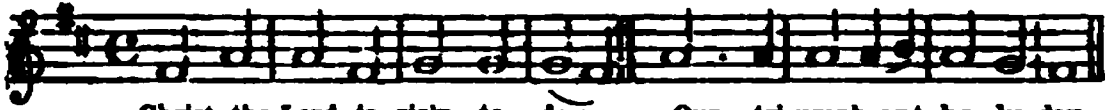
weight, And make me, ere it be too late, A-wake to righteous-ness.



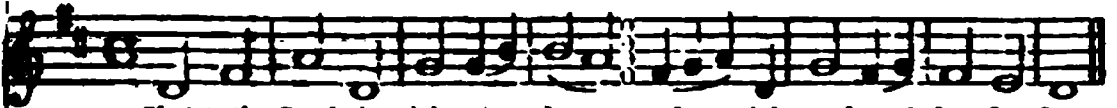
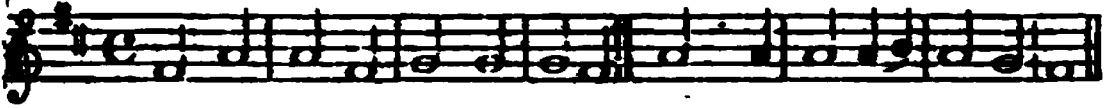
weight, And make me, ere it be too late, A-wake to righteous-ness.



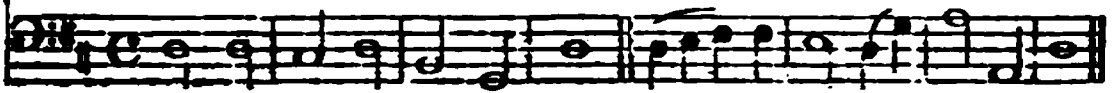
EASTER HYMN. P.M.

Henry Carey.

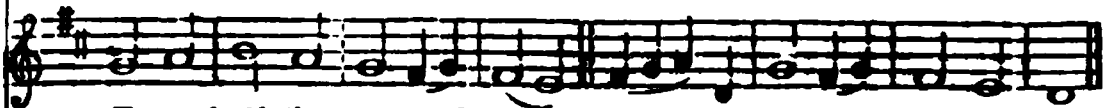
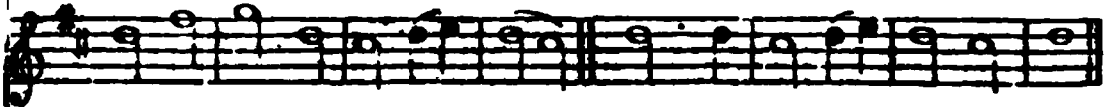
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Our tri-umph-ant ho-ly day;



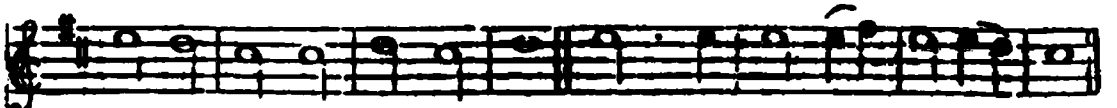
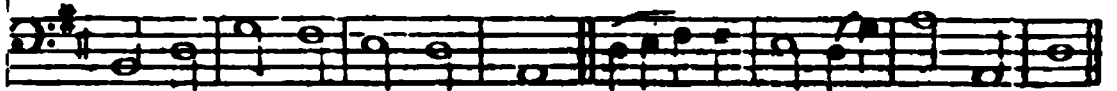
Christ, the Lord, is ris'n to - day, Our tri-umph-ant ho-ly day;



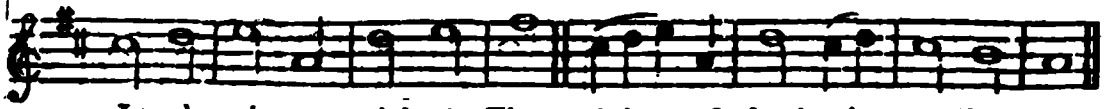
He en-dur'd the cross and grave, Sin-ners to re-deem and save.



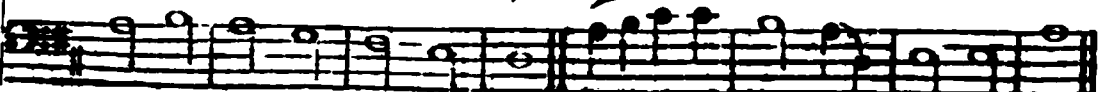
He en-dur'd the cross and grave, Sin-ners to re-deem and save.



Lo, he ris es, migh - ty King! Where, O death, is now thy sting!



Lo, he ris es, migh - ty King! Where, O death, is now thy sting!



EASTER HYMN—Continued.

Lo, he claims his na-tive sky; Grave, where is thy vic-to-ry?

CANAAN. P.M.

D. Bortnianski.

O God of wisdom, God of might, Great Ruler in these realms of light;
Whose truths are hid from prudent eyes, But makes the babe and suckling wise:

Help thy inquiring servants, Lord, Gladly to hear and understand thy word.

GENEVA. P.M. *Adapted by J. Turnbull.*

The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all

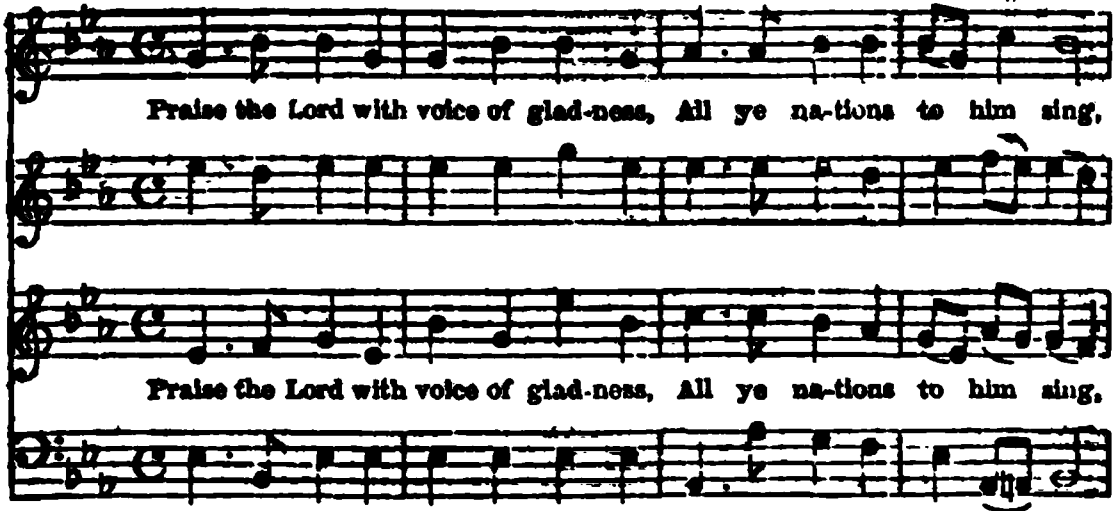
The' troubles as-sail, and dan-gers af-fright, Tho' friends should all

fall, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-

fall, and foes all u - nite; Yet one thing se - cures us, what-

e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."

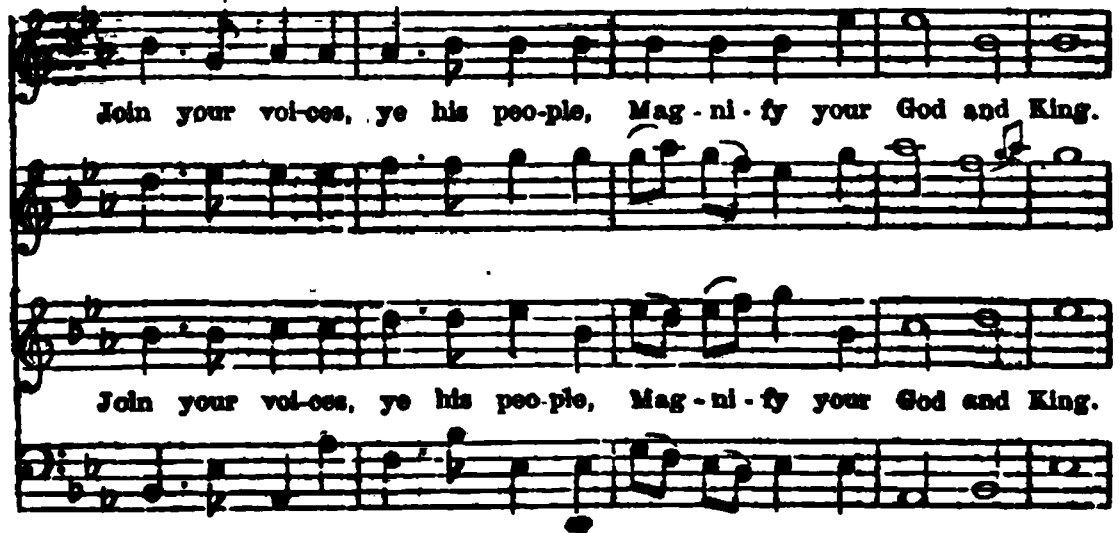
e - ver be - tide, The Scripture as-sures us "The Lord will provide."

GLADNESS. P.M.*Rev. Dr. Thomson.*

Praise the Lord with voice of glad-ness, All ye na-tions to him sing,

Praise the Lord with voice of glad-ness, All ye na-tions to him sing,

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).



Join your voi-ces, ye his peo-ple, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

Join your voi-ces, ye his peo-ple, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).



Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy, Mag-ni-fy your God and King.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C).

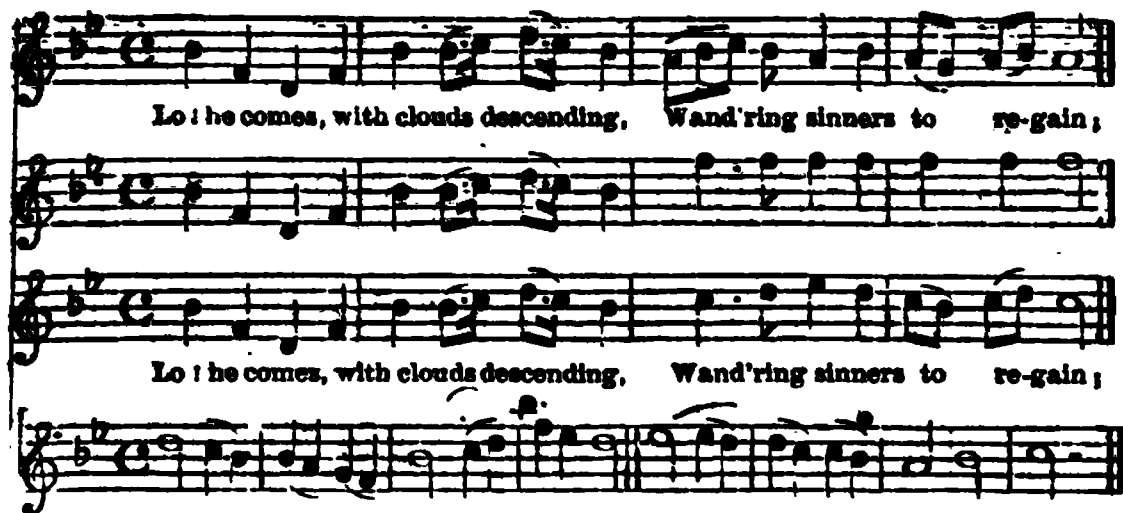
HANDEL'S 104TH PSALM. P.M. *G. F. Handel.*

Then glo - ry to Him, the great Fa - ther a - bove, Who sent with such

bles-sings the Son of his love; Like glo - ry to him who came

down from on high, To save and to suf - fer--to triumph and die.

JUDGMENT. P.M.



Lo : he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain ;

Lo : he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain ;



Thousand thousand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train.

Thousand thousand saints at - tend-ing, Swell the tri-umphs of his train.



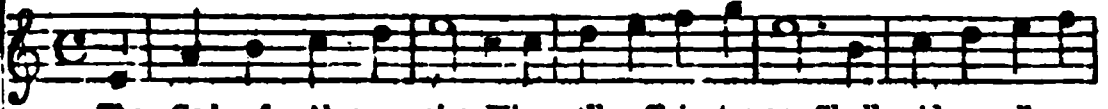
Hal - le lujah, Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.

Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lujah, Hal - le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.

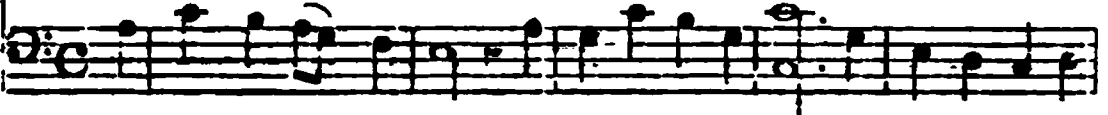
LEONI. P.M.

Ancient Jewish Air.

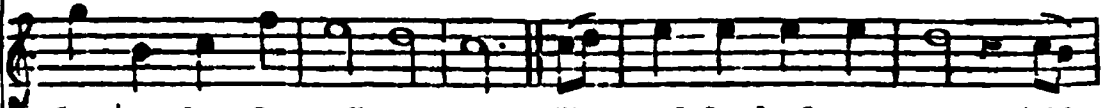
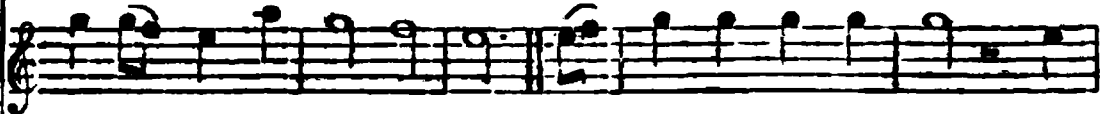
The God of Abram praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide us all our



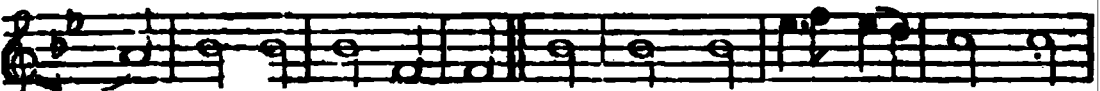
The God of Abram praise, Whose all-sufficient grace Shall guide us all our



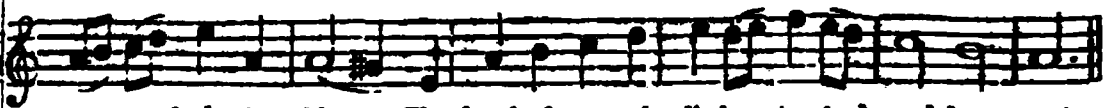
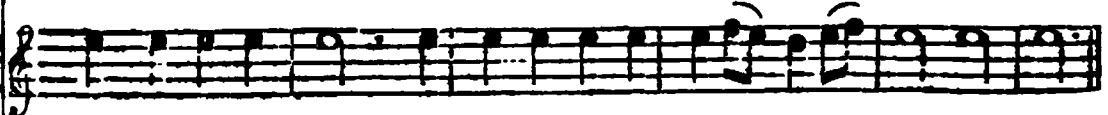
hap-py days In all his ways. The good-ly land we see, With



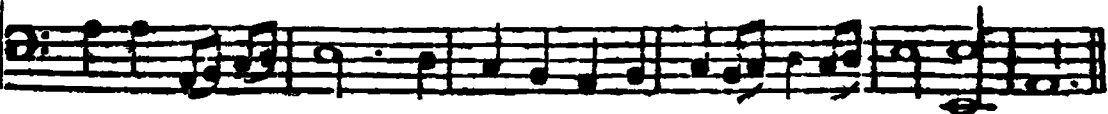
hap-py days In all his ways. The good-ly land we see, With




peace and plenty blest; The land of sacred li-ber-ty And end-less rest.



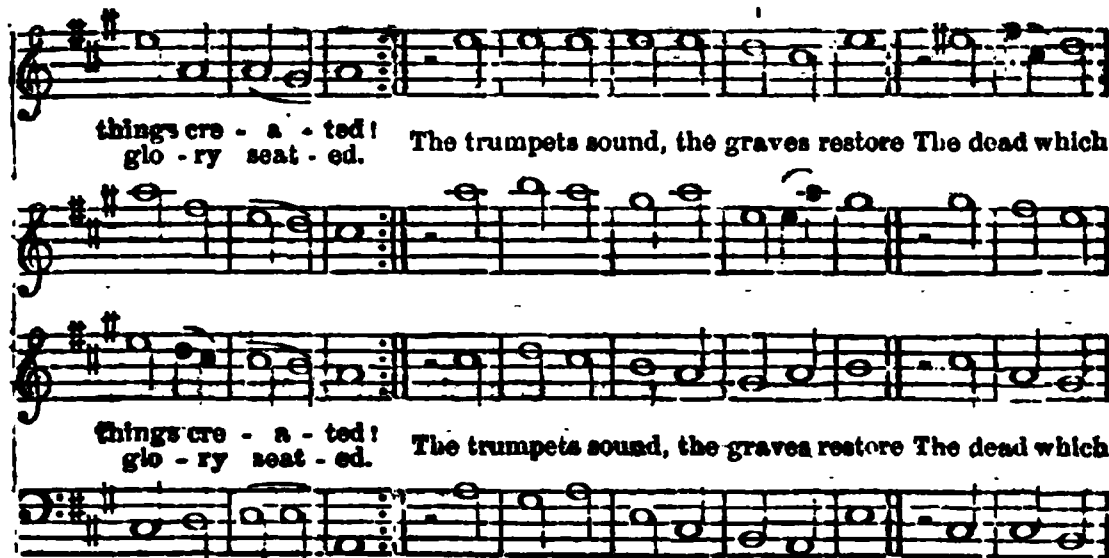
peace and plenty blest; The land of sacred li-ber-ty And end-less rest.



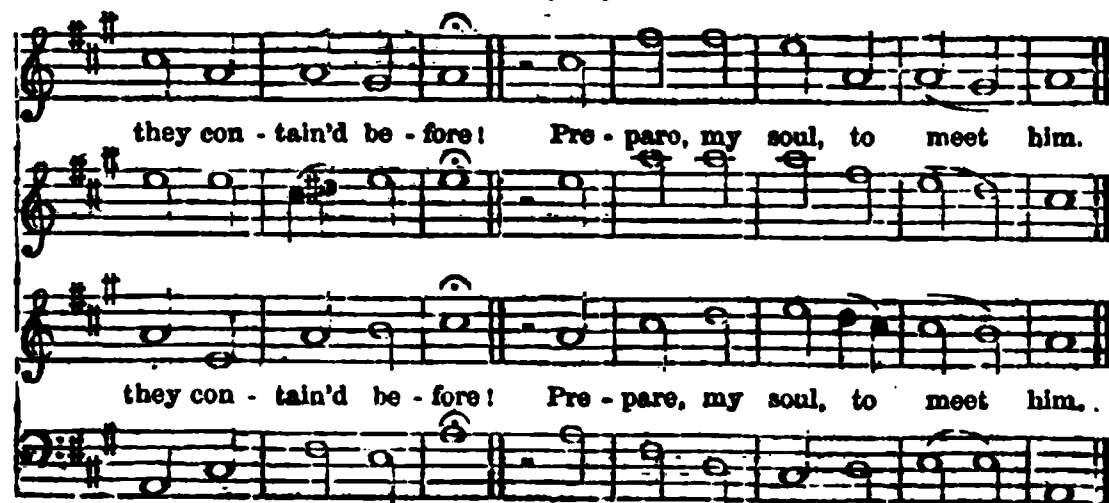
LUTHER'S HYMN. P.M.

M. Luther, 1524.


Great God, what do I see and hear— The end of
The Judge of man kind doth ap - pear On clouds of



things cre - a - ted! The trumpets sound, the graves restore The dead which
glo - ry seat - ed.



they con - tain'd be - fore! Pre - pare, my soul, to meet him.

PRAISE. P.M.

Radiger.

The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy

presence to adore ; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

courts ascend, And tread the hallowed floor. My feet the summons

courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor. My feet the summons

And tread the hallow'd floor.

PRAISE—Continued.

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

HELMSLEY. P.M.

Oliver.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.

Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re-gain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.

Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, Hal-le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.

LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

R. A. Smith.

Sov'reign Father, heav'n ly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

Sov'reign Father, heav'n - ly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

NEW GREENOCK—Continued.

Glad thine at-tributes confess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

D.C.

Glad thine at-tributes confess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

D.C.

NUNEATON. P.M.

1st time.

One there is a-bove all others. Well de-serves the name of friend;
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:

One there is a-bove all others. Well de serves the name of friend;
His is love be yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:

2d time.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er last-ing love.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

MOUNT HERMON. P.M.

Samuel Barr.

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Of the fa - mi - ly of God! When in peace to - ge-ther dwelling,

Of the fa - mi - ly of God! When in peace to - ge-ther dwelling,

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Kindred love each bo-som swel-ling, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

Kindred love each bo-som swel-ling, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal parts, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

NEW EMMANUEL. P.M. *Ludovick Nicholson.*

Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood?

To the slave pro-claim ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;

Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!

QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both are in G major (one flat) and common time. The lyrics are written below each staff.

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

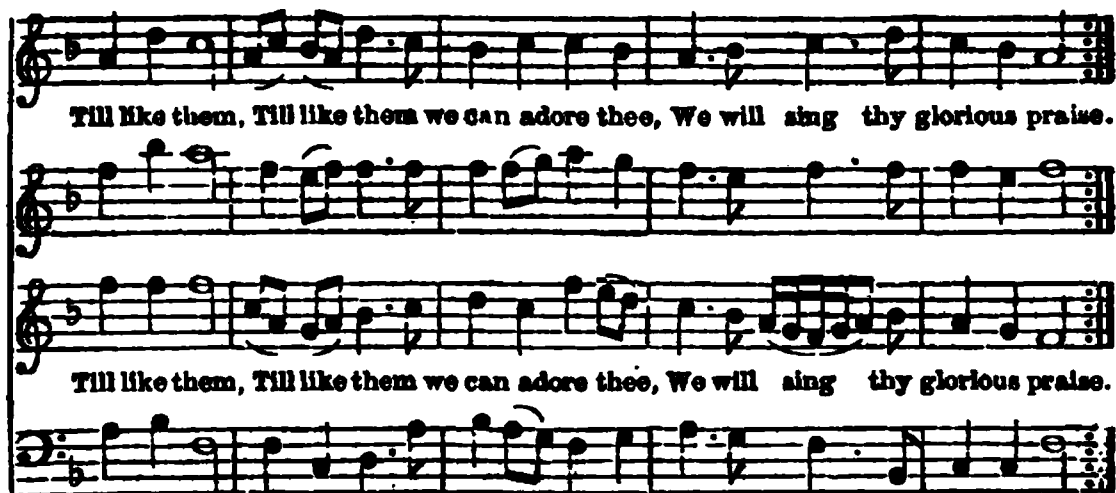
Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both are in G major (one flat) and common time. The lyrics are written below each staff.

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place; Till like them, *mf*

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place; Till like them, *mf*

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both are in G major (one flat) and common time. The lyrics are written below each staff. The dynamic marking *mf* (mezzo-forte) appears at the end of each line of lyrics.

QUEENBOROUGH—*Continued.*


Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

PLYMOUTH. P.M.



Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Heavenly Father we would praise thee

When God, Who will sing to His chosen ones

Heavenly Father we would

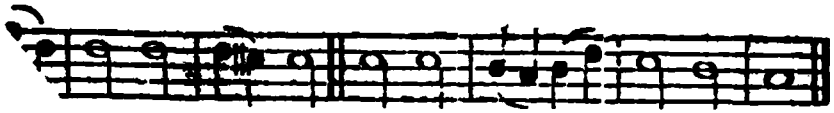
Songs of

to him who ever lives

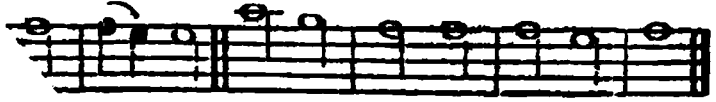
shelter from the dread of dying, But to him who ever lives

Guilty, but with heart re-lent-ing, Over-whelm'd with sin and grief.

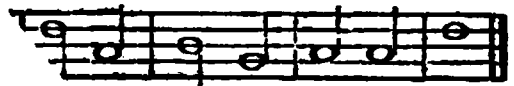
SALEM—Continued.



bet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

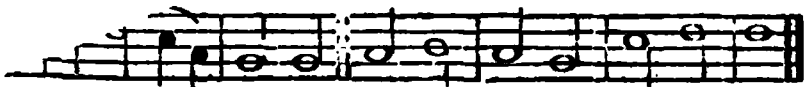


ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

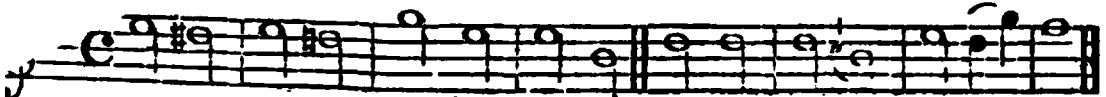


RAINE. P.M.

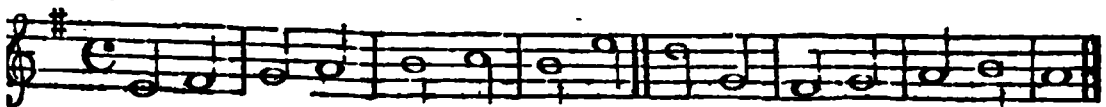
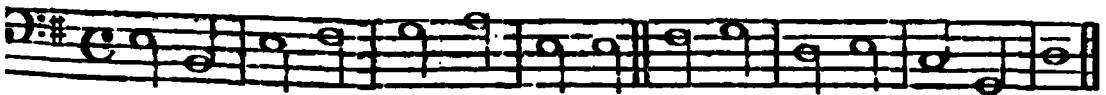
John Turnbull.



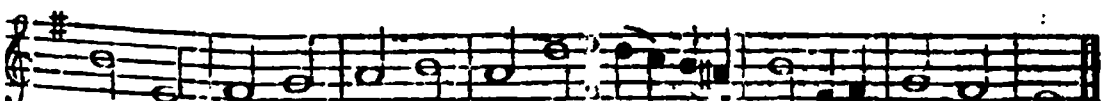
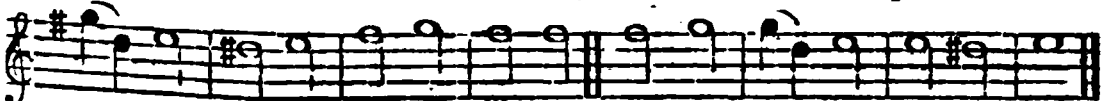
to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;



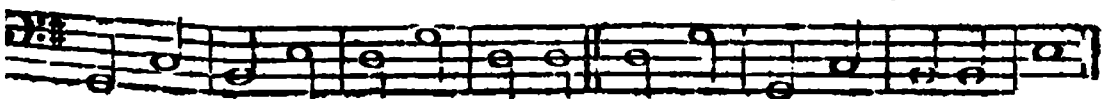
Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;



Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.



Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.



PRAISE. P.M.

Radiger.

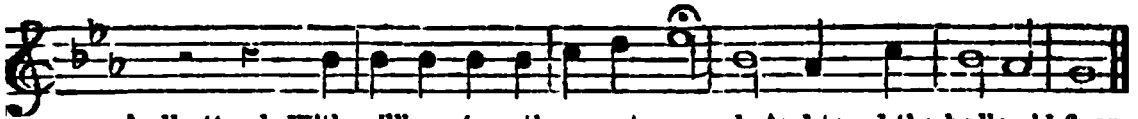
The joyful morn, my God, is come, That calls me to thy honour'd dome, Thy

presence to adore ; My feet the summons shall attend, With willing steps thy

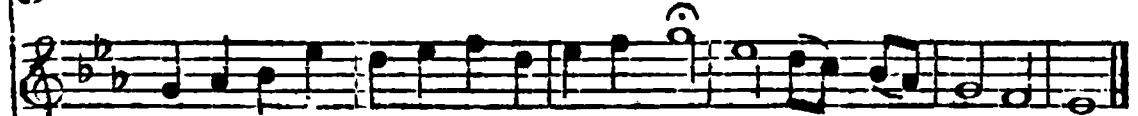
courts ascend, And tread the hallowed floor. My feet the summons *p*

courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor. My feet the summons

And tread the hallow'd floor.

PRAISE—*Continued.*

shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

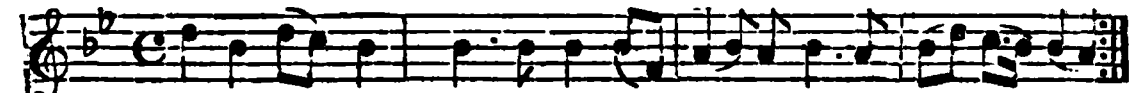


shall attend, With willing steps thy courts ascend, And tread the hallow'd floor.

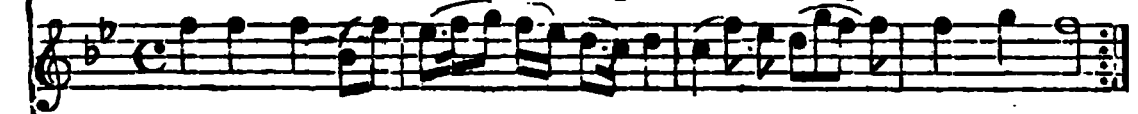


HELMSLEY. P.M.

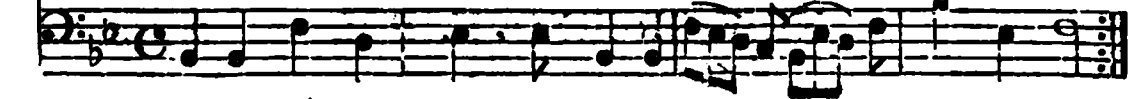
Oliver.



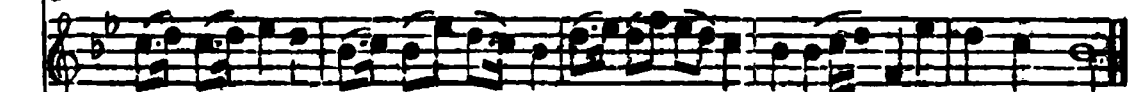
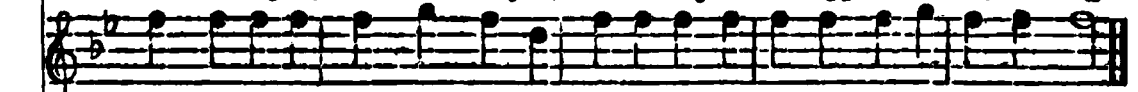
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re - gain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.



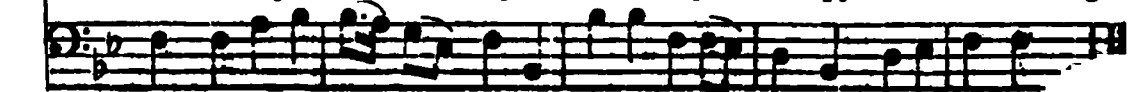
Lo! he comes, with clouds descending, Wand'ring sinners to re - gain;
Thousand thousand saints at-tending, Swell the triumphs of his train.



Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal-le-lujah, God appears on earth to reign.



Hal - le - lujah, Hal - le - lu-jah, Hal - le-lu-jah, God appears on earth to reign.



LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

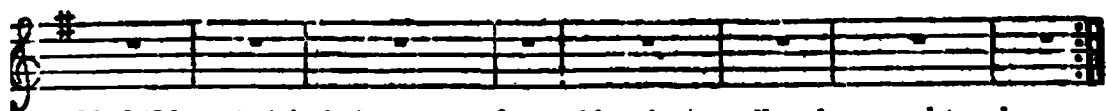
Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

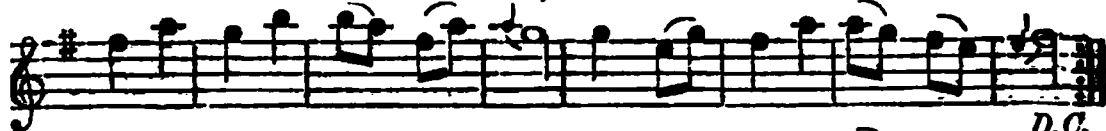
R. A. Smith.

Sov'reign Father, heav'n ly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

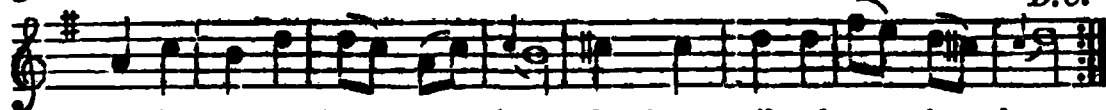
Sov'reign Father, heav'n ly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

NEW GREENOCK—*Continued.*

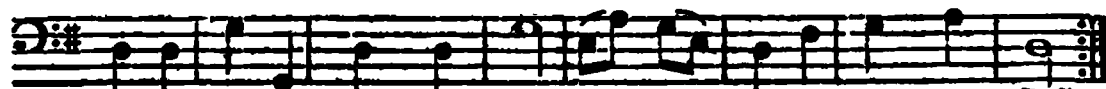
Glad thine at - tri - butes con - fess, Glo - rious all and num - ber - less.



D.C.

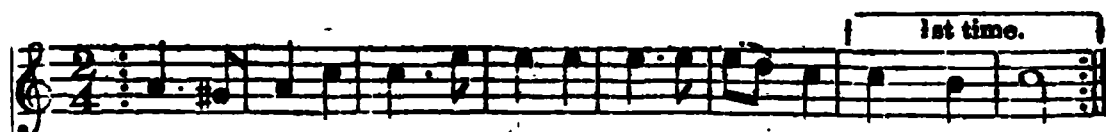


Glad thine at - tri - butes con - fess, Glo - rious all and num - ber - less.



D.C.

NUNEATON. P.M.

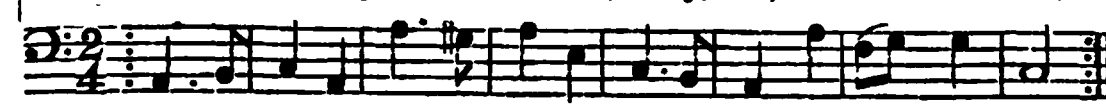


1st time.

One there is a - bove all others, Well de - serves the name of friend;
His is love be - yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:



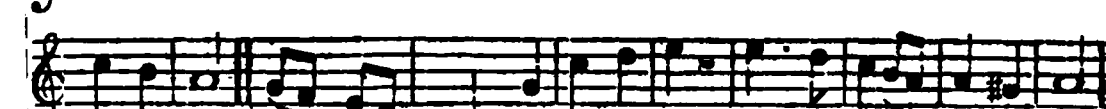
One there is a - bove all others, Well de serves the name of friend;
His is love be yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end:



2d time.



knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.



knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev - er - last - ing love.



LITTLETON. P.M.

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

O that I could now a - dore thee, Like the heav'nly hosts a - bove;

Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

Who for ev - er bow be - fore thee, And un - ceas - ing sing thy love.

NEW GREENOCK. P.M.

R. A. Smith

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

Sov'reign Father, heav'nly King, Thee we now pre - sume to sing;

NEW GREENOCK—*Continued.*

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

D.C.

Glad thine at-tributes con-fess, Glo-rious all and num-ber-less.

D.C.

NUNEATON. P.M.

1st time.

One there is a-bove all others, Well de-serves the name of friend;
His is love be-yond a brother's, Costly, free, and knows no end;

2d time.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er last-ing love.

knows no end: They who once his kindness prove, Find it ev-er-last-ing love.

MOUNT HERMON. P.M.

Samuel Barr.

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

O how good the hallow'd u-nion, O how sweet the pure com-munion,

This block contains the first system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Of the fa - mi - ly of God! When in peace to - ge-ther dwelling,

Of the fa - mi - ly of God! When in peace to - ge-ther dwelling,

This block contains the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

Kindred love each bo-som swel-ling, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

Kindred love each bo-som swel-ling, This is plea-sure's blest a-bode.

This block contains the third system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The first two staves are for the vocal melody, and the last two are for the piano accompaniment. The lyrics are printed below the vocal staves.

NEW EMMANUEL. P.M. *Laidovick Nicholson.*

Who is this that comes from Edom, All his raiment stain'd with blood?

To the slave pro-claim-ing freedom, Bringing and be - stowing good;

Glo-rious in the garb he wears, Glo-rious in the spoils he bears!

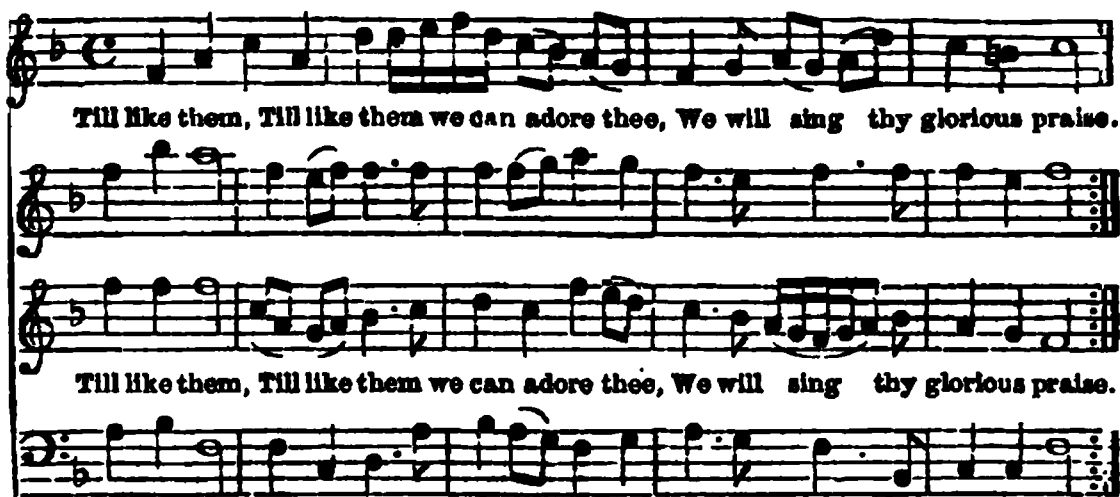
QUEENBOROUGH. P.M.

Thomas Clark.

Heav'nly Father, we would praise thee, Like the glo-rious hosts a-bove;

Songs of tri-umph would we raise thee, Till we meet in perfect love.

Till we join with saints before thee, Till with them we take our place; Till like them, *mf*

QUEENBOROUGH—*Continued.*


Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

Till like them, Till like them we can adore thee, We will sing thy glorious praise.

PLYMOUTH. P.M.



Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

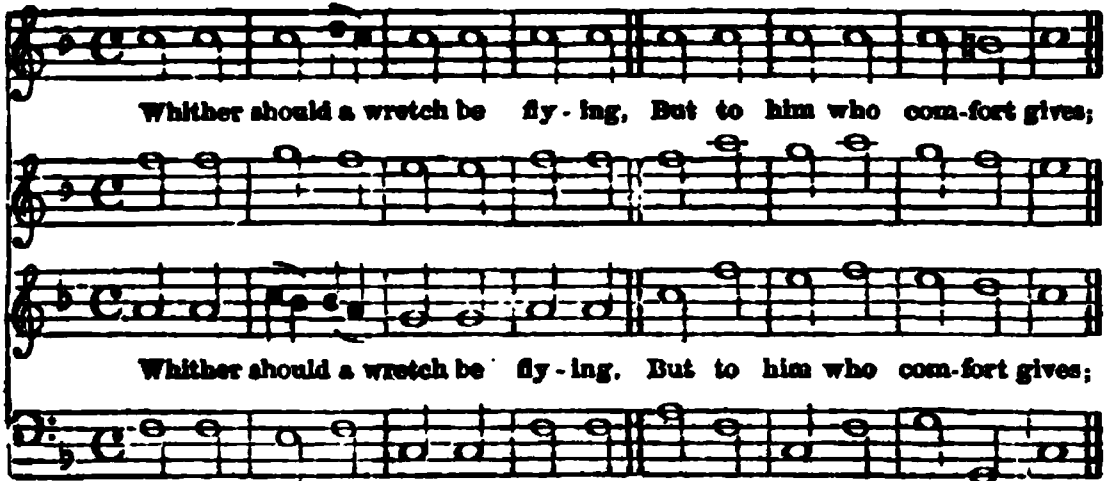
Come and raise a joy - ful song, Tune your harps, ye an - gel throng;

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

When your high - est notes ye raise, Sound them to your Ma - ker's praise.

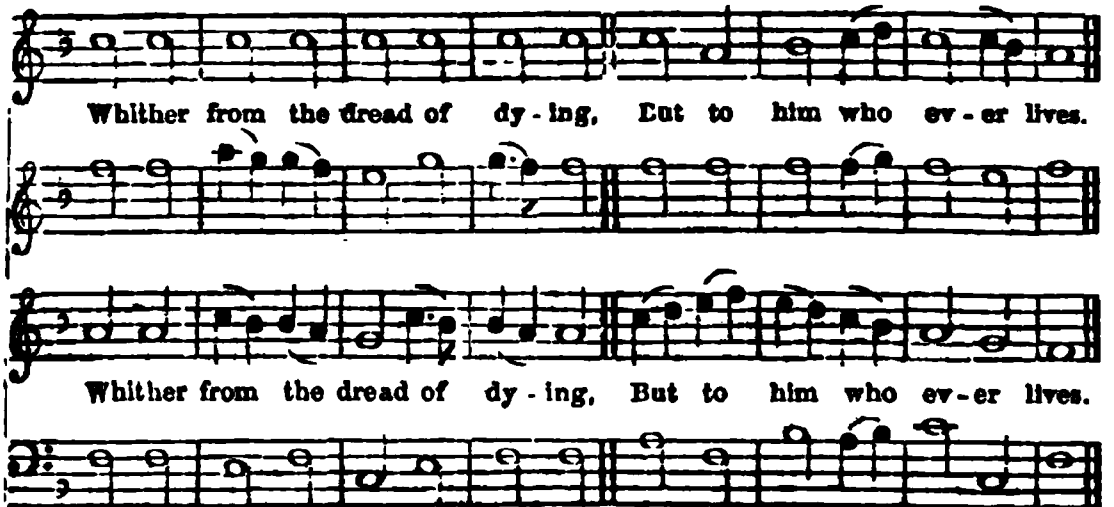
SALEM. P.M.

Rev. M. M'Gavin.



Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to him who com-fort gives;

Whither should a wretch be fly-ing, But to him who com-fort gives;



Whither from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev-er lives.

Whither from the dread of dy-ing, But to him who ev-er lives.



Gull-ty, but with heart re-lent-ing, O-ver-whelm'd with sin and grief;

Gull-ty, but with heart re-lent-ing, O-ver-whelm'd with sin and grief;

SALEM—Continued.

Prostrate at thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

Prostrate at thy feet re-pent-ing, Send, O send me quick re-lief.

ST. CATHERINE. P.M.

John Turnbull

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;

Peace be to this ha-bi-ta-tion, Peace to all that dwell there-in;

Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.

Peace, the ear-nest of sal-va-tion; Peace, the fruit of par-don'd sin.

PARADISE. P.M.

W. Arnold

Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, To our glo - ri - fied King, In the praise of his

Hal - le - lu - jah we sing, To our glo - ri - fied King, In the praise of his

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 4/4 time signature. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

wonderful love ; To the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le - lu - jah a - gain,

won - der - ful love ; To the Lamb that was slain, Hal - le - lu - jah a gain, Till with

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. A piano dynamic marking (*p*) is present above the second staff.

Till with angels we praise him a - bove.

angels we praise him a - bove, - - - - Till with angels we praise him a - bove.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff. A mezzo-forte dynamic marking (*mf*) is present above the second staff.

SYRIA. P.M.

Rev. G. Coles.

The good-ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sa-cred

The good-ly land I see, With peace and plenty blest; A land of sa cred

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. Both are in the key of D major (two sharps) and common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

li-ber ty, And end-less rest; There milk and honey flow, And

li-ber-ty, And end-less rest; There milk and honey flow, And

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for ev-er grow, With mercy crown'd.

oil and wine a - bound, And trees of life for ev er grow, With mercy crown'd.

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, and the second staff is a piano accompaniment in bass clef. The lyrics are written below the vocal staff.

SALVATION. P.M.

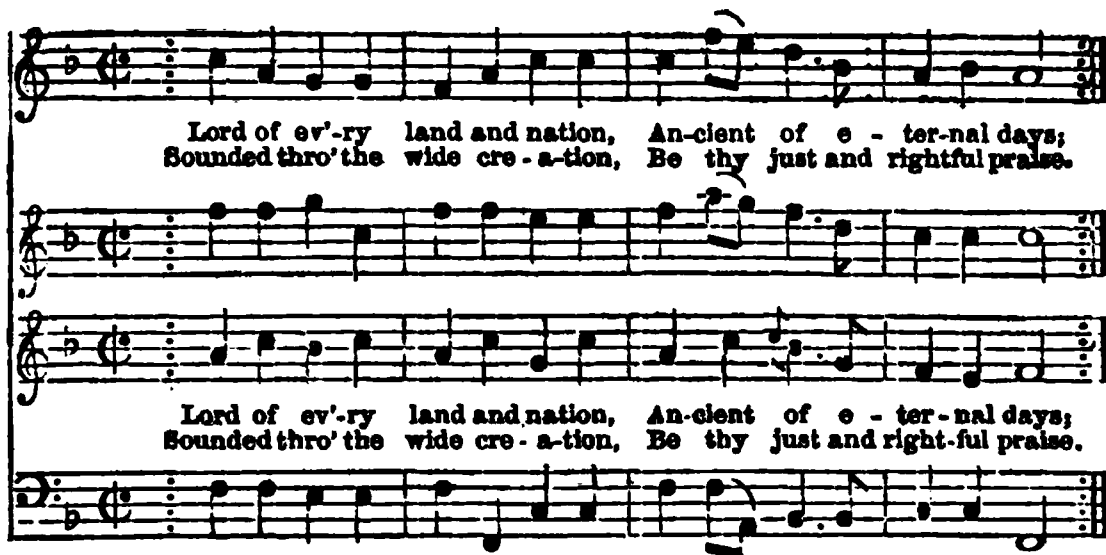
G. F. Handel

Darkness o - ver - spreads us here, But the night wears

fast a - way; Glo - ry's star will soon ap - pear, Lead-ing

on e - ter - nal day. Lead-ing on e - ter - nal day.

VESPER HYMN. P.M.

D. Bortnianski.


Lord of ev'-ry land and nation, An-cient of e - ter-nal days;
Sounded thro' the wide cre - a - tion, Be thy just and right-ful praise.



Hal - le - lu jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Praise ye the Lord.

Second time p


Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men.

SHINAR. P.M.

Luther.

Lord of hosts, and God of grace, Now with-in this ho-ly place,

Lord of hosts, and God of grace, Now with-in this ho-ly place,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Lord of hosts, and God of grace, Now with-in this ho-ly place,'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Lord of hosts, and God of grace, Now with-in this ho-ly place,'.

Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.

Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'Par-don'd, pu-ri-fied, may we Min-gle ho-ly me-lo-dy.'.

From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.

From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.' The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in G major and 4/4 time, with lyrics 'From each bo-som may it rise, In-cense like, to pur-er skies. skies.'.

SHILOH. P.M.

Who hath our re - port be - liev - ed? Shi - loh come is not re - ceiv - ed,

Who hath our re - port be - liev - ed? Shi - loh come is not re - ceiv - ed,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, each with a repeat sign at the end.

Not re - ceiv - ed by his own; Promis'd branch from root of Jes - se,

Not re - ceiv - ed by his own; Promised branch from root of Jes se,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, each with a repeat sign at the end.

Da-vid's off-spring sent to bless you, Comes too low - ly to be known.

Da-vid's off-spring sent to bless you, Comes too low - ly to be known.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment line in bass clef. Both staves contain two measures of music, each with a repeat sign at the end.

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN. P.M. *Rosenkrantz.*

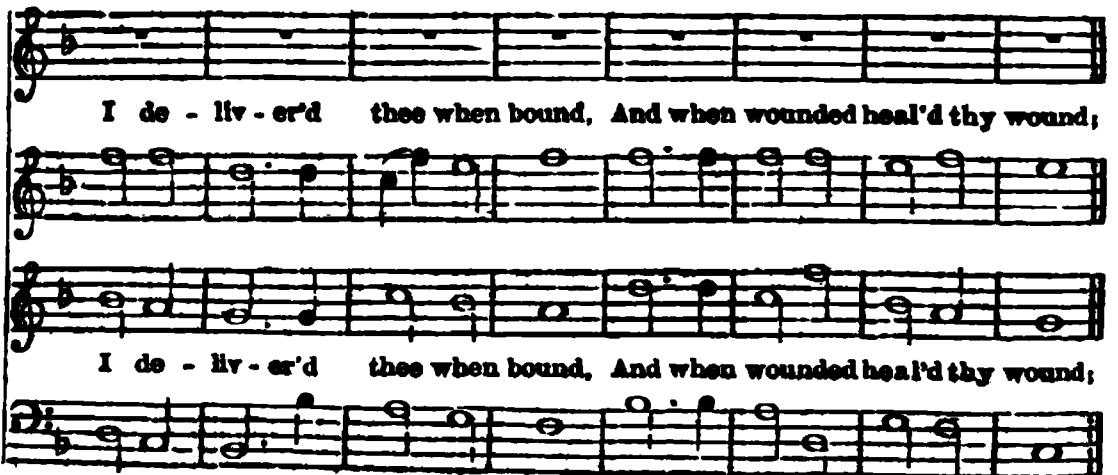

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;

Hark, my soul, it is the Lord, 'Tis thy Saviour, hear his word;



Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?

Je - sus speaks, and speaks to thee, Say, poor sin - ner, lov'st thou me?



I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And when wounded heal'd thy wound;

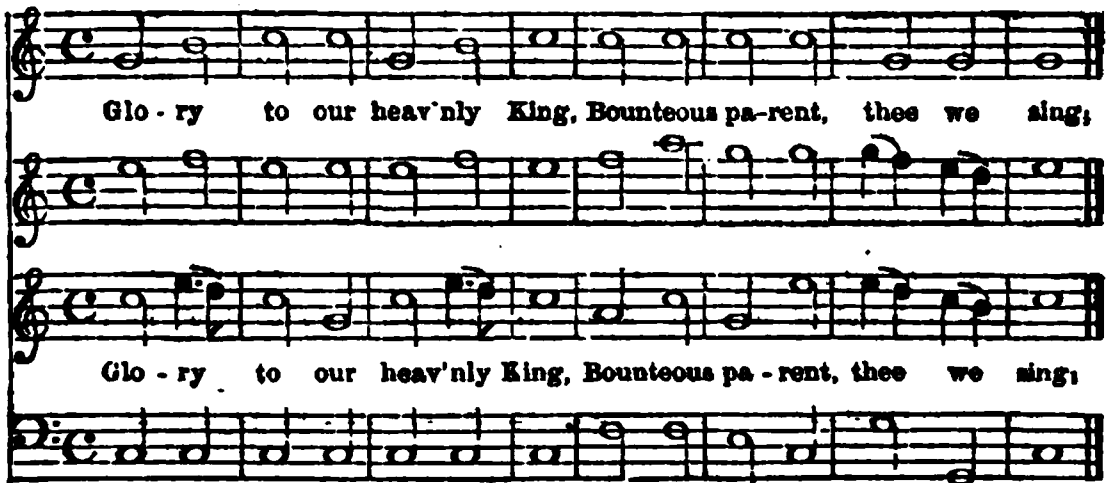
I de - liv - er'd thee when bound, And when wounded heal'd thy wound;

SATURDAY EVENING HYMN—*Continued.*


Found thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.

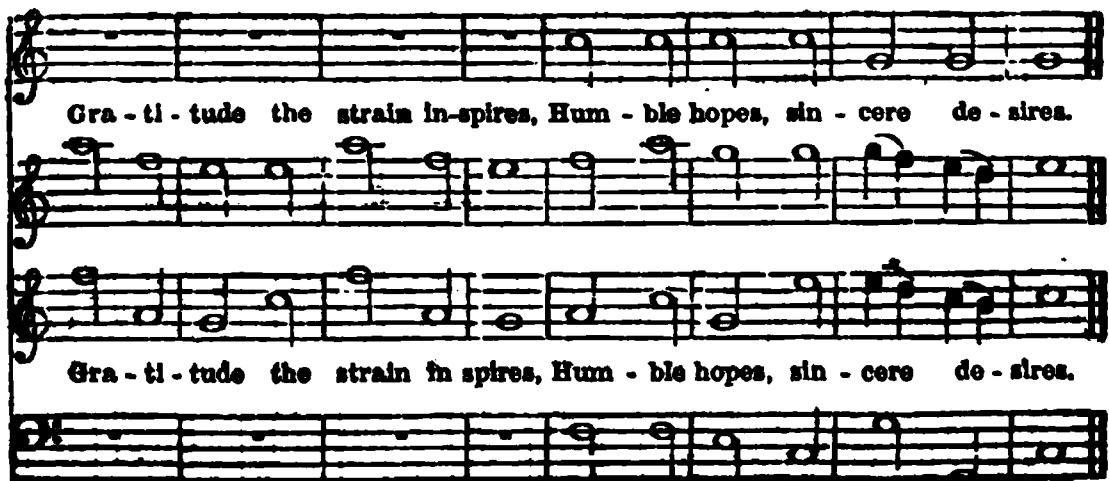
Found thee wand'ring, set thee right, Turn'd thy dark - ness in - to light.

WEBER'S HYMN. P.M.

Weber.


Glo - ry to our heav'nly King, Bounteous pa - rent, thee we sing,

Glo - ry to our heav'nly King, Bounteous pa - rent, thee we sing,



Gra - ti - tude the strain in - spires, Hum - ble hopes, sin - cere de - sires.

Gra - ti - tude the strain in - spires, Hum - ble hopes, sin - cere de - sires.

EASSON. P. M.

R. M^cHutchison.

Lord, dis miss us with thy bless-ing, Bid us all de-part in peace;

Still on bread of hea ven feed us, And our love to thee in-crease.

Fill each breast with con-so-la-tion, Up to thee our voi-ces raise,

EASSON—Continued.

When we reach our bliss-ful station, Then we'll give thee no blier praise,

And sing hallelujah to God and the Lamb, For ever and ever, for ever and ev-er.

Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, Hal-le-lu-jah, A - - - men.

GILEAD. P.M.

Louis Spohr.

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There

There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There

This system contains the first two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'There is an hour of peaceful rest, To mourning wand'ers giv'n; There'.

is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wand' - rers giv'n;

is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wand' - rers giv'n;

This system contains the next two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wand' - rers giv'n;'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'is an hour of peace - ful rest, To mourn - ing wand' - rers giv'n;'. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry wound - ed

There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry wound - ed

This system contains the final two staves of the musical score. The first staff is a vocal line in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry wound - ed'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line, also in G major, 4/4 time, with lyrics 'There is a tear for souls distress'd, A balm for ev' - ry wound - ed'. The lyrics are split across two lines of music.

GILEAD—*Continued.*

breast, 'Tis found a-lone in heav'n. 'Tis found a-lone - - - in

heav'n. 'Tis found a-lone - - - in heav'n.

JUBILEE. P.M.

G. F. Handel.

Blow ye the trumpet, blow, - - The gladly solemn sound, Let all the nations

JUBILEE--Continued.

know. Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound. To earth's remotest

know. Let all the nations know, To earth's remotest bound. To earth's remotest

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves.

bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The

bound. The year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home. The

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves.

year of Ju-bi-lee is come. Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sinners, home.

year of Ju-bi-lee is come, Re-turn, ye ran-som'd sinners, home.

This system contains four staves of music. The first two staves are in treble clef, and the last two are in bass clef. The key signature has one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are written below the staves.

LONSDALE. S.M.D. or P.M.

Corelli, 1690.

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets; Be - fore we reach the

The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets; Be - fore we reach the

heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets. Then let our songs a - bound,

Then let our songs abound, And ev'ry

heav'nly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

Then let our songs abound,

And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

tear be dry; We're marching, &c.

tear be dry; We're marching thro' Emmanuel's ground, To fairer worlds on high.

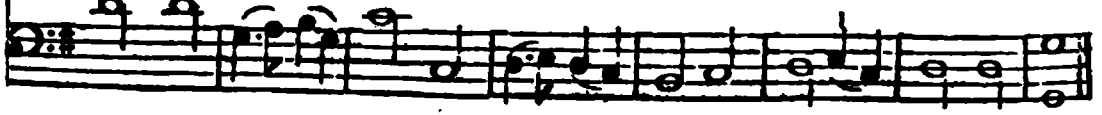
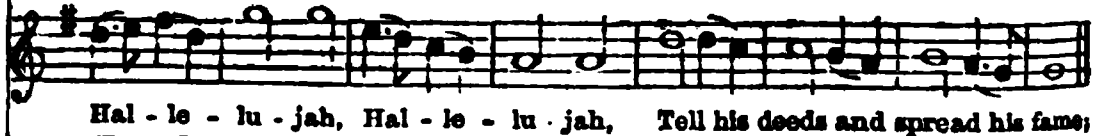
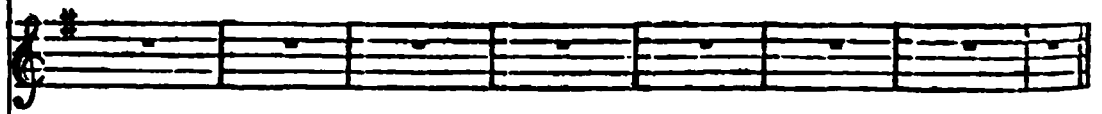
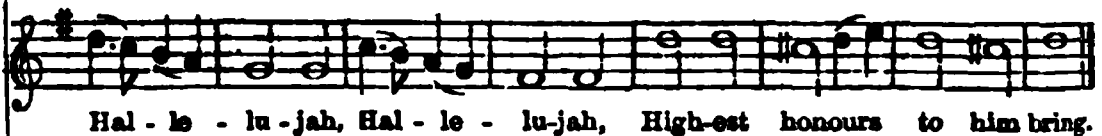
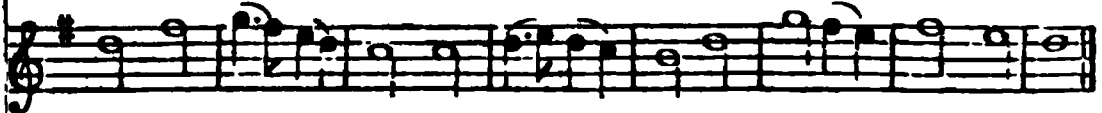
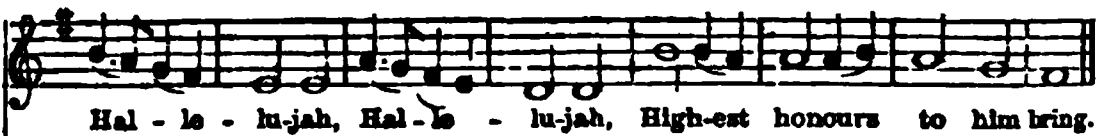
And ev'ry tear be dry, We're marching, &c.

DR. YOUNG'S HYMN. P.M. *Rev. Dr. Young.*

2d Treble.



1st Treble.



DR. YOUNG'S HYMN—*Continued.*

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Thank and praise his ho - ly name.

Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Thank and praise his ho - ly name.

KIRKWOOD'S. P.M.

Robert Goddes.

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King;

Hark! the her - ald an - gels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King;

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con - ciled.

Peace on earth, and mer - cy mild, God and sin - ners re-con - ciled.

PARTING. P.M. or L.M.

Now let us part in thy great name, In which we here to - ge - ther came;

Now let us part in thy great name, In which we here to - ge - ther came;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. Both staves contain two lines of music corresponding to the lyrics provided.

Help us, our few re-main ing days, To live un - to thy sov'reign praise.

Help us, our few re-main ing days, To live un - to thy sov'reign praise.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. Both staves contain two lines of music corresponding to the lyrics provided.

Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs let us sing;

Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs, Sweet hal-le - lu-jahs let us sing;

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The second staff is a piano accompaniment in treble clef, 2/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp. Both staves contain two lines of music corresponding to the lyrics provided.

PARTING—Continued.

Hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, A - men.

Hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, hal - le - lu jah, A - men.

MELITA. P.M. *Adapted from Haydn.*

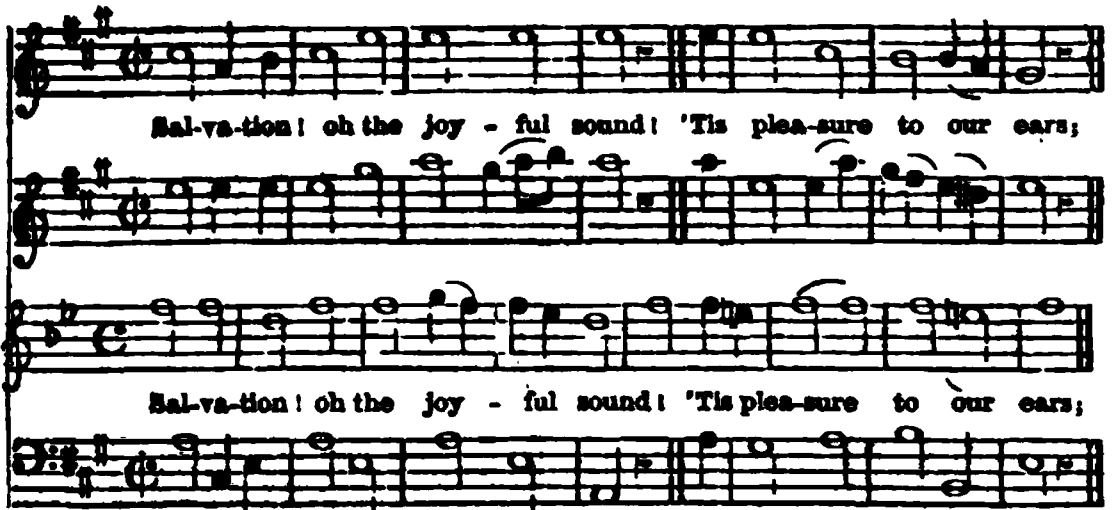
Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

Let us, with a glad-some mind, Praise the Lord, for he is kind;

For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, Ev - er sure.

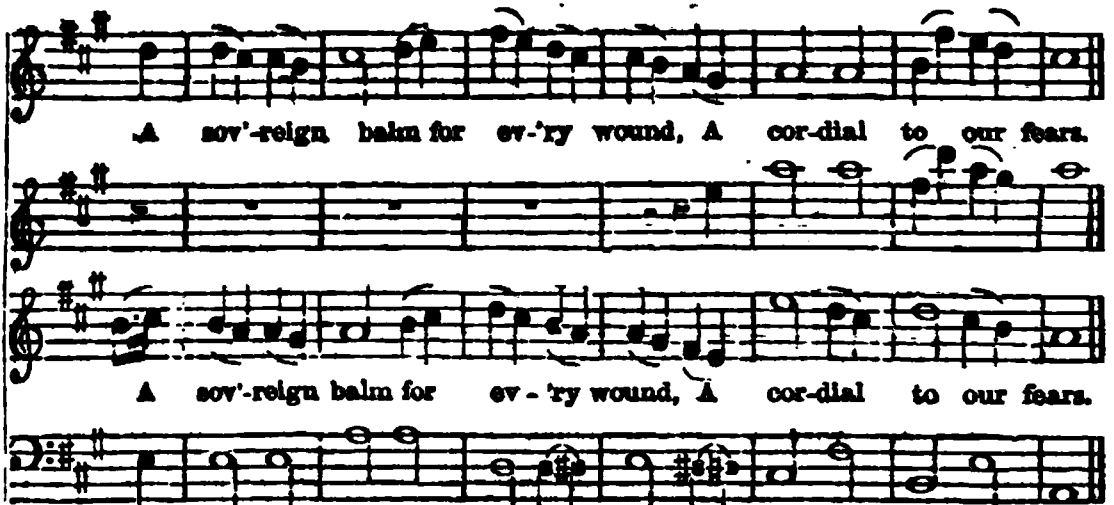
For his mer-cies shall en-dure, Ev - er faith - ful, ev - er sure.

ASHLEY DOXOLOGY. P.M.

Maiden.


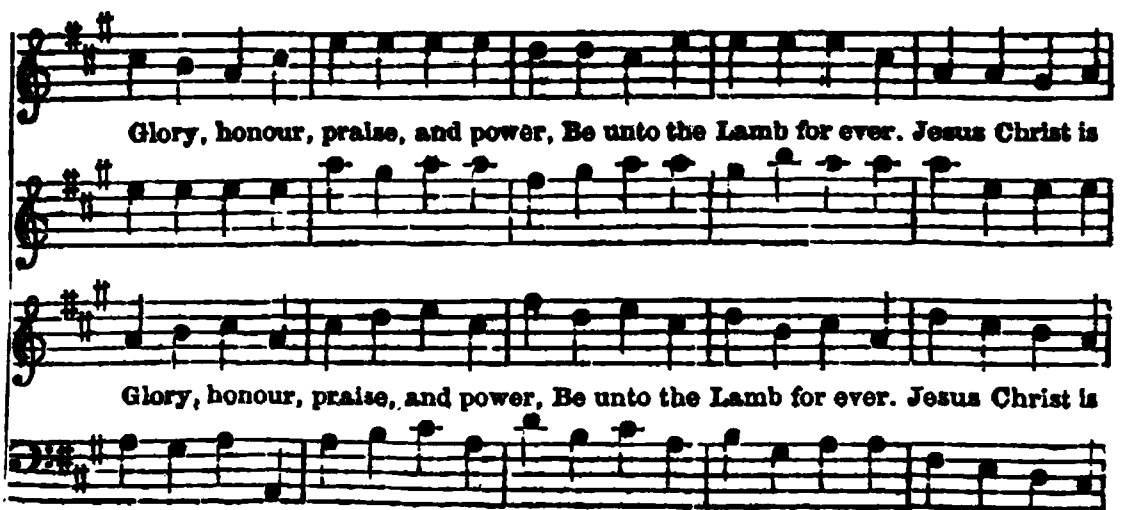
Sal-va-tion! oh the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears;

Sal-va-tion! oh the joy - ful sound! 'Tis plea-sure to our ears;



A sov'-reign balm for ev-'ry wound, A cor-dial to our fears.

A sov'-reign balm for ev - 'ry wound, A cor-dial to our fears.



Glory, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever. Jesus Christ is

Glory, honour, praise, and power, Be unto the Lamb for ever. Jesus Christ is

ASHLEY DOXOLOGY—*Continued.*

our Redeemer, Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah, hal-lelujah, Praise the Lord.

our Redeemer, Hal-le - lu-jah, hal - le - lu - jah, hal-lelujah, Praise the Lord.

Hal-le-lu-jah, hal-le - lu - jah.

SHAWLANDS. P.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

O, that the Lord's sal - va-tion Were out of Zi - on come,

O, that the Lord's sal - va-tion Were out of Zi - on come,

To heal his an-cient na - tion— To send his out-casts home.

To heal his an-cient na - tion— To send his out-casts home.

ACCEPTANCE. P.M.

Charles Hutcheson.

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou

Just as I am, without one plea, But that thy blood was shed for me, And that Thou

bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. O Lamb of God, I come.

bid'st me come to thee, O Lamb of God, I come. O Lamb of God, I come.

CAMPSIE. P.M.

Robert Geddes.

Lamb of God, thy death hath giv'n High and joy - ous hopes of heav'n;

Lamb of God, thy death hath giv'n High and joy - ous hopes of heav'n;

CAMPSIE—*Continued.*


It is fin-ish'd, let us raise Songs of glo-ry to his praise.

It is fin-ish'd, let us raise Songs of glo-ry to his praise.

GERMAN HYMN. P.M.

Playel.


Gra-cious spir-it—love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine,

Gra-cious spir-it—love di-vine! Let thy light with-in me shine,



All my gloom-y fears re-move—Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

All my gloom-y fears re-move—Fill me with thy heav'nly love.

STRATON.

R. M. Hutchison.

Spread the news, go spread it wide, Spread the joy-ful sto-ry, Tell how Je-sus

Spread the news, go spread it wide, Spread the joy-ful sto-ry, Tell how Je-sus

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music is in 4/4 time and features a simple melody with some grace notes.

p
liv'd and died, Spread the vic-tor's glo - ry. He is now by an-gels crown'd,

p
liv'd and died, Spread the vic-tor's glo - ry. He is now by an-gels crown'd,

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music continues the melody from the first system, with a piano (*p*) dynamic marking.

f
He whom men re-ject - ed, Tell to all the nations round, What he has eff. cted.

f
He whom men re-ject - ed, Tell to all the nations round, What he has effected.

This system contains two staves of music. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics. The second staff is a piano accompaniment line. The music continues the melody from the second system, with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

